

THE
WORKS
OF
HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

WITH
The LIFE of the AUTHOR.

V O L. III.

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MDCCLXXI.



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T H E

THE
MOCK DOCTOR:
OR,
THE DUMB LADY CUR'D.
A
COMEDY.

Done from MOLIERE.

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in Drury-Lane, 1732.

VOL III.

A

To

T O

DR. JOHN MISAUBIN.

S I R,

WERE I not well assured of your great candour, the opinion I have of your nice judgment and refined taste might give me terrible apprehensions, while I am presenting you a piece, wherein, I fear, much injustice is done to an author, whose beauties you can so exquisitely relish in the original.

It would be hard to make a more delicate compliment to a lady, than by dedicating to her the sixth satire of Juvenal. Such an address must naturally suppose her free from all the vices and follies there inveighed against. Permit me therefore, Sir, to prefix to a farce, wherein Quacks are so severely expos'd, the name of one who will be remember'd as an honour to his profession, while there is a single practitioner in town, at whose door there is a lamp in an evening.

I shall not here proceed in the common road of dedications, to sum up the many great talents with which Nature has enrich'd you: I shall not here, as I might, enlarge on excellencies so well known to the world; nor shall I mention here that politeness, which appears equal with your wit in your conversation; and has made you the desire of the great, and the envy of the whole profession; that generous elegance with which you treat your friends and patients, insomuch that the latter are often gainers by their distempers, and drink you out more wine, than they pay you for physick. I shall not, I say, mention these: but I cannot, without the greatest violence to myself, pass by that Little Pill which has rendered you so great a blessing to mankind; that Pill which is the opposite to Pandora's Box, and has done more real good in the world, than the poets feign the other to have done evil. Forgive me, Sir, if I am not able to contain myself while I am talking

of this invaluable remedy, to which so many owe their health, their pleasure, nay, the very preservation of their being.

It is this, Sir, which has animated the brethren of your faculty against you: that has made them represent one of the greatest men of this age, as an illiterate empirick, for which weak effort of their malice, you have continually had a very laudable and just contempt.

Were I not apprehensive of offending your ears that are so averse to flattery, I might here mention your great skill in divinity, philosophy, &c. almost equal to your knowledge in physick. But this the world will, I hope, be soon acquainted with, by your being prevail'd on to publish some of those excellent treatises which your leisure hours have produc'd, and which may, perhaps, be almost as serviceable to mankind as the labours of our most celebrated divines have been.

And now, Sir, give me leave to conclude by wishing, that you may meet with the reward you merit; that the gratitude of some of your patients may, in return for the lengthening of their lives, contribute to immortalize your reputation; that I may see a statue erected to your memory, with that serpent of *Æsculapius* in your hand, which you so deservedly bear in your arms, is the sincere wish of,

S I R,

Your most obedient,

most humble servant.

P R E F A C E.

LE Medecin malgré Lui of Moliere hath been always esteemed in France the best of that author's humourous pieces. Misanthrope, to which it was first added, owed to it chiefly its success. That excellent play was of too grave a kind to hit the genius of the French nation; on which account the author, in a very few days, produced this farce; which being added to the Misanthrope, gave it one of the greatest runs that any play ever met with on that stage.

The English theatre owes this farce to an accident not unlike that which gave it to the French. And I wish I had been as able to preserve the spirit of Moliere, as I have, in translating it, fallen short even of that very little time he allowed himself in writing it: however, the candour of its audiences hath given me no reason to repent or be ashamed of my undertaking, as perhaps when I have returned what is due to Moliere, and to the performers, I shall have very little cause of triumph from it.

The applause our Moek Doctor received on the theatre, admits of no addition from my pen. I shall only congratulate the town on the lively hope they may entertain of having the loss, they are one day to suffer in the father, so well supply'd in the son.

But I cannot, when I mention the rising glories of the theatre, omit one, who, though she owes little advantage to the part of Dorcas, hath already convinced the best judges of her admirable genius for the stage: she hath sufficiently shewn in the Old Debauchees, that her capacity is not confined to a song; and I dare swear they will shortly own her able to do justice to characters of a much greater consequence.

One pleasure I enjoy from the success of this piece, is a prospect of transplanting successfully some others of Moliere of great value. How I have done this, any English reader may be satisfy'd by examining an exact literal translation of the Medecin malgré Lui, which is the second in the second volume of Select Comedies of Moliere.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N

Sir JASPER,
LEANDER,
GREGORY,
ROBERT,
JAMES,
HARRY,
DAVY,
HELLEBOR,

Mr. SHEPHERD.
Mr. STOPELAER.
Mr. CIBBER, Jun.
Mr. JONES.
Mr. MULLART.
Mr. ROBERTS.
Mr. JONES.
Mr. ROBERTS.

W O M E N.

DORCAS,
CHARLOTTE,
MAID,

Miss RAFTOR.
Miss WILLIAMS.
Mrs. MEARS.

S C E N E, *Partly in a country-town, and partly
in a wood.*

THE
MOCK DOCTOR:
OR,
THE DUMB LADY CUR'D.

SCENE I. A WOOD.

DORCAS, GREGORY.

GREGORY.

I Tell you no, I won't comply, and it is my business to talk, and to command.

Dor. And I tell you, you shall conform to my will ; and that I was not marry'd to you to suffer your ill-humours.

Greg. O the intolerable fatigue of matrimony ! Aristotle never said a better thing in his life, than when he told us, " That a wife is worse than a devil."

Dorc. Hear the learned gentleman with his Aristotle.

Greg. And a learned man I am too ; find me out a maker of fagots that's able like myself, to reason upon things, or that can boast such an education as mine.

Dorc. An education !

Greg. Ay, huffy, a regular education ; first at the charity-school, where I learnt to read ; then I waited on a gentleman at Oxford, where I learnt— very near as much as my master ; from whence I attended a travelling physician six years, under the facetious denomination of a Merry-Andrew, where I learnt physic.

Dorc. O that thou hadst follow'd him still ! Curs'd be the hour wherein I answer'd the parson, " I will."

Greg.

8 THE MOCK DOCTOR : Or,

Greg. And curs'd be the parson that ask'd me the question !

Dorc. You have reason to complain of him indeed, who ought to be on your knees every moment returning thanks to Heaven for that great blessing it sent you, when it sent you myself. — I hope you have not the assurance to think you deserv'd such a wife as me.

Greg. No, really, I don't think I do.

A I R I. *Betty Bell.*

Dorc. When a lady, like me, condescends to agree,
To let such a jackanapes taste her,
With what zeal and care should he worship
the fair,
Who gives him — what's meat for his
master ?

His actions should still
Attend on her will,
Hear, firrah, and take it for warning;
To her he should be
Each night on his knee,
And so he should be on each morning.

Greg. Meat for my master ! you were meat for your master, if I an't mistaken ; for, to one of our thames be it spoken, you rose as good a virgin from me as you went to bed. Come, come, Madam, it was a lucky day for you, when you found me out.

Dorc. Lucky indeed ! a fellow who eats every thing I have.

Greg. That happens to be a mistake, for I drink some part on't.

Dorc. That has not even left me a bed to lie on.

Greg. You'll rise the earlier.

Dorc. And who from morning 'till night is eternally in an ale-house.

Greg. It's genteel, the squire does the same.

Dorc. Pray, Sir, what are you willing I shall do with my family ?

Greg. Whatever you please.

Dorc. My four little children that are continually crying for bread.

Greg,

THE DUMB LADY CUR'D.

9

Greg. Give 'em a rod ! best cure in the world for crying children.

Dorc. And do you imagine, fot——

Greg. Harkye, my dear, you know my temper is not over and above passive, and that my arm is extremely active.

Dorc. I laugh at your threats, poor, beggarly, insolent fellow.

Greg. Soft object of my wishing eyes, I shall play with your pretty ears.

Dorc. Touch me if you dare, you insolent, impudent, dirty, lazy, rascally——

Greg. Oh, ho, ho ! you will have it then, I find.

[*Beats her.*]

Dorc. O, murder ! murder !

S C E N E II.

GREGORY, DORCAS, *Squire* ROBERT.

Rob. What's the matter here ? Fy upon you ! fy upon you, neighbour, to beat your wife in this scandalous manner.

Dorc. Well, Sir, and I have a mind to be beat, and what then ?

Rob. O dear, Madam ! I give my consent with all my heart and soul.

Dorc. What's that to you, saucebox ? Is it any business of yours ?

Rob. No, certainly, Madam.

Dorc. Here's an impertinent fellow for you, won't suffer a husband to beat his own wife.

A I R II. Winchester Wedding.

Go thrash your own rib, Sir, at home,

Nor thus interfere with our strife ;

May cuckoldom still be his doom,

Who strives to part husband and wife.

Suppose I've a mind he should drub,

Whose bones are they, Sir, he's to lick ?

At whose expence is it, you scrub ?

You are not to find him a stick.

Rob.

Rob. Neighbour, I ask your pardon heartily; here, take and thrash your wife, beat her as you ought to do.

Greg. No, Sir, I won't beat her.

Rob. O! Sir! that's another thing.

Greg. I'll beat her when I please, and I will not beat her when I do not please. She is my wife, and not yours.

Rob. Certainly.

Dorc. Give me the stick, dear husband.

Rob. Well, if ever I attempt to part husband and wife again, may I be beaten myself.

S C E N E III.

GREGORY, DORCAS.

Greg. Come, my dear, let us be friends.

Dorc. What, after beating me so!

Greg. 'Twas but in jest.

Dorc. I desire you will crack your jest on your own bones, not on mine.

Greg. Pshaw! you know, you and I are one, and I beat one half of myself when I beat you.

Dorc. Yes, but for the future, I desire you will beat the other half of yourself.

Greg. Come, my pretty dear, I ask pardon, I'm sorry for't.

Dorc. For once, I pardon you——but you shall pay for it.

Greg. Pshaw! pshaw! child, these are only little affairs, necessary in friendship; four or five good blows with a cudgel between your very fond couples, only tend to heighten the affections. I'll now to the wood, and I promise thee to make a hundred fagots before I come home again.

Dorc. If I am not reveng'd on those blows of yours!——Oh, that I could but think of some method to be reveng'd on him! Hang the rogue, he's quite insensible of cuckoldom.

A I R III. Oh London is a fine town.

In antient days I've heard, with horns,
The wife her spouse could fright,

Which

Which now the hero bravely scorns,
So common is the fight.
To city, country, camp, or court,
Or wheresoe'er he go,
No horned brother dares make sport,
They're cuckolds all arow.

Oh that I could find out some invention to get him
well drubb'd !

S C E N E IV.

HARRY, JAMES, DORCAS.

Harry. Were ever two fools sent on such a mes-
sage as we are, in quest of a dumb doctor ?

James. Blame your own cursed memory that made
you forget his name. For my part, I'll travel thro'
the world rather than return without him ; that were
as much as a limb or two were worth.

Harry. Was ever such a cursed misfortune ! to lose
the letter ? I should not even know his name if I were
to hear it.

Dorc. Can I find no invention to be reveng'd ?—
Heyday ! who are these ?

James. Harkye, mistress, do you know where—
where—where doctor What-d'ye-call-him lives ?

Dorc. Doctor who ?

James. Doctor——doctor——what's his name ?

Dorc. Hey ! what, has the fellow a mind to banter
me ?

Harry. Is there no physician hereabouts famous
for curing dumbness.

Dorc. I fancy you have no need of such a physi-
cian, Mr. Impertinence.

Harry. Don't mistake us, good woman, we don't
mean to banter you ; we are sent by our master, whose
daughter has lost her speech, for a certain physician
who lives hereabouts ; we have lost our direction, and
'tis as much as our lives are worth to return without
him.

Dorc. There is one Doctor Lazy lives just by, but
he has left off practising. You would not get him a
mile to save the lives of a thousand patients.

James.

James. Direct us but to him; we'll bring him with us one way or other, I warrant you.

Harry. Ay, ay, we'll have him with us, tho' we carry him on our backs.

Dorc. Ha ! Heaven has inspir'd me with one of the most admirable inventions to be reveng'd on my hang-dog ! [*Aside.*]—I assure you, if you can get him with you, he'll do your young lady's business for her? he's reckon'd one of the best physicians in the world, especially for dumbness.

Harry. Pray tell us where he lives.

Dorc. You'll never be able to get him out of his own house; but if you watch hereabouts, you'll certainly meet with him, for he very often amuses himself with cutting wood.

Harry. A physician cut wood !

James. I suppose he amuses himself in searching after herbs, you mean.

Dorc. No, he's one of the most extraordinary men in the world: he goes dress'd like a common clown; for there is nothing he so much dreads, as to be known for a physician.

James. All your great men have some strange oddities about 'em.

Dorc. Why he will suffer himself to be beat, before he will own himself a physician—and I'll give you my word, you'll never make him own himself one, unless you both of you take a good cudgel, and thrash him into it; 'tis what we are all forced to do, when we have any need of him.

James. What a ridiculous whim is here !

Dorc. Very true; and in so great a man.

James. And is he so very skilful a man.

Dorc. Skilful ! why he does miracles. About half a year ago, a woman was given over by all her physicians, nay, she had been dead for some time; when this great man came to her, as soon as he saw her, he pour'd a little drop of something down her throat—he had no sooner done it, than she got out of her bed, and walk'd about the room, as if there had been nothing the matter with her.

Both. Oh prodigious !

Dorc. 'Tis not above three weeks ago, that a child of twelve years old fell from the top of a house to the bottom, and broke its skull, its arms, and legs.—Our physician was no sooner drubb'd into making him a visit, than having rubb'd the child all over with a certain ointment, it got upon its legs, and run away to play.

Both. Oh most wonderful !

Harry. Hey ! Gad, James, we'll drub him out of a pot of this ointment.

James. But can he cure dumbness ?

Dorc. Dumbness ! Why the curate of our parish's wife was born dumb, and the doctor, with a sort of wash, washed her tongue 'till he set it a-going so, that in less than a month's time she out-talk'd her husband.

Harry. This must be the very man we were sent after.

Dorc. Yonder is the very man I speak of.

James. What, that he, yonder ?

Dorc. The very same.—He has spy'd us, and taken up his bill.

James. Come, Harry, don't let us lose one moment.—Mistress, your servant ; we give you ten thousand thanks for this favour.

Dorc. Be sure and make good use of your sticks.

James. He shan't want that.

SCENE V. *Another part of the Wood.*

JAMES, HARRY, GREGORY.

Greg. Pox on't ! 'tis most confounded hot weather. Hey ! who have we here !

James. Sir, your most obedient humble servant.—

Greg. Sir, your servant.

James. We are mighty happy in finding you here.—

Greg. Ay, like enough.—

James. 'Tis in your power, Sir, to do us a very great favour.—We come, Sir, to implore your assistance in a certain affair.

Greg. If it be in my power to give you any assistance ; Masters, I'm very ready to do it.

James. Sir, you are extremely obliging. — But, dear Sir, let me beg you'd be cover'd; the sun will hurt your complexion.

Harry. For Heaven's sake, Sir, be cover'd.

Greg. These should be footmen by their dress; but should be courtiers by their ceremony. [*Aside.*]

James. You must not think it strange, Sir, that we come thus to seek after you; men of your capacity will be sought after by the whole world.

Greg. Truly, Gentlemen, tho' I say it that should not say it, I have a pretty good hand at a fagot.

James. O dear Sir!

Greg. You may, perhaps, buy fagots cheaper other-where; but if you find such in all this country, you shall have mine for nothing. To make but one word then with you, you shall have mine for ten shillings a hundred.

James. Don't talk in that manner, I desire you.

Greg. I could not sell 'em a penny cheaper if 'twas to my father.

James. Dear Sir, we know you very well — don't jest with us in this manner.

Greg. Faith, master, I am so much in earnest, that I can't bate one farthing.

James. O pray, Sir, leave this idle discourse. — Can a person, like you, amuse himself in this manner? Can a learned and famous physician, like you, try to disguise himself to the world, and bury such fine talents in the woods?

Greg. The fellow's a fool.

James. Let me intreat you, Sir, not to dissemble with us.

Harry. It is in vain, Sir, we know what you are.

Greg. Know what you are! what do you know of me?

James. Why, we know you, Sir, to be a very great physician.

Greg. Physician in your teeth! I a physician!

James. The fit is on him — Sir, let me beseech you to conceal yourself no longer, and oblige us to, you know what.

Greg.

Greg. Devil take me, if I know what, Sir.—But I know this, that I'm no physician.

James. We must proceed to the usual remedy, I find.—And so you are no physician?

Greg. No.

James. You are no physician?

Greg. No, I tell you.

James. Well, if we must, we must. [*Beat him.*]

Greg. Oh! Oh! gentlemen! gentlemen! What are you doing? I am—I am—whatever you please to have me.

James. Why will you oblige us, Sir, to this violence?

Harry. Why will you force us to this troublesome remedy?

James. I assure you, Sir, it gives me a great deal of pain.

Greg. I assure you, Sir, and so it does me. But pray, gentlemen, what is the reason that you have a mind to make a physician of me?

James. What! do you deny your being a physician again?

Greg. And the Devil take me, if I am.

Harry. You are no physician?

Greg. May I be pox'd, if I am. [*They beat him.*]
Oh!—Oh!—Dear gentlemen; Oh! for Heaven's sake; I am a physician, and an apothecary too, if you'll have me; I had rather be any thing, than be knock'd o' the head.

James. Dear Sir, I am rejoic'd to see you come to your senses; I ask pardon ten thousand times for what you have forc'd us to.

Greg. Perhaps I am deceiv'd myself, and am a physician without knowing it. But, dear gentlemen, are you certain I'm a physician?

James. Yes, the greatest physician in the world.

Greg. Indeed!

Harry. A physician that has cur'd all sorts of distempers.

Greg. The devil I have!

James. That has made a woman walk about the room, after she was dead six hours.

Harry. That set a child upon its legs, immediately after it had broke 'em.

James. That made the curate's wife, who was dumb, talk faster than her husband.

Harry. Look ye, Sir, you shall have content, my master will give you whatever you will demand.

Greg. Shall I have whatever I will demand?

James. You may depend upon it.

Greg. I am a physician, without doubt—I had forgot it, but I begin to recollect myself.—Well—and what is the distemper I am to cure?

James. My young mistress, Sir, has lost her tongue.

Greg. The Devil take me, if I have found it — But, come, gentlemen, if I must go with you, I must have a physician's habit; for a physician can no more prescribe without a full wig, than without a fee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

DORCAS.

Dorc. I don't remember my heart has gone so pit-a-pat with joy a long while.—Revenge is surely the most delicious morsel the devil ever dropt into the mouth of a woman. And this is a revenge which costs nothing; for, alack-a-day! to plant horns upon a husband's head, is more dangerous than is imagin'd:—Odd! I had a narrow escape when I met with this fool; the best of my market was over, and I began to grow almost as cheap as a crack'd China cup.

AIR IV. Pinks and lilies.

A woman's ware, like China,
Now cheap, now dear is bought;
When whole, tho' worth a guinea,
When broke's not worth a groat.

A woman at St. James's,
With hundreds you obtain;
But stay 'till lost her fame is,
She'll be cheap in Drury-Lane.

SCENE

SCENE VII. *Sir JASPER's house.**Sir JASPER and JAMES.**Sir Jasp.* Where is he? Where is he?*James.* Only recruiting himself after his journey. You need not be impatient, Sir; for were my young lady dead, he'd bring her to life again.--He makes no more of bringing a patient to life, than other physicians do of killing him.*Sir Jasp.* 'Tis strange so great a man should have those unaccountable odd humours you mention'd.*James.* 'Tis but a good blow or two, and he comes immediately to himself.--Here he is.

SCENE VIII.

*Sir JASPER, JAMES, GREGORY, HARRY.**Harry.* Sir, this is the doctor.*Sir Jasp.* Dear Sir, you're the welcomest man in the world.*Greg.* Hippocrates says, we should both be cover'd.*Sir Jasp.* Ha! does Hippocrates say so? In what chapter, pray?*Greg.* In his chapter of hats.*Sir Jasp.* Since Hippocrates says so, I shall obey him.*Greg.* Doctor, after having exceedingly travell'd in the highway of letters. —*Sir Jasp.* Doctor! pray whom do you speak to?*Greg.* To you, doctor.*Sir Jasp.* Ha, ha! — I am a knight, thank the king's grace for it; but no doctor.*Greg.* What, you're no doctor?*Sir Jasp.* No, upon my word.*Greg.* You're no doctor?*Sir Jasp.* Doctor! no.*Greg.* There — 'tis done.

[Beats him.]

Sir Jasp. Done, in the Devil's name! What's done?

Greg. Why now you're made a doctor of physic--- I am sure it's all the degrees I ever took.

Sir Jasp. What devil of a fellow have you brought here?

James. I told you, Sir, the doctor had strange whims with him.

Sir Jasp. Whims, quotha'--Egad I shall bind his physicianship over to his good behaviour, if he has any more of these whims.

Greg. Sir, I ask pardon for the liberty I have taken.

Sir Jasp. Oh! it's very well, it's very well for once.

Greg. I am sorry for those blows.

Sir Jasp. Nothing at all, nothing at all, Sir.

Greg. Which I was oblig'd to have the honour of laying on so thick upon you.

Sir Jasp. Let us talk no more of 'em, Sir --- My daughter, doctor, is fallen into a very strange distemper.

Greg. Sir, I am overjoy'd to hear it; and I wish, with all my heart, you and your whole family had the same occasion for me, as your daughter, to shew the great desire I have to serve you.

Sir Jasp. I am oblig'd to you.

Greg. I assure you, Sir, I speak from the very bottom of my soul.

Sir Jasp. I do believe you, Sir, from the very bottom of mine.

Greg. What is your daughter's name?

Sir Jasp. My daughter's name is Charlot.

Greg. Are you sure she was christen'd Charlot?

Sir Jasp. No, Sir, she was christen'd Charlotta.

Greg. Hum! I had rather she should have been christen'd Charlotte. Charlotte is a very good name for a patient; and let me tell you, the name is often of as much service to the patient, as the physician is.

SCENE IX.

Sir JASPER, GREGORY, CHARLOTTE, MAID.

Sir Jasp. Sir, my daughter's here.

Greg. Is that my patient? Upon my word she carries

ries no distemper in her countenance—and I fancy a healthy young fellow would fit very well upon her.

Sir Jasp. You make her smile, doctor.

Greg. So much the better; 'tis a very good sign when we can bring a patient to smile; it is a sign that the distemper begins to clarify, as we say. —Well, child, what's the matter with you? What's your distemper?

Charl. Han, hi, hon, han.

Greg. What do you say?

Charl. Han, hi, han, hon.

Greg. What, what, what? —

Charl. Han, hi, hon —

Greg. Han! hon! honin! ha! —I don't understand a word she says. Han! hi! hon! What the devil of a language is this?

Sir Jasp. Why, that's her distemper, Sir. She's become dumb, and no one can assign the cause—and this distemper, Sir, has kept back her marriage.

Greg. Kept back her marriage! Why so?

Sir Jasp. Because her lover refuses to have her till she's cur'd.

Greg. O Lud! was ever such a fool, that wou'd not have his wife dumb! —Would to heaven my wife was dumb, I'd be far from desiring to cure her. —Does this distemper, this Han, hi, hon, oppress her very much?

Sir Jasp. Yes, Sir.

Greg. So much the better. Has she any great pains?

Sir Jasp. Very great.

Greg. That's just as I would have it. Give me your hand, child. Hum - Ha —a very dumb pulse, indeed.

Sir Jasp. You have guess'd her distemper.

Greg. Ay, Sir, we great physicians know a distemper immediately: I know some of the college would call this the Boree, or the Coupee, or the Sinkee, or twenty other distempers; but I give you my word, Sir, your daughter is nothing more than dumb — So I'd have you be very easy; for there is nothing else the matter

matter with her.—If she were not dumb, she would be as well as I am.

Sir Jasp. But I should be glad to know, doctor, from whence her dumbness proceeds?

Greg. Nothing so easily accounted for.—Her dumbness proceeds from her having lost her speech.

Sir Jasp. But whence, if you please, proceeds her having lost her speech?

Greg. All our best authors will tell you, it is the impediment of the action of the tongue.

Sir Jasp. But if you please, dear Sir, your sentiments upon that impediment.

Greg. Aristotle has upon that subject said very fine things; very fine things.

Sir Jasp. I believe it, doctor.

Greg. Ah! he was a great man, he was, indeed, a very great man.—A man, who upon that subject was a man that — But to return to our reasoning: I hold that this impedient of the action of the tongue, is caused by certain humours which our great physicians call—humours—humours.—Ah! you understand Latin——

Sir Jasp. Not in the least.

Greg. What, not understand Latin?

Sir Jasp. No, indeed, doctor.

Greg. Cabricius arci thuram cathalimus, singulariter nom. Hæc musa hic, hæc, hoc, genitivo hujus, hunc, hanc, musæ. Bonus, bona, bonum. Estne oratio Latinus? Etiam. Quia substantivo & adjectivum concordat in generi numerum & casus, sic dicunt, aiunt, prædicant, clamitant, & similibus.

Sir Jasp. Ah! Why did I neglect my studies?

Harry. What a prodigious man is this!

Greg. Besides, Sir, certain spirits passing from the left side, which is the seat of the liver, to the right, which is the seat of the heart, we find the lungs, which we call in Latin, Whiskerus, having communication with the brain. which we name in Greek, Jackbootos, by means of a hollow vein, which we call in Hebrew, Periwiggus, meet in the road with the said spirits which fill the ventricles of the Omotaplasmus; and because the said humours have—you comprehend

hend me well, Sir? And because the said humours have a certain malignity - Listen seriously, I beg you.

Sir Jasp. I do.

Greg. Have a certain malignity that is caused - Be attentive, if you please.

Sir Jasp. I am.

Greg. That is caus'd, I say, by the acrimony of the humours engender'd in the concavity of the diaphragm; thence it arises, that these vapours, *Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur, mascula dicas, Ut sunt divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.* - This, Sir, is the cause of your daughter's being dumb.

Harry. O that I had but his tongue!

Sir Jasp. It is impossible to reason better, no doubt. But, dear Sir, there is one thing. - I always thought, till now, that the heart was on the left side, and the liver on the right.

Greg. Ay, Sir, so they were formerly; but we have chang'd all that. - The college at present, Sir, proceeds upon an intire new method.

Sir Jasp. I ask your pardon, Sir.

Greg. Oh, Sir! there is no harm - You're not oblig'd to know so much as we do.

Sir Jasp. Very true. But, Doctor, what would you have done with my daughter?

Greg. What would I have done with her? Why, my advice is, that you immediately put her into a bed warm'd with a brass warming-pan: cause her to drink one quart of spring-water, mix'd with one pint of brandy, six Seville oranges, and three ounces of the best double refin'd sugar.

Sir Jasp. Why, this is punch, Doctor.

Greg. Punch, Sir! Ay, Sir. - And what's better than punch to make people talk? - Never tell me of your juleps, your gruels, your - your - this and that, and t'other, which are only arts to keep a patient in hand a long time - I love to do a business all at once.

Sir Jasp. Doctor, I ask pardon; you shall be obey'd.

[Gives money.]

Greg. I'll return in the evening, and see what effect

fect it has had on her. But hold, there's another young lady here that I must apply some little remedies to.

Maid. Who me? I was never better in my life, I thank you, Sir.

Greg. So much the worse, Madam; so much the worse.—'Tis very dangerous to be very well —For when one is very well, one has nothing else to do but to take physick, and bleed away.

Sir Jasp. Oh, strange! What, bleed, when one has no distemper?

Greg. It may be strange, perhaps, but 'tis very wholesome. Besides, Madam, it is not your case, at present, to be very well; at least, you cannot possibly be well above three days longer; and it is always best to cure a distemper before you have it—or, as we say in Greek, *Distemperum bestum est curare ante habestum.* —What I shall prescribe you, at present, is to take, every six hours, one of these boluses.

Maid. Ha, ha, ha! Why, Doctor, these look exactly like lumps of loaf-sugar.

Greg. Take one of these boluses, I say, every six hours, washing it down with six spoonfuls of the best Holland's Geneva.

Sir Jasp. Sure you are in jest, Doctor! —This wench does not shew any symptom of a distemper.

Greg. Sir Jasper, let me tell you, it were not amiss if you yourself took a little lenitive physick: I shall prepare something for you.

Sir Jasp. Ha, ha, ha! No, No, Doctor, I have escap'd both doctors and distempers hitherto; and I am resolv'd the distemper shall pay me the first visit.

Greg. Say you so, Sir? Why then, if I can get no more patients here, I must even seek 'em elsewhere; and so humbly beggo te domine domitii veniam goundi foras.

Sir Jasp. Well, this is a physician of vast capacity, but of exceeding odd humours.

SCENE X. *The Street.*

LEANDER *solus.*

Ah, Charlotte! thou hast no reason to apprehend my

my ignorance of what thou endurest, since I can so easily guess thy torment by my own.—Oh, how much more justifiable are my fears, when you have not only the command of a parent, but the temptation of fortune to allure you !

A I R V.

O cursed power of gold,
For which all honour's sold,
And honesty's no more !
For thee we often find
The great in leagues combin'd
To trick and rob the poor.
By thee the fool and knave
Transcend the wise and brave,
So absolute thy reign :
Without some help of thine,
The greatest beauties shine,
And lovers plead in vain.

S C E N E XI.

LEANDER, GREGORY.

Greg. Upon my word, this is a good beginning ;
and since——

Lean. I have waited for you, Doctor, a long time,
I'm come to beg your assistance.

Greg. Ay, you have need of assistance indeed !
What a pulse is here ! What do you out o' your bed ?

[Feels his pulse.]

Lean. Ha, ha, ha ! Doctor, you're mistaken ; I am
not sick, I assure you.

Greg. How, Sir ! not sick ! Do you think I don't
know when a man is sick better than he does himself ?

Lean. Well, if I have any distemper, it is the love
of that young lady, your patient, from whom you just
now come ; and to whom if you can convey me, I
swear, dear Doctor, I shall be effectually cur'd.

Greg. Do you take me for a pimp, Sir ? a physi-
cian for a pimp ?

Lean. Dear Sir, make no noise.

Greg.

Greg. Sir, I will make a noise : you're an impertinent fellow.

Lean. Softly, good Sir !

Greg. I shall shew you, Sir, that I'm not such a sort of a person ; and that you are an insolent, faucy — [*Leander gives a purse.*] — I'm not speaking to you, Sir ; but there are certain impertinent fellows in the world, that take people for what they are not — which always puts me, Sir, into such a passion, that —

Lean. I ask pardon, Sir, for the liberty I have taken.

Greg. O, dear Sir ! no offence in the least. — Pray, Sir, how am I to serve you ?

Lean. This distemper, Sir, which you are sent for to cure, is feign'd. The physicians have reason'd upon it, according to custom, and have derived it from the brain, from the bowels, from the liver, lungs, lights, and every part of the body : but the true cause of it is love ; and is an invention of Charlot's, to deliver her from a match which she dislikes.

Greg. Hum ! — Suppose you were to disguise yourself as an apothecary ?

Lean. I'm not very well known to her father ; therefore believe I may pass upon him securely.

Greg. Go then, disguise yourself immediately ; I'll wait for you here. — Ha ! methinks I see a patient.

[*Exit Leander.*]

S C E N E XII.

GREGORY, JAMES, and DAVY.

Greg. Gad, matters go swimmingly. I'll ev'n continue a physician as long as I live.

James. [*Speaking to Davy.*] Fear not ; if he relapse into his humours, I'll quickly thrash him into the physician again. Doctor, I have brought you a patient.

Davy. My poor wife, Doctor, has kept her bed these six months. [*Gregory holds out his hand.*] If your worship would find out some means to cure her —

Greg. What's the matter with her?

Davy. Why, she has had several physicians; one says 'tis the dropsy; another 'tis the what-d'ye-call-it, the tumpany; a third says 'tis a slow fever; a fourth says the rhumatiz; a fifth ———

Greg. What are the symptoms?

Davy. Symptoms, Sir!

Greg. Ay, ay, what does she complain of?

Davy. Why, she is always craving and craving for drink; eats nothing at all. Then her legs are swell'd up as big as a good handsome post, and as cold they be as a stone.

Greg. Come, to the purpose; speak to the purpose, my friend. [*Holding out his hand.*]

Davy. The purpose is, Sir, that I am come to ask what your worship pleases to have done with her.

Greg. Pshaw, pshaw, pshaw! I don't understand one word what you mean.

James. His wife is sick, Doctor; and he has brought you a guinea for your advice. Give it the doctor, friend. [*Davy gives the guinea.*]

Greg. Ay, now I understand you; here's a gentleman explains the case. You say your wife is sick of the dropsy?

Davy. Yes, an't please your worship.

Greg. Well, I have made a shift to comprehend your meaning at last; you have the strangest way of describing a distemper! You say your wife is always calling for drink; let her have as much as she desires; she can't drink too much: and d'ye hear, give her this piece of cheese.

Davy. Cheese, Sir!

Greg. Ay, cheese Sir. The cheese of which this is a part, has cur'd more people of the dropsy than ever had it.

Davy. I give your worship a thousand thanks; I'll go make her take it immediately. [*Exit.*]

Greg. Go, and if she dies, be sure to bury her after the best manner you can.

S C E N E XIII.

GREGORY; DORCAS.

Dorc. I'm like to pay severely for my frolick, if I have lost my husband by it.

Greg. Oh, physic and matrimony! my wife!

Dorc. For tho' the rogue used me a little roughly, he was as good a workman as any in five miles of his head.

A I R VI. Thomas I cannot.

A fig for the dainty civil spouse,
Who's bred at the court, or France,
He treats his wife with smiles and bows,
And minds not the good main-chance.

Be Gregory

The man for me,

Tho' given to many a maggot;

For he would work

Like any Turk;

None like him e'er handled a fagot, a fagot,

None like him e'er handled a fagot.

Greg. What evil stars, in the devil's name, have sent her hither? If I could but persuade her to take a pill or two that I'd give her, I shoul' be a physician to some purpose.—Come hider, shild, leta me feela your pulse.

Dorc. What have you to do with my pulse?

Greg. I am de French physicion, my dear; and I am to feel a de pulse of de pation.

Dorc. Yes, but I am no pation, Sir; nor want no physicion, good Doctor Ragou.

Greg. Begar, you must be puta to bed, and taka de peel; me sal give you de little peel dat sal cure you, as you have more distempere den ever were hered off.

Dorc. What's the matter with the fool? If you feel my pulse any more, I shall feel your ears for you.

Greg. Begar, you must taka de peel.

Dorc. Begar, I shall not taka de peel.

Greg. I'll take this opportunity to try her. [*Aside.*]

—Maye

—Maye dear, if you will not letta me cura you, you sal cura me; you sal be my physicion, and I will give you de fee. [*Holds out a purse.*]

Dorc. Ay, my stomach does not go against those pills. And what must I do for your fee?

Greg. Oh, begar, me vill show you; me vill teacha you what you sal doe. You must come kissa me now; you must come kissa me.

Dorc. [*Kisses him*] As I live, my very hangdog! I've discover'd him in good time, or he had discover'd me. [*Aside.*]—Well, Doctor, and are you cur'd now?

Greg. I shall make myself a cuckold presently. [*Aside.*]—Dis is not a propre place: dis is too publick: for sud any one pass bye while I taka dis physick, it vill preventa de operation.

Dorc. What physick, Doctor?

Greg. In your ear dat.

[*Whispers.*]

Dorc. And in your ear dat, firrah. [*Hitting him a box.*]—Do you dare affront my virtue you villain! Do you think the world should bribe me to part with my virtue, my dear virtue? There take your purse again.

Greg. But where's the gold?

Dorc. The gold I'll keep, as an eternal monument of my virtue.

Greg. Oh, what a happy dog am I, to find my wife so virtuous a woman, when I least expected it! Oh, my injur'd dear! behold your Gregory, your own husband.

Dorc. Ha!

Greg. Oh me! I'm so full of joy, I cannot tell thee more, than that I am as much the happiest of men, as thou art the most virtuous of women.

Dorc. And art thou really my Gregory? And hast thou any more of these purses?

Greg. No, my dear, I have no more about me; but 'tis probable in a few days I may have a hundred: for the strangest accident has happened to me!

Dorc. Yes, my dear! but I can tell you whom you are obliged to for that accident: had you not beaten

me this morning, I had never had you beaten into a physician.

Greg. Oh, oh ! then 'tis to you I owe all that drubbing.

Dorc. Yes, my dear, tho' I little dreamt of the consequence.

Greg. How infinitely I'm oblig'd to thee !—— But hush !

S C E N E XIV.

GREGORY, HELEBORE.

Hel. Are not you the great doctor just come to this town, so famous for curing dumbness ?

Greg. Sir, I am he.

Hel. Then, Sir, I should be glad of your advice.

Greg. Let me feel your pulse.

Hel. Not for myself, good Doctor ; I am myself, Sir, a brother of the faculty ; what the world calls a mad doctor. I have at present under my care a patient whom I can by no means prevail with to speak.

Greg. I shall make him speak, Sir.

Hel. It will add, Sir, to the great reputation you have already acquir'd ! and I am happy in finding you.

Greg. Sir, I am as happy in finding you. You see that woman there ; she is possess'd with a more strange sort of madness, and imagines every man she sees to be her husband. Now, Sir, if you will but admit her into your house——

Hel. Most willingly, Sir.

Greg. The first thing, Sir, you are to do, is to let out thirty ounces of her blood ; then, Sir, you are to shave off all her hair ; all her hair, Sir ; after which you are to make a very severe use of your rod twice a day ; and take a particular care that she have not the least allowance beyond bread and water.

Hel. Sir, I shall readily agree to the dictates of so great a man ; nor can I help approving of your method, which is exceeding mild and wholesome.

Greg. [*To his wife.*] My dear, that gentleman will conduct you to my lodging.——Sir, I beg you will take a particular care of the lady.

Hel.

Hel. You may depend on't, Sir; nothing in my power shall be wanting: you have only to enquire for Dr. Helebores.

Dorc. 'Twon't be long before I see you, husband?

Hel. Husband! This is as unaccountable a madness as any I have yet met with. *[Exit with Dorcas.]*

S C E N E XV.

GREGORY, LEANDER.

Greg. I think I shall be reveng'd of you now, my dear. — So, Sir.

Lean. I think I make a pretty good apothecary now.

Greg. Yes, faith, you're almost as good an apothecary as I am a physician; and if you please I'll convey you to the patient.

Lean. If I did but know a few physical hard words —

Greg. A few physical hard words! Why, in a few physical hard words consists the science. Would you know as much as the whole faculty in an instant, Sir? Come along, come along. — Hold, let me go first; the doctor must always go before the apothecary.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE XVI. *Sir JASPER's House.*

Sir JASPER, CHARLOT, MAID, GREGORY, LEANDER.

Sir Jasp. Has she made no attempt to speak yet?

Maid. Not in the least, Sir; so far from it, that as she used to make a sort of noise before, she is now quite silent.

Sir Jasp. *[Looking on his watch.]* 'Tis almost the time the doctor promis'd to return. — Oh, he is here. Doctor, your servant.

Greg. Well, Sir, how does my patient?

Sir Jasp. Rather worse, Sir, since your prescription.

Greg. So much the better; 'tis a sign that it operates.

Sir Jasp. Who is that gentleman, pray, with you?

Greg. An apothecary, Sir. Mr. Apothecary, I desire you would immediately apply that song I prescribed.

Sir Jasp. A song, Doctor? prescribe a song!

Greg. Prescribe a song, Sir! Yes, Sir; prescribe a song, Sir. Is there any thing so strange in that? Did you never hear of Pills to purge Melancholy? If you understand these things better than I, why did you send for me? 'Sbud, Sir, this song would make a stone speak.—But, if you please, Sir, you and I will confer at some distance during the application; for this song will do you as much harm as it will do your daughter good. Be sure, Mr. Apothecary, to pour it down her ears very closely.

A I R VII.

Lean. Thus, lovely patient Charlotte sees
 Her dying patient kneel:
 Soon cur'd will be your feign'd disease,
 But what physician e'er can ease
 The torments which I feel?
 Think, skilful nymph, while I complain,
 Ah, think what I endure;
 All other remedies are vain.
 The lovely cause of all my pain
 Can only cause my cure.

Greg. It is, Sir, a great and subtle question among the doctors, Whether women are more easy to be cured than men. I beg you would attend to this, Sir, if you please.—Some say, No; others say, Yes; and for my part, I say both Yes and No; forasmuch as the incongruity of the opaque humours that meet in the natural temper of women, are the cause that the brutal part will always prevail over the sensible.—One sees that the inequality of their opinions depends on the black movement of the circle of the moon, and as the sun that darts his rays upon the concavity of the earth, finds—

Charl. No, I am not at all capable of changing my opinion.

Sir

Sir Jasp. My daughter speaks! my daughter speaks! Oh, the great power of physick! Oh, the admirable physician! How can I reward thee for such a service?

Greg. This distemper has given me a most insufferable deal of trouble. *[Traversing the stage in a great heat, the apothecary following.]*

Charl. Yes, Sir, I have recover'd my speech; but I have recover'd it to tell you, that I never will have any husband but Leander. *[Speaks with great eagerness, and drives Sir Jasper round the stage.]*

Sir Jasp. But——

Charl. Nothing is capable to shake the resolution I have taken.

Sir Jasp. What!

Charl. Your rhetorick is in vain, all your discourses signify nothing.

Sir Jasp. I——

Charl. I am determin'd, and all the fathers in the world shall never oblige me to marry contrary to my inclinations.

Sir Jasp. I have——

Charl. I never will submit to this tyranny; and if I must not have the man I like, I'll die a maid.

Sir Jasp. You shall have Mr. Dapper——

Charl. No, not in any manner, not in the least, not at all; you throw away your breath, you lose your time; you may confine me, beat me, bruise me, destroy me, kill me, do what you will, use me as you will, but I never will consent; nor all your threats, nor all your blows, nor all your ill-usage, never shall force me to consent; so far from giving him my heart, I never will give him my hand; for he is my aversion, I hate the very sight of him; I had rather see the devil, I had rather touch a toad; you may make me miserable any other way, but with him you shan't that I'm resolv'd.

Greg. There, Sir, there, I think we have brought her tongue to a pretty tolerable consistency.

Sir Jasp. Consistency, quotha! why, there is no stopping her tongue.—Dear Doctor, I desire you would make her dumb again.

Greg.

Greg. That's impossible, Sir; all that I can do to serve you is, I can make you deaf, if you please.

Sir Jasp. And do you think ———

Charl. All your reasoning shall never conquer my resolution.

Sir Jasp. You shall marry Mr. Dapper this evening.

Charl. I'll be buried first.

Greg. Stay, Sir, stay, let me regulate this affair; it is a distemper that possesses her, and I know what remedy to apply to it.

Sir Jasp. It is impossible, Sir, that you can cure the distempers of the mind.

Greg. Sir, I can cure any thing. Harkye, Mr. Apothecary, you see that the love she has for Leander is intirely contrary to the will of her father, and that there is no time to lose, and that an immediate remedy is necessary: for my part, I know of but one, which is a dose of Purgative Running-away, mixt with two drachms of pills Matrimoniac, and three large handfuls of the Arbor Vitæ; perhaps she will make some difficulty to take them; but as you are an able apothecary, I shall trust you for the success: go, make her walk in the garden: be sure you lose no time; to the remedy, quick, to the remedy specifick.

SCENE XVII.

Sir JASPER, GREGORY.

Sir Jasp. What drugs, Sir, were those I heard you mention, for I don't remember I ever heard them spoke of before?

Greg. They are some, Sir, lately discover'd by the Royal Society.

Sir Jasp. Did you ever see any thing equal to her insolence?

Greg. Daughters are indeed sometimes a little too head-strong.

Sir Jasp. You cannot imagine, Sir, how foolishly fond she is of that Leander.

Greg. The heat of blood, Sir, causes that in young minds.

Sir

Sir Jasp. For my part, the moment I discover'd the violence of her passion, I have always kept her lock'd up.

Greg. You have done very wisely.

Sir Jasp. And I have prevented them from having the least communication together, for who knows what might have been the consequence? Who knows but she might have taken it into her head to have run away with him?

Greg. Very true.

Sir Jasp. Ay, Sir, let me alone for governing girls; I think I have some reason to be vain on that head; I think I have shewn the world that I understand a little of women, I think I have; and let me tell you, Sir, there is not a little art requir'd; if this girl had had some fathers, they had not kept her out of the hands of so vigilant a lover as I have done.

Greg. No certainly, Sir.

S C E N E XVIII.

Sir JASPER, DORCAS, GREGORY.

Dorc. Where is this villain, this rogue, this pretended physician?

Sir Jasp. Heyday! what, what, what's the matter now?

Dorc. Oh, firrah! firrah!—would you have destroy'd your wife, you villain! Would you have been guilty of murder, dog?

Greg. Hoity, toity!—What mad woman is this?

Sir Jasp. Poor wretch! for pity's sake cure her, Doctor.

Greg. Sir, I shall not cure her, unless somebody gives me a fee.—If you will give me a fee, Sir Jasper, you shall see me cure her this instant.

Dorc. I'll see you, you villain.—Cure me!

A I R VIII.

If you hope by your skill
To give Dorcas a pill,

You

You are not a deep politician ;
 Cou'd wives but be brought
 To swallow the draught,
 Each husband would be a physician.

S C E N E XIX.

Sir JASPER, GREGORY, DORCAS, JAMES.

James. Oh, Sir ! undone, undone ! Your daughter is run away with her lover Leander, who was here disguis'd like an apothecary — and this is the rogue of a physician who has contriv'd all the affair

Sir Jasp. How ! am I abus'd in this manner ? Here, who is there ? Bid my clerk bring pen, ink, and paper ? I'll send this fellow to jail immediately.

James. Indeed, my good doctor, you stand a very fair chance to be hang'd for stealing an heiress.

Greg. Yes, indeed, I believe I shall take my degrees now.

Dorc. And are they going to hang you, my dear husband ?

Greg. You see, my dear wife.

Dorc. Had you finish'd the fagots it had been some consolation.

Greg. Leave me, or you'll break my heart.

Dorc. No, I'll stay to encourage you at your death — nor will I budge an inch, 'till I've seen you hang'd.

S C E N E XX.

To them LEANDER and CHARLOTTE.

Lean. Behold, Sir, that Leander whom you had forbid your house, restores your daughter to your power, even when he had her in his. I will receive her, Sir, only at your hands. — I have receiv'd letters, by which I have learnt the death of an uncle, whose estate far exceeds that of your intended son-in-law.

Sir Jasp. Sir, your virtue is beyond all estates, and I give you my daughter with all the pleasure in the world.

Lean. Now my fortune makes me happy indeed,
 my

my dearest Charlotte. — And, doctor, I'll make thy fortune too.

Greg. If you would be so kind to make me a physician in earnest, I should desire no other fortune.

Lean. Faith, doctor, I wish I could do that in return for your having made me an apothecary; but I'll do as well for thee, I warrant.

Dorc. So, so, our physician, I find, has brought about fine matters. And is it not owing to me, firrah, that you have been a physician at all?

Sir Jasp. May I beg to know whether you are a physician or not — or what the Devil you are?

Greg. I think Sir, after the miraculous cure you have seen me perform, you have no reason to ask, whether I am a physician or no. — And for you, wife, I'll henceforth have you behave with all deference to my greatness.

Dorc. Why, thou puff'd-up fool, I could have made as good a physician myself; the cure was owing to the apothecary, not the doctor.

A I R IX. We've cheated the Parson, &c.

When tender young virgins look pale and complain,
You may send for a dozen great doctors in vain;
All give their opinion, and pocket their fees;
Each writes her a cure, tho' all miss her disease;

Powders, drops,

Juleps, frops,

A cargo of poison from physical shops.

Tho' they physick to death the unhappy poor maid,
What's that to the doctor — since he must be paid?
Would you know how you may manage her right?
Our doctor has brought you a Nostrum to-night:

Never vary,

Nor miscarry,

If the lover be but the apothecary.

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E P I L O G U E.

WELL, ladies, pray how goes our doctor down?
 Shall he not ev'n be sent for up to town?
 'Tis such a pleasant and audacious rogue,
 He'd have a humming chance to be in vogue.
 What, tho' no Greek or Latin he command,
 Since he can talk what none can understand?
 Ah! there are many such physicians in the land.
 And what, tho' he has taken no degrees?
 No doctor here can better take——his fees.
 Let none his real ignorance despise,
 Since he can feel a pulse, and ——look extremely wise.
 Tho' like some quack, he shine out in news-papers,
 He is a rare physician for the vapours.
 Ah! ladies, in that case, he has more knowledge
 Than all the ancient fellows of the college.
 Besides, a double calling he pursues,
 He writes you bills, and brings you ——billet-doux,
 Doctors, with some, are in small estimation,
 But pimps, all own, are useful to the nation.
 Physick now slackens, and now hastens death;
 Pimping's the surest way of giving breath.
 How many maids, who pine away their hours,
 And droop in beauteous spring, like blasted flowers,
 Had still surviv'd had they our doctor known;
 Widows, who grieve to death, for husbands gone;
 And wives, who die, for husbands living on;
 Would they our mighty doctor's art essay,
 I'd warrant he ——wou'd put 'em in a way.
 Doctors, beware, should once this quack take root,
 I'gad he'd force you all to walk on foot!

THE
COVENT-GARDEN
TRAGEDY.

As it was Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL in Drury Lane, 1732.

—quæ amanti parceret, eadem sibi parceret parum.
Quasi piscis, itidem est amator lenæ : nequam est nisi recens.
Is habet succum ; is suavitatem ; eum quovis pacto condias ;
Vel patinarium vel assum : verses, quo pacto lubet.
Is dare volt, is se aliquid posci, nam ubi de pleno promitur,
Neque ille scit, quid det, quid damni faciat ; illi rei studet :
Volt placere sese amicæ, volt mihi, pedissequæ,
Volt famulis, volt etiam ancillis : & quoque catulo meo
Subblanditur novus amator, se ut quam vident, gaudeat.

PLATUS. Afinar.

PROLEGOMENA.

IT hath been customary with authors of extraordinary merit to prefix to their works certain commendatory epistles in verse and prose, written by a friend, or left with the printer by an unknown hand; which are of notable use to an injudicious reader, and often lead him to the discovery of beauties which might otherwise have escaped his eye. They stand like champions at the head of a volume, and bid defiance to an army of Critics.

As I have not been able to procure any such panegyrics on the following sciences from my friends, nor leisure to write them myself, I have, in an unprecedented manner, collected such criticisms as I could meet with on this tragedy, and have placed them before it; but I must at the same time assure the reader, that he may shortly expect an answer to them.

The first of these pieces, by its date, appears to be the production of some fine gentleman, who plays the Critic for his diversion, tho' he has not spoiled his eyes with too much reading. The latter will be easily discover'd to come from the hands of one of that club which hath determin'd to instruct the world in arts and sciences, without understanding any; who

With less learning than makes felons 'scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape;

are resolv'd

——— in spite
Of nature, and their stars, to write.

“ DEAR JACK,

“ S I N C E you have left the town, and no rational
 “ creature except myself in it, I have applied
 “ myself pretty much to my books: I have, besides
 “ the CRAFTSMAN and GRUB-STREET JOURNALS,
 “ read a good deal in Mr. Pope’s RAPE OF THE
 “ LOCK, and several pages in the HISTORY OF THE
 “ KING OF SWEDEN, which is translated into Eng-
 “ lish; but fancy I should understand more of it if I
 “ had a better map; for I have not been able to find
 “ out Livonia in mine.

“ I believe you will be surpriz’d to hear I have not
 “ been twice at the play-house since your departure.
 “ But alas! what entertainment can a man of sense
 “ find there now; The MODERN HUSBAND, which
 “ we hiss’d the first night, had such success, that I be-
 “ gan to think it a good play, till the GRUB-STREET
 “ JOURNAL assured me it was not. The EARL OF
 “ ESSEX, which you know is my favourite of all
 “ Shakespeare’s plays, was acted the other night;
 “ but I was kept from it by a damn’d farce which I
 “ abominate and detest so much, that I have never
 “ either seen it, or read it.

“ Last Monday came out a new Tragedy, called
 “ The COVENT-GARDEN TRAGEDY, which, I be-
 “ lieve, I may affirm to be the worst that ever was
 “ written. I will not shock your good judgment by
 “ any quotations out of it. To tell you the truth, I
 “ know not what to make of it: one would have
 “ guess’d from the audience, it had been a Comedy;
 “ for I saw more people laugh than cry at it. It adds
 “ a very strong confirmation to your opinion, That
 “ it is impossible any thing worth reading should be
 “ written in this age.”

I am, &c.

St. James’s Coffee-house.

A
C R I T I C I S M
O N T H E
COVENT-GARDEN TRAGEDY,
Originally intended for The GRUB-STREET JOURNAL.

I Have been long sensible that the days of poetry are no more, and that there is but one of the moderns (who shall be nameless) that can write either sense, or English, or grammar. For this reason I have pass'd by unremarked, generally unread, the little, quaint, short-liv'd productions of my cotemporaries : for it is a maxim with my bookseller, that no criticism on any work can sell, when the work itself does not.

But when I observe an author growing into any reputation ; when I see the same play, which I had liberally hiss'd the first night, advertised for a considerable number of nights together ; I then begin to look about me, and to think it worth criticizing on. A play that runs twelve nights, will support a temperate critic as many days.

The success of The TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES, and The MODERN HUSBAND, did not only determine me to draw my pen against those two performances, but hath likewise engaged my criticism on every thing which comes from the hands of that author, of whatever nature it be,

Seu Græcum sive Latinum.

The COVENT-GARDEN TRAGEDY bears so great an analogy to the TRAGEDY of TOM THUMB, that it needs not the author's name to assure us from what quarter it had its original. I shall beg leave, therefore, to examine this piece a little, even before I am assured what success it will meet with. Perhaps what I shall herein say may prevent its meeting with any.

I shall not here trouble the reader with a laborious definition of Tragedy drawn from Aristotelle or Horace, for which I refer him to those authors. I shall content

tent myself with the following plain proposition ;
 “ That a Tragedy is a thing of five acts, written dialoguewise, consisting of several fine families, metaphors, and moral phrases, with here and there a speech upon liberty. That it must contain an action, characters, sentiments, diction, and a moral.”
 Whatever falls short of any of these, is by no means worthy the name of a Tragedy.

Quæ genus aut flexum variant, quæcunque novato Ritu deficient superantve, heteroclita sunt.

I shall proceed to examine the piece before us on these rules ; nor do I doubt to prove it deficient in them all.

Quæ sequitur manca est numero casuque propago.

As for an action, I have read it over twice, and do solemnly aver, I can find none, at least none worthy to be called an action. The author, indeed, in one place, seems to promise something like an action, where Stormandra, who is enraged with Lovegirlo, sends Bilkum to destroy him, and at the same time threatens to destroy herself ! But alas ! what comes of all this preparation ?—Why, parturiunt montes—the audience is deceived, according to custom, and the two murdered people appear in good health. For all which great revolution of fortune we have no other reason given, but that the one has been run thro’ the coat, and the other has hung up her gown instead of herself.—Ridiculum !

The characters, I think, are such, as I have not yet met with in Tragedy. First, for the character of Mother Punchbowl ; and, by the way, I cannot conceive why she is called Mother. Is she the mother of any body in the play ? No. From one line one might guess she was a bawd. Leatherfides desires her to procure two whores, &c. but then is she not continually talking of virtue ? How can she be a bawd ? In the third scene of the second act she appears to be Stormandra’s mother.

PUNCHB. Daughter, you use the Captain too unkind.

But,

But, if I mistake not, in the scene immediately preceding, Bilkum and she have mother'd and son'd it several times. Sure she cannot be mother to them both, when she would put them to bed together. Perhaps she is mother-in-law to one of them, as being married to her own child. But of this the poet shou'd, I think, have given us some better assurance than barely intimating that they were going to bed together; which people in this our island have been sometimes known to do, without going to church together.

What is intended by the character of Gallono, is difficult to imagine. Either he is taken from life, or he is not. Methinks, I cou'd wish he had been left out of the dance *, nothing being more unnatural than to conceive so great a sot to be a lover of dancing; nay, so great a lover of dancing, as to take that woman for a partner whom he had just before been abusing. As for the characters of Lovegirlo and Kissinda, they are poor imitations of the characters of Pyrrhus and Andromache in *The DISTREST MOTHER*, as Bilkum and Stormandra are of Orestes and Hermione.

———— Sed quid morer istis.

As for Mr. Leatherfides, he is indeed an original; and such a one as, I hope, will never have a copy. We are told (to set him off) that he has learn'd to read, has read play-bills, and writ *The GRUB-STREET JOURNAL*. But how reading play-bills, and writing Grub-street papers, can qualify him to be a judge of plays, I confess I cannot tell.

The only character I can find intirely faultless is the chairman: for first we are assur'd,

He asks but for his fare,
when the Captain answers him,
Thy fare be damn'd.

He replies in the gentlest manner imaginable,
This is not acting like a gentleman.

* The Critic is out in this particular; it being notorious Gallono is not in the dance; but, to shew how careful the Author was to maintain his character throughout, the said Gallono, during the whole dance, is employ'd with his bottle and his pipe.

The Captain, upon this, threatens to knock his brains out. He then answers, in a most intrepid and justifiable manner;

Oh! that with me, &c.

I cannot help wishing this may teach all gentlemen to pay their chairmen.

Proceed we now to the sentiments. And here, to shew how inclin'd I am to admire rather than dislike, I shall allow the beautiful manner wherein this play sets out. The first five lines are a mighty pretty satire on our age, our country, statesmen, lawyers, and physicians. What did I not expect from such a beginning? But alas! what follows? No fine moral sentences, not a word of liberty and property, no insinuations that courtiers are fools, and statesmen rogues. You have indeed a few similes; but they are very thin sown.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

The sentiments fall very short of politeness every where; but those in the mouth of Captain Bilkum breathe the true spirit of Billingsgate. The courtship that passes between him and Stormandra in the second act is so extremely delicate, sure the author must have serv'd an apprenticeship there before he could have produced it. How unlike this was the beautiful manner of making love in use among the ancients, that charming simplicity of manners which shines so apparently in all the * Tragedies of Plautus, where,

—— petit & prece blandus amicam.

But alas! how shou'd an illiterate modern imitate authors he has never read?

To say nothing of the meanness of the diction, which is some degrees lower than I have seen in any modern Tragedy, we very often meet with contradictions in the same line. The substantive is so far from shewing the signification of its adjective as the latter requires,

' An adjective requires some word to be joined to
' it to shew its signification.' Vid. Accidence.

* I suppose these are lost, there remaining now no more than his Comedies.

that

that it very often takes away its meaning, as particularly ' virtuous whore.' Did it ever enter into any head before to bring these two words together? Indeed, my friend, I cou'd as soon unite the idea of your sweet self and a good poet.

Forth from your empty head I'll knock your brains.

Had you had any brains in your own head, you never had writ this line.

Yet do not shock it with a thought so base.

Ten low words creep here in a line, indeed.

—— Monosyllabla nomina quædam,
Sal, sol, ren et splen, car, fer, vir, vas.——
Virgal rod, grief-stung soul, &c.

I would recommend to this author (if he can read) that wholesome little treatise, called *Gulielmi Lili Monita Pædagogica*, where he will find this instruction :

—— Veluti scopulos babara verba fuge.——

Much may be said on both sides of this question.
Let me consider what the question is.

Mighty pretty, faith ; resolving a question first, and then asking it.

——— thou hast a tongue

Might charm a bailiff to forego his hold.

Very likely, indeed ! I fancy, Sir, if ever you were in the hands of a bailiff, you have not escap'd so easily.

Hanover-square shall come to Drury-lane.

Wonderful !

Thou shalt wear farms and houses in each ear.

Oh ! Bavius ! Oh ! conundrum ! is this true ? Sure the poet exaggerates ! What ! a woman wear farms and houses in her ear, nay, in each ear, to make it still the more incredible ! I suppose these are poetical farms and houses, which any woman may carry about her without being the heavier. But I pass by this, and many other beauties of the like nature, quæ lectio juxta

juxta docebit, to come to a little word which is worth the whole work.

Nor modesty, nor pride, nor fear, nor REP.

Quid sibi vult istud REP?—I have looked over all my dictionaries, but in vain.

Nusquam reperitur in usu.

I find, indeed, such a word in some of the Latin authors; but, as it is not in the dictionary, I suppose it to be obsolete. Perhaps it is a proper name; if so, it should have been in Italics. I am a little inclined to this opinion, as we find several very odd names in this piece, such as Hackabouta, &c.

I am weary of raking in this dirt, and shall therefore pass on to the moral, which the poet very ingeniously tells us is, he knows not what; nor any one else, I dare swear. I shall however allow him this merit, that except in the five lines above-mentioned, I scarce know any performance more of a piece. Either the author never sleeps, or never wakes throughout.

* ASS in presenti perfectum format in avi.

* Gul. Lilius reads this word with a single S.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. THEOPHILUS CIBBER.

IN Athens first (as dictionaries write)
The Tragic Muse was midwif'd into light ;
Rome knew her next, and next she took a dance,
Some say to England, others say to France.
But when, or whence, the tuneful goddess came,
Since she is here, I think, is much the same.
Oft have you seen the king and hero rage,
Oft has the virgin's passion fill'd the stage :
To-night nor king, nor hero, shall you spy,
Nor virgin's love shall fill the virgin's eye.
Our poet from unknown, untasted springs,
A curious draught of tragic nectar brings.
From Covent-Garden culls delicious stores,
Of bullies, bawds, and fots, and rakes, and whores.
Examples of the great can serve but few ;
For what are kings and heroes faults to you ?
But these examples are of general use.
What rake is ignorant of * King's coffee-house ?
Here the old rake may view the crimes h'as known,
And boys hence dread the vices of the town :
Here nymphs seduce'd may mourn their pleasures past,
And maids, who have their virtue, learn to hold it fast.

* A place in Covent-Garden market, well known to all gentlemen to whom beds are unknown.

Dramatis Personæ.

GENTLEMEN.

CAPTAIN BILKUM,
LOVEGIRLO,
GALLONO,
LEATHERSIDES,
CHAIRMAN,

Mr. MULLART.
Mr. CIBBER, Jun.
Mr. PAGET.
Mr. ROBERTS.
Mr. JONES.

LADIES.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL,
KISSINDA,
STORMANDRA,
NONPAREL,

Mr. BRIDGWATER.
Miss RAFTOR.
Mrs. MULLART.
Miss MEARS.

SCENE, *An Antichamber, or rather Back-parlour,*
in MOTHER PUNCHBOWL'S House.

THE

THE
COVENT-GARDEN
TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *An Antichamber.*

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, LEATHERSIDES,
NONPAREL, INDUSTRIOUS JENNY.

MOTHER.

WHO'D be a bawd in this degen'rate age !
Who'd for her country unrewarded toil !
Not so the statesman scrubs his plotful head,
Not so the lawyer shakes his unfee'd tongue,
Not so the doctor guides the doleful quill.
Say, Nonparel, industrious Jenny, say,
Is the play done and yet no cull appears ?

Nonp. The play is done : for from the pigeon-hole
I heard them hiss the curtain as it fell.

Moth. Ha, did they hiss ? Why then the play is
damn'd,

And I shall see the poet's face no more.

Say, Leatherfides, 'tis thou that best can tell ;
For thou hast learnt to read, hast play-bills read,
The Grub-street Journal thou hast known to write,
Thou art a judge ; say, wherefore was it damn'd ?

Leath. I heard a tailor sitting by my side,
Play on his catcal, and cry out, ' sad stuff.'
A little farther an apprentice fat,

THE COVENT-GARDEN

And he too hiss'd, and he too cry'd, ' 'twas low.'
 Then o'er the pit I downward cast my eye,
 The pit all hiss'd, all whistled, and all groan'd.

Moth. Enough. The poet's lost, and so's his bill.
 Oh! 'tis the tradesman's, not the poet's hurt:
 For him the washerwoman toils in vain,
 For him in vain the taylor sits cross-legg'd,
 He runs away and leaves all debts unpaid.

Leath. The mighty Captain Bilkum this way
 comes.

I left him in the entry with his chairman
 Wrangling about his fare.

Moth. Leatherfides, 'tis well.

Retire, my girls, and patient wait for culls.

S C E N E II.

Mother PUNCHBOWL, *Captain* BILKUM,
 CHAIRMAN.

Chair. Your honour, Sir, has paid but half my
 fare.

I ask but for my fare.

Capt. Bilk. Thy fare be damn'd.

Chair. This is not acting like a gentleman.

Capt. Bilk. Begone, or by the powers of dice I
 swear,

Were there no other chairman in the world,
 From out thy empty head, I'd knock thy brains.

Chair. Oh, that with me, all chairmen would
 conspire,

No more to carry such sad dogs for hire,
 But let the lazy rascals straddle thro' the mire.

S C E N E III.

Captain BILKUM, *Mother* PUNCHBOWL.

Moth. What is the reason, Captain, that you make
 This noise within my house? Do you intend
 To arm reforming constables against me?
 Wou'd it delight your eyes to see me dragg'd
 By base plebeian hands to Westminster,
 The scoff of serjeants and attornies clerks,

And

And then exalted on the pillory,
 To stand the sneer of ev'ry virtuous whore?
 Oh! cou'dst thou bear to see the rotten egg
 Mix with my tears, and trickle down my cheeks,
 Like dew distilling from the full-blown rose:
 Or see me follow the attractive cart,
 To see the hangman lift the virginal rod,
 That hangman you so narrowly escap'd!

Capt. Bilk. Ha! that last thought has stung me
 to the soul:

Damnation on all laws and lawyers too:
 Behold thee carted—oh! forefend that sight,
 May Bilkum's neck be stretch'd before that day.

Moth. Come to my arms, thou best belov'd of sons,
 Forgive the weakness of thy mother's fears:
 Oh! may I never, never see thee hang'd!

Capt. Bilk. If born to swing, I never shall be
 drown'd:

Far be it from me, with too curious mind,
 To search the office whence eternal fate
 Issues her writs of various ills to men;
 Too soon arrested we shall know our doom.
 And now a present evil gnaws my heart,
 Oh! Mother, Mother——

Moth. Say, what wou'd my son?

Capt. Bilk. Get me a wench, and lend me half a
 crown.

Moth. Thou shalt have both.

Capt. Bilk. Oh! goodness most unmatched,
 What are your 'Nelope's compar'd to thee?
 In vain we'd search the hundreds of the town,
 From where, in Goodman's-Fields, the city dame
 Emboxed sits, for two times eighteen pence,
 To where, at midnight hours, the noble race
 In borrow'd voice and mimick habit squeak.
 Yet where, oh where is such a bawd as thou?

Moth. Oh! deal not praise with such a lavish
 tongue;

If I excel all others of my trade,
 Thanks to those stars that taught me to excel!

S C E N E IV.

Mother PUNCHBOWL, *Captain* BILKUM,
LEATHERSIDES.

Leath. A porter from Lovegirlo is arriv'd,
If in your train one harlot can be found,
That has not been a month upon the town !
Her, he expects to find in bed by two.

Moth. Thou, Leatherfides, best know'st such
nymphs to find,
To thee, their lodgings they communicate.
Go, thou procure the girl. I'll make the punch,
Which she must call for when she first arrives.
Oh ! Bilkum, when I backward cast my thoughts,
When I revolve the glorious days I've seen,
(Days I shall see no more)—it tears my brain.
When culls sent frequent, and were sent away,
When col'nels, majors, captains, and lieutenants,
Here spent the issue of their glorious toils ?
These were the men, my Bilkum, that subdu'd
The haughty foe, and paid for beauty here.
Now we are sunk to a low race of beaus,
Fellows unfit for women or for war ;
And one poor cull is all the guests I have.

S C E N E V.

LEATHERSIDES, *Mother* PUNCHBOWL,
BILKUM.

Leath. Two whores, great Madam, must be straight
prepar'd,
A fat one for the 'squire, and for my lord a lean.
Moth. Be that thy care. This weighty bus'ness
done,
A bowl of humming punch shall glad my son.

S C E N E VI.

BILKUM, *solus.*

Oh ! 'tis not in the pow'r of punch to ease
My grief-stung soul, since Hecatiffa's false,

Since

Since she could hide a poor half guinea from me.
 Oh ! had I search'd her pockets ere I rose,
 I had not left a single shilling in them.
 But lo ! Lovegirlo comes, I will retire.

S C E N E VII.

LOVEGIRLO, GALLONO.

Gal. And wilt thou leave us for a woman thus !
 Art thou Lovegirlo ? Tell me, art thou he,
 Whom I have seen the saffron-colour'd morn
 With rosy fingers beckon home in vain ?
 Than whom none oftner pull'd the pendent bell,
 None oftner cry'd, " another bottle bring ;"
 And canst thou leave us for a worthless woman ?

Love. I charge thee, my Gallono, do not speak
 Ought against woman ; by Kissinda's smiles,
 (Those smiles more worth than all the Cornwall mines)
 When I drank most, 'twas woman made me drink,
 The toast was to the wine an orange-peel.

Gal. Oh ! wou'd they spur us on to noble drink,
 I too wou'd be a lover of the sex.
 And sure for nothing else they were design'd,
 Woman was only born to be a toast.

Love. What madness moves thy slander-hurling
 tongue ?

Woman ! What is there in the world like woman ?
 Man without woman is a single boot,
 Is half a pair of sheers. Her wanton smiles
 Are sweeter than a draught of cool small-beer
 To the scorch'd palate of a waking sot.
 Man is a puppet which a woman moves
 And dances as she will—Oh ! had it not
 Been for a woman thou hadst not been here.

Gal. And were it not for wine—I wou'd not be.
 Wine makes a cobbler greater than a king ;
 Wine gives mankind the preference to beasts,
 Thirst teaches all the animals to drink,
 But drunkenness belongs to only man.

Love. If woman were not, my Gallono, man
 Wou'd make a silly figure in the world.

Gal. And without wine all human kind wou'd be
 One

One stupid, sniveling, sneaking sober fellow

Love. What does the pleasures of our life refine?
'Tis charming woman.

Gal. Wine.

Love. 'Tis woman.

Gal. Wine.

S C E N E VIII.

BILKUM.

Much may be said on both sides of this question ;

Let me consider what the question is :

If wine or woman be our greater good.

Wine is a good — and so is woman too,

But which the greater good [*A long pause.*] I cannot tell.

Either to other to prefer I'm loth,

But he does wisest who takes most of both.

S C E N E IX.

LOVEGIRLO, KISSINDA.

Love. Oh ! my Kissinda ! Oh ! how sweet art thou ?

Nor Covent-Garden, nor Stocks Market knows

A flower like thee ; less sweet the Sunday rose,

With which, in country church, the milk-maid decks

Her ruddy breast : ne'er wash'd the courtly dame

Her neck with honey-water half so sweet.

Oh ! thou art perfume all ; a perfume shop.

Kis. Cease, my Lovegirlo, oh ! thou hast a tongue

Might charm a bailiff to forego his hold.

Oh ! I cou'd hear thee ever, cou'd with joy

Live a whole day upon a dish of tea,

And listen to the bagpipes in thy voice.

Love. Hear this, ye harlots, hear her and reform :

Not so the miser loves to see his gold,

Not so the poet loves to see his play,

Not so the critick loves to see a fault,

Not so the beauty loves to see herself,

As I delight to see Kissinda smile.

Kis. Oh ! my Lovegirlo, I must hear no more,

Thy

Thy words are strongest poison to my soul;
I shall forget my trade, and learn to dote.

Love. Oh! give a loose to all the warmth of love.
Love like a bride upon the second night;
I like a ravish'd bridegroom on the first.

Kif. Thou know'st too well a lady of the town
If she give way to love must be undone.

Love. The town! thou shalt be on the town no
more,

I'll take thee into keeping, take thee rooms
So large, so furnish'd, in so fine a street,
The mistress of a Jew shall envy thee;
By Jove, I'll force the sooty tribe to own,
A Christian keeps a whore as well as they.

Kif. And wilt thou take me into keeping? —

Love. Yes.

Kif. Then I am blest indeed — and I will be
The kindest, gentlest, and the cheapest girl.
A joint of meat a day is all I ask,
And that I'll dress myself — A pot of beer
When thou din'st from me, shall be all my wine;
Few clothes I'll have, and those too second-hand;
Then when a hole within thy stocking's seen,
(For stockings will have holes) I'll darn it for thee;
With my own hands I'll wash thy soapen'd shirt,
And make the bed I have unmade with thee.

Love. Do virtuous women use their husbands so?
Who but a fool would marry that can keep —
What is this virtue that mankind adore?
Sounds less the scolding of a virtuous tongue!
Or who remembers, to increase his joy,
In the last moments of excessive bliss,
The ring, the license, parson, or his clerk?
Besides, when'er my mistress plays me foul,
I cast her, like a dirty shirt away.
But oh! a wife sticks like a plaster fast,
Like a perpetual blister to the poll.

Kif. And wilt thou never throw me off? —

Love. Never,
'Till thou art soil'd.

Kif. Then turn me to the streets.
Those streets you took me from.

Love.

Love. Forbid it all

Ye powers propitious to unlawful love.

Oh ! my Kiffinda, by this kiss I swear,
(This kiss which at a shilling is not dear)

I wou'd not quit the joys this night shall give,
For all the virtuous wives or maids alive.

Oh ! I am all on fire, thou lovely wench,
Torrents of joy my burning soul must quench,
Reiterated joys !

Thus burning from the fire, the washer lifts
The red-hot iron to make smooth her shifts,
With arm impetuous rubs her shift amain,
And rubs, and rubs, and rubs it o'er again ;
Nor sooner does her rubbing arm withhold,
'Till she grows warm, and the hot iron cold.

ACT II. SCENE I.

STORMANDRA, *Captain BILKUM.*

STORMANDRA.

NOT, tho' you were the best man in the land,
Shou'd you, unpaid for, have from me a favour.
Therefore come down the Ready, or I go.

Capt. Bilk. Forbid it, Venus I shou'd ever set
So curst an example to the world :
Forbid the rake, in full pursuit of joy
Requir'd the unready Ready to come down,
Shou'd curse my name, and cry, " Thus Bilkum did ;
" To him this curst precedent we owe."

Stor. Rather forbid, that, bilk'd in after-time,
The chair-less girl should curse Stormandra's name,
That as she walks with draggled coats the street,
(Coats shortly to be pawn'd) the hungry wretch
Shou'd bellow out, " For this, I thank Stormandra !"

Capt. Bilk. Trust me to-night, and never trust me
more,

If I do not come down when I get up.

Stor. And dost thou think I have a soul so mean ?
Trust thee ! dost think I came last week to town,

The

The waggon straws yet hanging to my tail ?
 Trust thee ! oh ! when I trust thee for a groat,
 Hanover-Square shall come to Drury-Lane.

Capt. Bilk. Madam, 'tis well ; your mother may
 perhaps

Teach your rude tongue to know a softer tone.
 And see, she comes, the smiling brightness comes.

S C E N E II.

Mother PUNCHBOWL, *Captain* BILKUM
 STORMANDRA.

Stor. Oh ! Mother Punchbowl, teach me how to
 rail ;

Oh ! teach me to abuse this monstrous man.

Moth. What has he done ?

Stor. Sure a design so base,
 Turk never yet conceiv'd.

Moth. Forbid it, virtue.

Stor. It wounds me to the soul—he wou'd have
 bilk'd me.

Moth. Ha ! in my house ! oh ! Bilkum, is this
 true ?

Who set thee on, thou traitor to undo me,
 Is it some envious sister ? such may be ;
 For even bawds, I own it with a blush,
 May be dishonest in this vicious age.
 Perhaps, thou art an enemy to us all,
 Wilt join malicious justices against us.
 Oh ! think not thus to bribe the ungrateful tribe,
 The hand to Bridewell which thy mother sends,
 May one day send thee to more fatal gaol ;
 And oh ! (avert the omen all ye stars !)
 The very hemp I beat may hang my son.

Capt. Bilk. Mother you know the passage to my
 heart,

But do not shock it with a thought so base.
 Sooner Fleet-Ditch like silver Thames shall flow,
 The New-Exchange shall with the Royal vie,
 Or Covent-Garden's with St. Paul's great bell.
 Give no belief to that ungrateful woman ;
 Gods ! who wou'd be a bully to a woman ?

Canst

Canst thou forget—(it is too plain thou canst)
 When at the Rummer, at the noon of night,
 I found thee with a base apprentice boxing?
 And tho' none better dart the clinched fist,
 Yet wast thou over-match'd, and on the ground.
 Then like a bull-dog in Hockleian holes,
 Rush'd I tremendous on the snotty foe,
 I took him by the throat and kick'd him down the
 stairs.

Stor. Dost thou recount thy services, base wretch,
 Forgetting mine? Dost thou forget the time,
 When shiv'ring on a winter's icy morn,
 I found thy coatless carcase at the Roundhouse,
 Did I not then forget my proper woes,
 Did I not send for half a pint of gin,
 To warm th' ungrateful guts? Pull'd I not off
 A quilted-petticoat to clothe thy back?
 That unskinn'd back, which rods had dress'd in red,
 Thy only title to the name of Captain?
 Did I not pick a pocket of a watch,
 A pocket pick for thee?

Capt. Bilk. Dost thou mention
 So slight a favour? Have I not for thee
 Fled from the feather-bed of soft repose,
 And as the watch proclaim'd approaching day,
 Robb'd the stage-coach?—Again, when puddings
 hot,
 And Well-fleet oysters cry'd, the evening come,
 Have I not been a foot-pad for thy pride!

Moth. Enough, my children, let this discord cease.
 Had both your merits had, you both deserve
 The fate of greater persons—Go, my son,
 Retire to rest—gentle Stormandra soon
 Will follow you. See kind consent appear,
 In softest smiles upon her lovely brow.

Capt. Bilk. And can I think Stormandra will be mine!
 Once more, unpaid for mine! then I again
 Am blest, am paid for all her former scorn.
 So when the doating hen-peck'd husband long
 Hath stood the thunder of his deary's tongue;
 If, supper over, she attempt to toy,
 And laugh and languish for approaching joy,

His raptur'd fancy runs her charms all o'er,
While transport dances jiggs thro' ev'ry pore,
He hears the thunder of her tongue no more.

S C E N E III.

STORMANDRA, *Mother* PUNCHBOWL.

Moth. Daughter, you use the captain too unkind.
Forbid it, virtue, I shou'd ever think
A woman squeezes any cull too much,
But bullies never should be us'd as culls.
With caution still preserve the bully's love.
A house like this, without a bully left,
Is like a puppet-show without a punch.
When you shall be a bawd, and sure that day
Is written in the almanack of fate,
You'll own the mighty truth of what I say.
So the gay girl whose head romances fill,
By mother married well against her will;
Once past the age that pants for love's delight,
Herself a mother, owns her mother in the right.

S C E N E IV.

STORMANDRA *sola.*

What shall I do? Shall I unpaid to bed?
Oh! my Lovegirlo! oh! that thou wert here;
How my heart doats upon Lovegirlo's name,
For no one ever paid his girls like him.
She, with Lovegirlo who had spent the night,
Sighs not in vain for next day's masquerade,
Sure of a ticket from him—Ha? ye powers,
What is't I see? Is it a ghost I see?
It is a ghost. It is Lovegirlo's ghost,
Lovegirlo's dead; for if he were not dead,
How cou'd his living ghost be walking here?

S C E N E V.

LOVEGIRLO, STORMANDRA.

Love. Surely this is some holiday in hell,
And ghosts are let abroad to take the air,

For I have seen a dozen ghosts to-night
Dancing in merry mood the winding hayes.
If ghosts all lead such merry lives as these,
Who wou'd not be a ghost !

Stor. Art thou not one ?

Love. What do I see, ye stars ? Is it Stormandra ?

Stor. Art thou Lovegirlo ?—Oh ! I see thou art.

But tell me, I conjure, art thou not dead ?

Love. No, by my soul I am not.

Stor. May I trust thee ?

Yet if thou art alive, what dost thou here
Without Stormandra ?—But thou needst not say,
I know thy falsehood, yes, perfidious fellow,
I know thee false as water or as hell ;
Falsier than any thing but thyself——

Love. Or thee.

Dares thus the devil to rebuke our sin !
Dares thus the kettle say the pot is black !
Canst thou upbraid my falsehood ! thou ! who still
Art ready to obey the porter's call,
At any hour, to any sort of guest ;
Person is as common as the dirt
Which Piccadily leaves on ev'ry heel.

Stor. Can I hear this, ye stars ! Injurious man !
May I be ever bilk'd !—May I ne'er fetch
My watch from pawn, if I've been false to you.

Love. Oh ! impudence unmatched ! canst thou deny
That thou hast had a thousand diff'rent men ?

Stor. If that be falsehood, I indeed am false,
And never lady of the town was true ;
But tho' my person be upon the town,
My heart has still been fix'd on only you.

S C E N E VI.

LOVEGIRLO, STORMANDRA, KISSINDA.

Kif. Where's my Lovegirlo ? Point him out, ye
stars,

Restore him panting to Kissinda's arms.

Ha ! do I see !

Stor.

Stor. Hast thou forgot to rail?
 Now call me false, perfidious, and ingrate,
 Common as air, as dirt, or as thyself.
 Beneath my rage, hast thou forsaken me?
 All my full meals of luscious love, to starve
 At the lean table of a girl like that?

Kif. That girl you mention with so forc'd a scorn,
 Envies not all the large repasts you boast;
 A little dish oft furnishes enough:
 And sure enough is equal to a feast.

Stor. The puny wretch such little plates may chuse;
 Give me the man who knows a stronger taste.

Kif. Sensual and base! to such as you we owe
 That harlot is a title of disgrace,
 The worst of scandals on the best of trades.

Stor. That shame more justly to the wretch belongs,

Who gives those favours which he cannot sell.

Kif. But harder is the wretched harlot's lot,
 Who offers them for nothing, and in vain.

Stor. Shew me the man who thus accuses me.
 I own I chose Lovegirlo, own I lov'd him;
 But then I chose and lov'd him as a cull:
 Therefore preferr'd him to all other men,
 Because he better paid his girls than they.
 Oh! I despise all love but that of gold:
 Throw that aside, and all men are alike.

Kif. And I despise all other charms but love.
 Nothing could bribe me from Lovegirlo's arms;
 Him, in a cellar, wou'd my love prefer
 To lords in houses of six rooms a floor.
 Oh! had I in the world a hundred pound,
 I'd give him all. Or did he (fate forbid!)
 Want three half crowns his reckoning to pay,
 I'd pawn my under-petticoat to lend them.

Love. Wou'dst thou, my sweet? Now, by the
 powers of love,

I'll mortgage all my lands to deck thee fine.
 Thou shalt wear farms and houses in each ear,
 Ten thousand load of timber shall embrace
 Thy necklac'd neck. I'll make thy glitt'ring form

Shine thro' th' admiring Mall a blazing star.
 Neglected virtue shall with envy die ;
 The town shall know no other toast but thee.
 So have I seen upon my lord-mayor's day,
 While coaches after coaches roll away,
 The gazing crowd admire by turn, and cry,
 " See such and such an alderman pass by :"
 But when the mighty magistrate appears,
 No other name is sounded in your ears ;
 The crowd all cry unanimous—" See there,
 " Ye citizens, behold the coach of the lord-mayor."

S C E N E VII.

STORMANDRA, *Captain BILKUM*.

Capt. Bilk. Why comes not my Stormandra?
 Twice and once

I've told the striking clock's increasing sound,
 And yet unkind Stormandra stays away.

Stor. Captain, are you a man ?

Capt. Bilk. I think I am.

The time has been when you have thought so too.
 Try me again in the soft fields of love.

Stor. 'Tis war, not love, must try your manhood
 now.

By gin, I swear, ne'er to receive thee more,
 Till curs'd Lovegirlo's blood has dy'd thy sword.

Capt. Bilk. Lovegirlo! Whence this fury bent on
 him ?

Stor. Ha! dost thou question, coward? ——— Ask
 again,

And I will never call thee Captain more.
 Instant obey my purpose, or by hemp,
 Rods, all the horrors Bridewell ever knew,
 I will arrest thee for the note of hand,
 Which thou hast given me for twice one pound ;
 But if thou dost, I call my sacred honour
 To witness, thy reward shall be my love.

Capt. Bilk. Lovegirlo is no more. Yet wrong me
 not ;

It

It is your promise, not your threat prevails.
 So when some parent of indulgence mild,
 Wou'd to the nauseous potion bring the child;
 In vain to win or frighten to its good,
 He cries, " My dear," or lifts the useless rod :
 But if, by chance, the sugar-plum he shows,
 The simp'ring child no more reluctance knows;
 It stretches out its finger and its thumb,
 It swallows first the potion, then the sugar-plum.

S C E N E VIII.

STORMANDRA *sola*.

Go, avenge my just revenge, and then be hang'd,
 While I retire and gently hang myself.
 May women be by my example taught,
 Still to be good, and never to be naught;
 Never from virtue's rules to go astray,
 Nor ever to believe what man can say.
 She who believes a man, I am afraid,
 May be a woman long, but not a maid.
 If such blest harvest my example bring,
 The female world shall with my praises ring,
 And say, that when I hang'd myself, I did a noble
 thing.

S C E N E IX.

Mother PUNCHBOWL, KISSINDA, NONPA-
 REL.

Moth. Oh ! Nonparel, thou loveliest of girls,
 Thou latest darling of thy mother's years;
 Let thy tongue know no commerce with thy heart;
 For if thou tellest truth thou art undone.

Nonp. Forgive me, Madam, this first fault—
 henceforth

I'll learn with outmost diligence to fib.

oth. O never give your easy mind to love;
 But poise the scales of your affection so,
 That a bare six-pence added to his scale,
 Might make the cit apprentice or the clerk

Outweigh a flaming col'nel of the guards.
 Oh ! never give your mind to officers,
 Whose gold is on the outside of the pocket.
 But fly a poet as the worst of plagues,
 Who never pays with any thing but words.
 Oh ! had Kiffinda taken this advice,
 She had not now been bilk'd. ———

Kif. Think me not so :
 Some hasty business has Lovegirlo drawn
 To leave me thus — but I will hold a crown
 To eighteen pence, he's here within an hour.

S C E N E X.

To them LEATHERSIDES.

Moth. Oh ! Leatherfides, what means this news-
 ful look ?

Leath. Through the Piaches as I took my way
 To fetch a girl, I at a distance view'd
 Lovegirlo with great Captain Bilkum fighting ;
 Lovegirlo push'd, the Captain parry'd, thus
 Lovegirlo push'd, he parried again :
 Oft did he push, and oft was push'd aside.
 At length the Captain, with his body thus,
 Threw in a curst thrust in flankonade.
 'Twas then — oh ! dreadful horror to relate !
 I at a distance saw Lovegirlo fall,
 And look as if he cry'd — “ Oh ! I am slain.”
 [*Kiffinda sinks into Nonparel's arms.*]

S C E N E XI.

To them GALLONO.

Gal. Give me my friend, thou most accursed bawd ;
 Restore him to me drunken as he was
 Ere thy vile arts seduc'd him from the glass.
Moth. Oh ! that I could restore him — but alas !
 Or drunk or sober, you'll ne'er see him more,
 Unless you see his ghost — his ghost, perhaps,
 May have escap'd from Captain Bilkum's sword.

Gal.

Gal. What do I hear?—Oh damn'd accurs'd jade,
Thou art the cause of all—With artful smiles
Thou didst seduce him to go home ere morn.
Bridewell shall be thy fate; I'll give a crown
To some poor justice to commit thee thither,
Where I will come and see thee flogg'd myself.

Kif. One flogg'd as I am can be flogg'd no more;
In her Lovegirlo Miss Kissinda liv'd:
The sword that pass'd thro' poor Lovegirlo's heart,
Pass'd eke thro' mine; he was three-fifths of me.

S C E N E XII.

To them BILKUM.

Capt. Bilk. Behold the most accurs'd of human
kind!

I for a woman with a man have fought;
She, for I know not what, has hang'd herself:
And now Jack Ketch may do the same for me.
Oh! my Stormandra!

Moth. What of her?

Capt. Bilk. Alas!

She's hang'd herself all to her curtain's rod!
I saw her swinging, and I ran away.
Oh! if you lov'd Stormandra, come with me;
Skin off your flesh, and bite away your eyes;
Lug out your heart, and dry it in your hands;
Grind it to powder, make it into pills,
And take it down your throat.

Moth. Stormandra's gone!

Weep all ye sister-harlots of the town;
Pawn your best clothes, and clothe yourselves in rags.
Oh! my Stormandra!

Kif. Poor Lovegirlo's slain.

Oh! give me way; come, all you furies, come,
Lodge in th' unfurnish'd chambers of my heart;
My heart, which never shall be let again
To any guest but endless misery,
Never shall have a bill upon it more.
Oh! I am mad, methinks; I swim in air,
In seas of sulphur and eternal fire,
And see Lovegirlo too.

Gal.

Gal. Ha ! see him ! Where ?
 Where is the much-lov'd youth ?—Oh ! never more
 Shall I behold him. Ha ! distraction wild
 Begins to wanton in my un hinge'd brain.
 Methinks I'm mad, mad as a wild March hare ;
 My muddy brain is addled like an egg ;
 My teeth, like magpies, chatter in my head ;
 My reeling head ! which akes like any mad.

Omnes. Oh !

Leath. Was ever such a dismal scene of woe ?

S C E N E *the last.*

To them LOVEGIRLO, STORMANDRA, and a
 FIDDLER.

Love. Where's my Kissinda ? — bear me to her
 arms,
 Ye winged winds — and let me perish there.

Kif. Lovegirlo lives ! — Oh ! let my eager arms
 Press him to death upon my panting breast.

Capt Bilk. Oh ! all ye powers of gin ! Stormandra
 lives.

Storm. Nor modesty, nor pride, nor fear, nor rep,
 Shall now forbid this tender chaste embrace.
 Henceforth I'm thine as long as e'er thou wilt.

Gal. Lovegirlo !

Love. Oh, joy unknown ! Gallono !

Moth. Come all at once to my capacious arms ;
 I know not where I shou'd th' embrace begin.
 My children ! oh : with what tumultuous joy
 Do I behold your almost virtuous loves.

But say, Lovegirlo, when we thought you dead,
 Say, by what lucky chance we see you here ?

Love. In a few words I'll satisfy your doubt ;
 I through the coat was, not the body, run.

Capt. Bilk. But say, Stormandra, did I not behold
 Thee hanging to the curtains of thy bed ?

Storm. No, my dear love, it was my gown, not
 me :

I did intend to hang myself ; but ere
 The knot was ty'd, repented my design.

Kif.

Kif. Henceforth, Stormandra, never rivals more ;
By Bilkum you, I by Lovegirlo kept.

Love. Foreseeing all this sudden turn of joy,
I've brought a fiddler to play forth the same.

Moth. I too will shake a foot on this blest day.

Love. From such examples as of this and that,
We all are taught to know I know not what.

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Miss RAFTOR, who acted the parts of
ISABEL in The OLD DEBAUCHEES, and of
KISSINDA in this TRAGEDY.

IN various lights this night you've seen me drest,
A virtuous lady, and a miss confess;
Pray tell me, Sirs, in which you like me best?
Neither averse to love's soft joys you find;
'Tis hard to say which is the best inclin'd.
The priest makes all the diff'rence in the case;
Kissinda's always ready to embrace,
And Isabel stays only to say grace.
For several prices ready both to treat,
This takes a guina, that your whole estate.
Gallants, believe our passions are the same,
And virtuous women, tho' they dread the shame,
Let 'em but play secure, all love the game.
For tho' some prude her lover long may vex,
Her coyness is put on, she loves your sex.
At you the pretty things their airs display;
For you we dance, we sing, we smile, we pray;
On you we dream all night, we think all day.
For you the Mall and Ring with beauties swarm;
You teach soft Senesino's airs to charm.
For thin wou'd be th' assembly of the fair
At operas — were none but eunuchs there.
In short, you are the business of our lives,
To be a mistress kept the strumpet strives,
And all the modest virgins to be wives.
For prudes may cant of virtues and of vices,
But faith! we only differ in our prices.

THE
DEBAUCHEES:
OR,
THE JESUIT CAUGHT.
A
COMEDY.

As it was Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL in Drury-Lane, 1732.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. MILLS.

I *Wish, with all my heart, the stage and town
Would both agree to cry all prologues down ;
That we, no more oblig'd to say or sing,
Might drop this useless necessary thing :
No more with awkward strut, before the curtain,
Chaunt out some rhimes—there's neither good nor hurt in.*

*What is this stuff the poets make us deal in,
But some old worn-out jokes of their retailing :
From fables of our own, or former times,
Transfers'd from prose, perhaps transpos'd from rhimes.*

*How long the tragick muse her station kept,
How guilt was humbled, and how tyrants wept,
Forgetting still how often hearers slept.* }

*Perhaps, for change, you now and then, by fits,
Are told that criticks are the bane of wits :
How they turn vampyres, being dead and damn'd,
And with the blood of living bards are crammi'd :
That poets thus tormented die, and then
The Devil gets in them, and they suck agen.*

*Thus modern bards, like Bayes, their prologues frame }
For this, and that, and every play the same,
Which you, most justly, neither praise nor blame.* }

*As something must be spoke, no matter what ;
No friends are now by prologues lost or got ;
By such harangues we raise nor spleen nor pity —
Thus ends this idle, but important ditty.*

Dramatis Personæ.

OLD LAROON,
Young LAROON,
Father MARTIN,
Old JOURDAIN,
ISABEL,
BEATRICE,

Mr. YATES.
Mr. MOZEEN.
Mr. TASWELL.
Mr. NEALE.
Mrs. RIDOUT.
Miss ROYER.

S C E N E, *Thoulou.*

N. B. *Those lines mark'd thus " are left out in the
acting.*

T H E

THE
DEBAUCHEES:
OR,
THE JESUIT CAUGHT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, Mr. JOURDAIN'S.

ISABEL, BEATRICE.

ISABEL.

A NUNNERY! Ha, ha, ha! and is it possible, my dear Beatrice, you can intend to sacrifice your youth and beauty, to go out of the world as soon as you come into it!

Beat. No one, my dear Isabel, can sacrifice too much or too soon to Heaven.

Isa. Psha! Heaven regards hearts and not faces; and an old woman will be as acceptable a sacrifice as a young one.

Beat. It is possible you may come to a better understanding, and value the world as little as I do.

Isa. "As you say, it is possible when I can enjoy it no longer, I may; nay, I do not care if I promise you, when I grow old and ugly, I'll come and keep you company: but this I am positive, till the world is weary of me, I never shall be weary of the world."

Beat. What can a woman of sense see in this world worth her valuing?

Isa. Oh! ten thousand pretty things! Equipage, cards, music, plays, balls, flattery, visits, and that prettiest thing of all pretty things, a pretty fellow.—

“ I rather wonder what charms a woman of any spirit
“ can fancy in a nunnery, in watching, working,
“ praying, and sometimes, I am afraid, wishing for
“ other company than that of an old fusty friar.”——

Oh! 'tis a delightful state, when every man one sees, instead of tempting us to sin, is to rebuke us for them!

Beat. “ Such sentiments as these, would indeed
“ make you very uneasy—— but believe me, child,
“ you would soon bring yourself to hate mankind;
“ fasting and praying are the best cures in the world
“ for these violent passions.”

Isa. “ On my conscience I should want neither;
“ if the continual sight of a set of dirty priests would
“ not bring me to abhor mankind, I dare swear no-
“ thing could.”

S C E N E II.

OLD LARON, ISABEL, BEATRICE.

Old Lar. Good morrow, my little wag-tail—— my grasshopper, my butterfly. Odso! you little baggage, you look as full of——as full of love, and sport, and wantonnefs—— I wish I was a young fellow again—— Oh! that I was but five and twenty for thy sake. Where's my boy? What, has not he been with you, has not he serenaded you!—Odsheart—— I never let his mother sleep for a month before I married her.

Isa. Indeed!

Old Lar. No, Madam, nor for a month afterwards neither. The young fellows of this age are nothing, mere butterflies, to those of ours—— Oddsheart, I remember the time, when I could have taken a hop, step, and jump, over the steeple of Nôtre Dame.

Beat. I fancy the sparks of your age had wings, Sir.

Old Lar. Wings, you little baggage, no—but they had—— they had limbs like elephants, and as strong they

they were as Samson, and as swift as—Why, I have myself run down a stag in a fair chace, and eat him afterwards for my dinner. But come, where is my old neighbour, my old friend, my old Jourdain?

Isa. At his devotions, I suppose; this is the hour he generally employs in them.

Old Lar. This hour! ay, all hours. I dare swear he spends more time in them, than all the priests in Thoulon. Well, give him his due, he was wicked as long as he could be so; and when he could sin no longer, why he began to repent that he had sinned at all. Oh! there is nothing so devout as an old whore-master.

Beat. I fancy then it will be shortly time for you to think of it, Sir!

Old Lar. Ay, Madam, about some thirty or forty years hence it may — Odsheart! I am but in the prime of my years yet: “And if it was not for a
“sauey young rascal, who looks me in the face and
“calls me father, might make a very good figure
“among the beaus. But tho’ I am not so young in
“years, I am in constitution, as any of them;” and I don’t question but to live to see a son and a great grandson both born on the same day.

Isa. You will excuse this lady, Mr. Laroon, who is going to retire so much earlier —

Old Lar. Retire! — Then it is with a young fellow, I hope.

Isa. Into a cloister, I assure you.

Old Lar. A cloister! — Why, Madam, if you have a mind to hang yourself at the year’s end, would it not be better to spend your time in matrimony than in a nunnery? Don’t let a set of rascally priests put strange notions in your head. Take my word for it, and I am a very honest fellow, there are no raptures worth a louse, but those in the arms of a brisk young cavalier. Of all the actions of my youth, there are none I reflect on with so much pleasure as having burnt half a dozen nunneries, and delivered several hundred virgins out of captivity.

Beat. Oh! villany! unheard of villany!

Is. Unheard of till this moment, I dare swear.

Old Lar. Out of which number there are at present nine countesses, three duchesces, and a queen, who owe their liberty and their promotion to this arm.

S C E N E III.

Old LAROON, Young LAROON, ISABEL, BEATRICE.

Old Lar. You are a fine spark truly, to let your father visit your mistress before you—'Sdeath! I believe you are no son of mine. Where have you been, Sir? What have you been doing, Sir, hey?

Yo. Lar. Sir, I have been at my devotions.

Old Lar. At your devotions! nay, then you are no son of mine, that's certain. Is not this the shrine you are to offer up at, sirrah! Is not here the altar you are to officiate at?—Sirrah! you have no blood of mine in you. I believe you are the bastard of some travelling English alderman, and must have come into the world with a custard in your mouth.

Yo. Lar. I hope, Madam, you will allow my excuse, though the old gentleman here will not.

Old Lar. Old gentleman! very fine! Sirrah! I'll convince you I am a young gentleman; I'll marry to-night, and make you a brother before you are a father: I'll teach you to thrust him out of the world that thrust you into it.—Madam, have no more to say to the ungracious dog.

Yo. Lar. That will be a sure way to quit all obligations between us; for the happiness I propose in this lady is the chief reason why I should thank you for bringing me into the world.

Old Lar. What's that you say, Sir? Say that again, Sir

Yo. Lar. I was only thanking you, Sir, for desiring this lady to take from me all I esteem on earth.

Old Lar. Well enough that! I begin to think him my own again. I have made that very speech to half the women in Paris.

S C E N E IV.

To them, MARTIN.

Mart. Peace be with you all, good people.

Old Lar. Peace cannot stay long in any place where a priest comes. [*Aside.*

Mart. Daughter I am ready to receive your confession —

Old Lar. Ay, ay, she has a fine parcel of sinful thoughts to answer for, I warrant her.

Mart. Mr. Laroon, you are too much inclined to slander, I must reprove you for it. My daughter's thoughts are as pure as a saint's.

Old Lar. As any saint's in Christendom within a day of matrimony.

Mart. Within a day of matrimony! it is too quick, I have not yet had sufficient time to prepare her mind for that solemn sacrament.

Old Lar. Prepare her mind for a young fellow; prepare your mind for a bishoprick.

Mart. Sir, there are ceremonies requisite; I shall be as expeditious as possible, but the church has rules.

Old Lar. Sir, you may be as expeditious or as slow as you please, but I will not have my boy disappointed of his happiness, one day, for all the rules in Europe.

S C E N E V.

MARTIN, ISABEL.

Mart. I shall bring this haughtiness to a penance you may not like. Well, my dear daughter, I hope your account is not long. You have not many articles since our last reckoning

Isa I wish you do not think it so, father. First, telling nine lies at the opera the other night to Mr. Laroon; yesterday talk'd during the whole mass to a young cavalier [*He groans*] Nay, if you groan already, I shall make you groan more before I have done: last night cheated at cards, scandalized three of my acquaintance, went to bed without saying my prayers, and dreamt of Mr. Laroon.

Mar.

Mart. Oh! — Tell me the particulars of that dream.

Isa. Nay, father, that I must be excus'd.

Mart. Modesty at confession is as unseasonable as in bed; and your mind should appear as naked to your confessor, as your person to your husband.

Isa. I thought he embraced me with the utmost tenderness.

Mart. But were you pleased therewith.

Isa. You know, father, a lye now would be the greatest of sins. I was not displeased, I assure you. But I have often heard you say, there is no sin in love.

Mart. No, in love itself there is not: love is not *malum in se*. Nor in the excess is there sometimes any: but then it must be rightly placed, must be directed to a proper object. The love a daughter bears her confessor is no doubt not only innocent, but extremely laudable.

Isa. Yes, but that—that is another sort of love, you know.

Mart. You are deceived; there is but one sort of love which is justifiable. or, indeed, desirable.

Isa. I hope my love for Laroon is that.

Mart. That I know not, I wish it may; however, I have some dispute as yet remaining with me concerning it; “till that be satisfied, it will be improper for you to proceed any farther in the affair.” All the penance, therefore, I shall enjoin you on this confession, is to defer your marriage one week; by which time I shall have resolved within myself whether you shall marry him at all.

Isa. Not marry him at all? Sure, father, you are not in earnest.

Mart. I never jest on these occasions.

Isa. What reasons can you have?

Mart. My reasons may not be so ripe for your ears at present. But, perhaps, better things are designed for you.

Isa. A fiddlestick! I tell you, father, better things cannot be designed for me. “I suppose you have
“found out some old fellow with twenty livres a year
“more

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“ more in his power ; but I can assure you, if I marry not Laroon, I'll not marry any.

“ *Mart.* Perhaps you are not designed to marry any. Let me feel your pulse—Extremely feverish.

“ *Isa.* You are enough to put any one in a fever. I was to have been married to-morrow to a pretty fellow, and now I must defer my marriage, till you have consider'd whether I shall marry at all or no.

“ *Mart.* Have you any more sins to confess ?

“ *Isa.* Sins !—You have put all my sins out of my head, I think.”

Mart. Bendicite—-[*crossing himself.*] Daughter, you shall see me soon again, for great things are in agitation : at present I leave you to your prayers.

S C E N E VI.

ISABEL *alone.*

Sure never poor maid had more need of prayers ; but you have left me no great stomach to them. Great things are in agitation ! What can he mean ? It must be so—Some old liquorish rogue with a title, or a larger estate, hath a mind to supplant my dear Laroon.”

S C E N E VII.

Young LAROON, ISABEL.

Yo. Lar. My Isabel, my sweet !—how painfully do I count each tedious hour, till I can call you mine ?

Isa. Indeed, you are like to count many more tedious hours than you imagine.

Yo. Lar. Ha ! What means my love ?

Isa. I would not have your wishes too impatient, that's all ; but if you will wait a week, you shall know whether I intend to marry you or not.

Yo. Lar. And is this possible ? Can words like these fall from Isabel's sweet lips ; can she be false, inconstant, perjur'd.

Isa. Oh do not discharge such a volley of terrible names upon me before you are certain I deserve them ;
doubt

doubt only whether I can be obedient to my confessor, and guess the rest.

Yo. Lar. Can he have enjoined you to be perjured; by Heaven it would be sinful to obey him.

Isa. Be satisfied, if I prevail with myself to obey him in this week's delay, I will carry my obedience no farther.

Yo. Lar. Oh! to what happiness have those dear words restor'd me. I am again myself: for while the possession of thee is sure, though distant, there is in that dear hope more transport than any other actual enjoyment can afford.

Isa. Well, adieu, and to cram you quite full with hope (since you like the food) I here promise you, that the commands of all the priests in France shall not force me to marry another." That is, Sir, I will either marry you or die a maid; and I have no violent inclination to the latter, on the word of a virgin.

S C E N E VIII.

Young LARON solus.

Whether a violent hatred to my father, or an inordinate love for mischief, hath set the priest on this affair, I know not. Perhaps it is the former—for the old gentleman hath the happiness of being universally hated by every priest in Thoulon—Let a man abuse a physician, he makes another physician his friend; let him rail at a lawyer, another will plead his cause gratis; if he libel this courtier, that courtier receives him into his bosom: but let him once attack a hornet or a priest, the whole nest of hornets, and the whole regiment of black-guards are sure to be upon him.

S C E N E IX.

Old LARON laughing, Young LARON.

Yo. Lar. You are merry, Sir.

Old Lar. Merry, Sir! Ay, Sir! I am merry, Sir. Would you have your father sad, you rascal? Have you a mind to bury him in his youth?

Yo.

Yo. Lar. Pardon me, Sir, I rather wished to know the happy occasion of your mirth.

Old Lar. The occasion of my mirth, Sir, is the saddest sight that ever mortal beheld.

Yo. Lar. A Very odd occasion indeed.

Old Lar. Very odd truly. It is the sight of an old honest whoremaster in a fit of despair, and a damned rogue of a priest riding him to the devil.

Yo. Lar. Ay, Sir; but I have seen a more melancholy sight.

Old Lar. Ha! What can that be?

Yo. Lar. A fine young lady in a fit of love, and a priest keeping her from her lover.

Old Lar. How?

Yo. Lar. The explanation of which is, that father Martin hath put off our match for a week.

Old Lar. Put off your match with Isabel!

Yo. Lar. Even so, Sir.

Old Lar. Well, I never made a hole in a gown yet, I never have tapped a priest: but if I don't let out some reverend blood before the sun sets, may I never see him rise again. I'll carbonade the villain, I'll make a ragout for the devil's supper of him.

Yo. Lar. Let me intreat you, Sir, to do nothing rashly, as long as I am safe in the faith of my Isabel.

Old Lar. I tell you, firrah, no man is safe in the faith of a mistress, no one is secure of a woman till he is in bed with her. "Had there been any security in the faith of a mistress, I had been at present married to half the dutchesses in France." I no more rely on what a woman says out of a church, than on what a priest says in it.

"*Yo. Lar.* Pardon me, Sir: but I should have very little appetite to marry the woman whom I had such an opinion of.

"*Old Lar.* You had an opinion of! What business have you to have any opinion? Is it not enough that I have an opinion of her, that is of her fortune.—But I suppose you are one of those romantic, whining coxcombs, that are in love with a woman behind her back:" firrah, I have had two
women

woman lawfully, and two thousand unlawfully, and never was in love in my life.

Yo. Lar. Well, Sir, then I am happy, that we
“ both agree in the same person; I like the woman,
“ and you her fortune.

Old Lar. Yes, you dog, and I'd have you secure
“ her as soon as you can: for if a greater fortune
“ should be found out in Thoulon, I'd make you
“ marry her.”—So go find out your mistress, and
stick close to her, and I'll go seek the priest, whom,
if I can find, I will stick close to with a vengeance.

SCENE X. *Another Apartment*

JOURDAIN, MARTIN.

Jourd. Alas! father, there is one sin sticks by me more than any I have confessed to you. It is so enormous a one, my shame hath prevented me discovering it—I have often concealed my crimes from my confessor.

Mart. That is a damnable sin indeed. It seemeth to argue a distrust of the church, the greatest of all crimes; a sin I fear the church cannot forgive.

Jourd. Oh! say not so, father!

Mart. I should have said, will not, or not without difficulty: for the church can do all things.

Jourd. That is some comfort again.

Mart. I hope, however, tho' you have not confessed them, you have not forgotten them; for they must be confessed before they can be forgiven.

Jourd. I hope I shall recollect them, they are a black roll.—I remember I once was the occasion of ruining a woman's reputation by shewing a letter from her.

Mart. If you had shewn it to the priest, it had been no fault.

Jourd. Alas! Sir, I wrote the letter to myself, and thus traduced the innocent. I afterwards commanded a company of grenadiers, at the taking of a town, where I knocked a poor old gentleman in the head for the sake of his money, and ravished his daughter.

Mart. These are crying sins indeed.

Jourd. At the same time I robbed a Jesuit of two pistoles.

Mart. Oh ! damnable ; Oh ! execrable !

“ *Jourd.* Good father, have patience : I once borrowed five hundred livres of an honest citizen in Paris, and repayed him by lying with his wife : and what sits nearest my heart, was forced to pay a young cavalier the same sum, by suffering him to lie with mine.

“ *Mart.* Oh !

“ *Jourd.* And yet what are these to what I have done since I commenced merchant. What have I not done to get a penny. I insured a ship for a great value, and then cast it away ;” I broke when I was worth a hundred thousand livres, and went over to London. I settled there, renounced my religion, and was made a justice of peace.

Mart. Oh ! that seat of heresy and damnation ! that whore of Babylon !

Jourd. With the whores of Babylon did I unite : I protected them from justice : gaming-houses and bawdy-houses did I license, nay, and frequent too ; I never punished any vice but poverty : for Oh ! I dread to name it, I once committed a priest to Newgate for picking pockets.

Mart. Oh ! monstrous ! horrible ! dreadful ! I’ll hear no more. Thou art damn’d without reprieve.

Jourd. Take pity, father, take pity on a penitent.

Mart. Pity ! the church abhors it. ’Twere mercy to such a wretch to pray him into Purgatory.

Jourd. I’ll give all my estate to the church, I’ll found monasteries, I’ll build abbies.

Mart. All will not do, ten thousand masses will not deliver you.

Jourd. Was ever such a miserable wretch !

Mart. Thou hast sins enough to damn thy whole family. Monstrous impiety ! to lift up the hand of justice against the church.

Jourd. Oh speak some comfort to me : will no penance expiate my crime ?

Mart. It is too grievous for a single penance ; go settle your estate on the church, and send your daughter

ter to a nunnery, her prayers will avail more than yours: Heaven hears the young and innocent with pleasure. I will, myself, say four masses a-day for you; and all these, I hope will purchase your forgiveness, at least your stay in Purgatory will be short.

Jourd. My daughter! she is to be married to-morrow, and I shall never prevail on her

Mart. You must force her; your all depends on it.

Jourd. But I have already sworn I will not force her.

Mart. The church absolves you from that oath, and it were now impiety to keep it. Go, lose not a moment, see her entered with the utmost expedition; she may put it out of your power.

Jourd. What a poor miserable wretch am I?

SCENE XI.

MARTIN *solus.*

Thou art a miserable wretch indeed! and it is on such miserable wretches depends our power: that superstition which tears thy bowels, feeds ours. This nunnery is a masterpiece; let me but once shut up my dear Isabel from every other man, and the warmth of her constitution may be my very powerful friend. How far am I got already from the very brink of despair, by the despair of this old fool. Superstition I adore thee.

Thou handle to the cheated layman's mind,
By which in fetters priestcraft leads mankind.

ACT II. SCENE I.

JOURDAIN, ISABEL.

JOURDAIN.

HAVE you no compassion for your father, for him that gave you being? Could you bear to hear me howl in Purgatory?

Isa.

Isa. Lud ! pappa ! Do you think your putting me into purgatory in this world, will save you from purgatory in the next ? “ If you have any sins, you must repent of them yourself ; for I give you my word, I have enough to do to repent of my own.

“ *Jourd.* You will soon wipe off that score, and will be then in a place where you cannot contract a new one.

“ *Isa.* Indeed, Sir, to shut a woman out from sin, is not so easy. But, dear Sir, how can it enter into your head, that my penance can be acceptable for your sin !” Take my word, one week’s fasting will be of more service to you, than this long fast you would enjoin me.

Jourd. Alas ! child, if fasting would do. I am sure I have not been wanting to my duty ; I have fasted till I am almost worn away to nothing ; I have almost fasted myself into Purgatory, while I was fasting myself out of it.

Isa. But whence comes all this apprehension of your danger ?

Jourd. Whence should it come, but from the church.

Isa. Oh ! Sir, I have thought of the most lucky thing. You know, my cousin Beatrice is just going into a nunnery, and she will pray for you as much as you would have her.

Jourd. Trifle not with so serious a concern. No prayers but yours will ever do me good.

Isa. Then you shall have them any where but in a nunnery.

Jourd. They must be there too.

Isa. That will be impossible : for if I was there, instead of praying you out of Purgatory, my prayers would be all bent to pray myself out of the nunnery again.

SCENE II.

Old LARROON, JOURDAIN, ISABEL.

Old Lar. A dog, a villain, put off my son’s match !
Mr. Jourdain, your servant ; will you suffer a rogue
H 2 of

of a Jesuit to defer your daughter's marriage a whole week?

Jourd. I am sorry, Mr. Laroon, for the disappointment, but her marriage will be deferred longer than that.

Old Lar. How, Sir!

Jourd. She is intended for another marriage, Sir; a much better match.

Old Lar. A much better match! —

Ilsa. Yes, Sir, I am to be sent to a nunnery, to pray my father out of Purgatory.

Old Lar. Oh! ho! — We'll make that matter very easy: he shall have no fear of Purgatory; for I'll send him to the devil this moment. Come, Sir, draw, draw —

Jourd. Draw what, Sir!

Old Lar. Draw your sword, Sir.

Jourd. Alas, Sir, I have long since done with swords, I have broke my sword long since.

Old Lar. Then I shall break your head, you old rogue.

Jourd. Heyday — you are mad; what's the matter?

Old Lar. Oh! no matter, no matter; you have used me ill, and you are a son of a whore, that's all.

Jourd. I would not, Mr. Laroon, have my conscience accuse me of using you ill: I would not have preferred any earthly match to your son, but if Heaven requires her —

Old Lar. I shall run mad.

Jourd. I hope my daughter has grace enough to make an atonement for her father's sins.

Old Lar. And so you wou'd atone for all your former rogueries by a greater, by perverting the design of Nature! Was this girl intended for praying! Harkee, old gentleman, let the young couple together, and they'll sacrifice their first fruits to the church.

Jourd. It is impossible.

Old Lar. Well, Sir, then I shall attempt to persuade you no longer; so, Sir, I desire you would fetch your sword.

S C E N E III.

Young LAROON in a Friar's Habit, OLD LAROON, JOURDAIN.

Yo. Lar. Let peace be in this house — Where is the sinner Jourdain?

Jourd. Here is the miserable wretch.

Old Lar. Death and the Devil, another priest.

Yo. Lar. Then know that I am thy friend, and am come to save thee from destruction.

Old Lar. That's likely enough.

Yo. Lar. St. Francis the patron of our order hath sent me on this journey, to caution thee, that thou may not suffer thy sinful daughter to profane the holy veil. Such was it seems thy purpose; but the perdition that would have attended it, I dread to think on. Rejoice, therefore, and prostrate thyself at the shrine of a saint, who has not only sent thee this caution, but does himself intercede for all thy sins.

Old Lar. Agad! and St. Francis is a very honest fellow, and thou art the first priest that ever I lik'd in my whole life.

Jourd. St. Francis honours me too much. I shall try to deserve the favour of that saint. But wherefore is my daughter denied the holy veil?

Yo. Lar. Your daughter, I am concern'd to say it; is now with child by a young gentleman, one Mr. Laroon.

Jourd. Oh Heavens!

Old Lar. What's that you say, Sir? because I thought I heard somewhat of a damn'd lye come out of your mouth.

Yo. Lar. Sir, it is St. Francis speaks within me, and he cannot be mistaken.

Old Lar. I can tell you, Sir, if that young gentleman had heard you, he would certainly have thrashed St. Francis out of you.

Yo. Lar. Sir, you have nothing to do now, but to prepare the match with the utmost expedition.

Old Lar. This St. Francis must lye, or the boy would not be so eager upon the affair: no one is ever

eager to sign articles when they have entered the town. — Well, Master Jourdain, if the young dog has tripped up your daughter's heels in on unlawful way, as St. Francis says, why, he shall make her amends and — and do it in a lawful one. So I'll go see for my son, while you go and comfort the poor chicken that is pining for fear of a nunnery. — Oddheart, it would be very hard indeed, when a girl has once had her belly full, that she must fast all her life afterwards.

Yo. Lar. I have delivered my commission, and shall now return to my convent — Farewel, and return thanks to St. Francis.

Jourd. Oh! St. Francis! St. Francis! What a merciful Saint art thou!

[*Here begins the Second Act, as it is now play'd.*]

SCENE VI. *Another Apartment.*

MARTIN, ISABEL.

Mart. Indeed, child, there are pleasures in a retired life, which you are entirely ignorant of. Nay, there are indulgences granted to people in that state, which would be sinful out of it. “ And, perhaps, the same liberties are permitted them with one person, which are deny'd them with another.” Come, put on a chearful countenance, you don't know what you are design'd for.

Isa. No, but I know what I am not design'd for.

Mart. Let me feel your pulse.

Isa. You are a physician as well as a priest, I suppose.

Mart. Have you never very odd dreams?

Isa. No.

Mart. Do you never find any strange emotions?

Isa. No. None but what I believe are very natural.

Mart. Strange that! — Did you never see me in your sleep?

Isa. I never dream of a priest, I assure you.

Mart. Nay, nay; be candid, confess, perhaps there may be nothing so sinful in it. We cannot help what

what we are design'd for. " We are only passive,
" and the sin lies not at our doors. While you are
" only passive, I'll answer for your sins."

Isa. What do you mean?

Mart. That you must not yet know—Great things
are design'd for you, very great things are design'd
for you.

Isa. (Hum! I begin to guess what is design'd for
me) [*Aside.*

" *Mart.* Those eyes have a fire in them that scarce
" seems mortal. Come hither —give me a kiss —
" ha! there is a sweetness in that breath like what I've
" read of Ambrosia. That bosom heaves like those
" of priestesses of old, when big with inspiration.

Isa. " (Haity-tity —Are you thereabouts, good
" father?)" [*Aside.*

Mart. Let me embrace thee, my dear daughter,
let me give thee joy of such promotion, such happiness
as will attend you.

Isa. I'll try this reverend gentleman his own way.
[*Aside.*

Mart. You must resign yourself up to my will,
you must be passive in all things.

Isa. Oh! let me thus beg pardon, on my knees,
for an offence which modesty occasioned.

Mart. Ha! speak.

Isa. Oh! I see it is in vain to hide my secrets from
you. What need have I to confess what you already
know?

Mart. Confession was intended for the sake of the
penitent, not the confessor: for to the church all things
are revealed.

Isa. Oh! then I had a dream —I dreamt —I
dreamt — oh! I can never tell you what I dreamt.

" *Mart.* Horrible!"

" *Isa.* I dreamt — I dreamt — I dreamt —"

Mart. Oh! the strength of sin!

Isa. I dreamt I was brought to bed of the pope.

Mart. The very happiness I meant; let me em-
brace you, let me kiss you, my dear daughter: hence-
forth you may defy Purgatory —the mother of a
pope was never there.

Isa.

Isa. But how can that be, when I am to be a nun, father?

Mart. Leave the means to me. Learn only to be passive; the church will work the rest. A pope is always the son of a nun. Go you to your chamber, wash yourself, then pray devoutly, shut every ray of light out, leave open the door, and expect the consequence.

Isa. Father, I shall be obedient—Oh! the villain!

Mart. Be passive and be happy.

S C E N E V.

JOURDAIN, MARTIN, ISABEL.

Mart. Ha! Why this unseasonable interruption, while your daughter is at confession?

Jourd. Oh, father, I have brought you news will make you happy, will rejoice your poor heart. My daughter is redeemed.

Mart. Out of Purgatory—vain man! dost thou think to inform the church? ———

Jourd. I suppose St. Francis has been beforehand with me. Indeed I should have imagined that before: for we seldom hear any thing from the saints, but through the mouth of a priest.

Mart. (What does he mean?) [*Aside.*

Jourd. Well, daughter, the thoughts of a nunnery now give you no uneasiness

Mart. No, no, she is perfectly reconciled to it, and I am confident, would not quit the nunnery for the bed of a prince.

Jourd. Ha! would not quite the nunnery, Heaven forbid.

Mart. How! you are not mad!

Jourd. Unless with joy. I thought you had known that I have received an order from St. Francis, to marry my daughter immediately.

“ *Mart.* Oh! folly! to marry her immediately; why ay, to marry her to the church, St. Francis means. You see into what errors the laity run, when they go without the leading-strings of the church, “ and
“ would

" would interpret for themselves what they know
 " nothing of."

Isa. I'll take this opportunity to steal off, and communicate a design of mine to young Laroon, which may draw this priest into a snare he little dreams of.

Jourd. But I cannot see how that should be St. Francis's meaning: for tho' my daughter may be married to the church in a figurative sense, sure she cannot be with child by the church in a literal one.

Mart. I see the business now, unhappy man! I was in hopes to have prevented this—*Exorcizo te, Exorcizo te, Satan, Ton Dapamibominos profespe podas ocus Achilleus.*

Jourd. Bless us, what mean you?

Mart. You are possessed; the Devil has taken possession of you; he is now within you; I saw him just now look out of your eyes.

Jourd. O miserable wretch that I am!

SCENE VI.

Old LAROON, Young LAROON, JOURDAIN,
 MARTIN.

Old Lar. Mr. Jourdain, your servant. Where is my daughter-in-law: I'll warrant she will easily forgive one day's forwarding the match. Odso, it's an error of the right side.

Jourd. Talk not to me of my daughter; I am possessed, I am possessed.

Old Lar. Possessed—what the devil are you possessed with?

Jourd. I am possessed with the Devil.

Old Lar. You are possessed with a priest, and that's worse. Come, let's have the wedding, and at night, we'll drive the Devil out of you with a fiddle. The Devil is a great lover of musick. I have known half a dozen devils dance out of a man's mouth at the tuning a violin, then present the company with a hornpipe, and so dance a jig through the key-hole.

Mart. Thou art the Devil's son; for he is the father of liars.

Old

Old Lar. Thou art the Devil's footman, and wear-
est his proper livery.

Jourd. Fy upon you, Mr Laroon; fy upon you.

Mart. Mr. Laroon! O surprising effect of possession
—Here is no body.

Jourd. Can I not believe my eyes?

Mart. Can you not! no—you are to believe mine.
The eyes of the laity may err, the eyes of a priest
cannot.

Jourd. And do I not see Mr. Laroon and his son!

Mart. You see neither. It is the spirit within you
that represents to your eyes and ears what objects it
pleases

Jourd. Oh! miserable wretch.

Old Lar. Agad I'll try whether I am nobody or
no, and whether I cannot make this priest sensible
that I am somebody.

Yo. Lar. For Heaven's sake, Sir, consider the con-
sequence.

Old Lar. Consequence! do you think I'll suffer a
rascal to prove me nothing at all to my face?

Jourd. And is it possible all this is a vision?

Mart. Retire to rest—while I, by the force and
battery of prayer, expel this dreadful guest.

Jourd. Oh! what a miserable wretch am I!

SCENE VII.

Old LAROON, Young LAROON, MARTIN.

Old Lar. Harkee, Sir, will you please to tell me
what this great impudence of yours means? and what
you would intend by annihilating me.

Mart. It were happy for such sinners that they
cou'd be annihilated: "It were worth you two hun-
dred thousand masses, take my word for it.

" *Old Lar.* It were happy for such rascals as you,
" firrah, that all honesty was annihilated.

" *Yo. Lar.* But pray, father, what reasons have
" you for preventing my match with Isabel?

" *Mart.* Reasons, young gentleman, that are not
" proper for your ears. Isabel is intended for a bet-
" ter bridegroom than you.

Old Lar. How, firrah! how! do you disparage
 “ my son? do you run down my boy?” Harkee,
 either muke up affairs between them immediately,
 exert thyself in thy proper office, and hold the door,
 or I’ll blow up thy convent; I’ll burn your garrison,
 and disband such a set of black locusts, as shall rob
 and pillage all Thoulon.

Mart. I contemn thy threats. The saints defend
 their ministers.

Old Lar. The saints defend their ministers! the
 laws defend them: St. Wheel, and St. Prison, and St.
 Gibbet, and St. Faggot; these are the saints that de-
 fend you. If you had no defence but from the saints
 in the other world, you wou’d few of you stay long
 in this. If you had no other arms than your beads,
 you would have shortly no other food.

Mart. Oh slanderous! Oh impious! some judg-
 ment cannot be far off.

Old Lar. When a priest is so near — firrah!

S C E N E VIII.

ISABEL, *to them.*

Mart. Daughter, fly from this wicked place; the
 breath of sin has infected it, “ and two gallons of holy
 “ water will scarce purify the air.”

Isa. Oh! Heavens! what’s the matter, father?

Old Lar. Why, the matter is, this gentleman in
 black here, for reasons best known to himself, and an-
 other gentleman in black, has thought fit to forbid
 your marriage.

Isa. What the saints please.

Old Lar. Hoity-toity! What has he fill’d your
 head with the saints too!

Isa. Oh Sir! I have had such dreams.

Old Lar. Dreams! Ha, ha, ha: the Devil’s in it,
 if a girl just going to be married should not have
 dreams. But they were dreams the saints had nothing
 to do with, I warrant you.

“ *Isa.* Such visions of saints appearing to me, and
 “ advising me to a nunnery.

“ *Old Lar.* Impossible! impossible! for I have had
 “ visions

“ visions too : I have been order’d by half a dozen
 “ saints to see you married with the utmost expedi-
 “ tion ; and a very honest saint, whose name I forgot,
 “ came to me about an hour ago, and swore heartily
 “ if you were not married within this week, he’d lead
 “ you to Purgatory in a fortnight.

“ *Mart.* Oh ! grievous !

“ *Isa.* Can there be such contradictions ?

“ *Old Lar.* Pshaw ! pshaw ! Yours was a dream,
 “ and so to be understood backwards ; mine, a true
 “ vision, therefore to be believ’d. Why, child, I
 “ have been a famous seer of visions in my time.
 “ Wou’d you believe it ? While I was in the army,
 “ there never was a battle, but I saw it some time be-
 “ forehand. I have had an infinite familiarity with
 “ the saints, I know then all : there is not one of them
 “ cou’d be capable of saying such a thing.”

Isa. Oh ! Sir, I saw, and heard, and must believe ;
 for none but the church can contradict our senses.

Old Lar. So, so ! the distemper’s hereditary I find :
 the daughter is as full of the church as the father.
 Come away, son, come away : I would not have thee
 marry into such a family ; I should be grandfather to
 a race of greasy priests. ’Sdeath ! this girl will be
 brought to bed of a pope one day or other.

Isa. ’Tis out, ’tis out.

Mart. Oh prodigious ! that such a saint should
 prophesy truth through those lips, whence the Devil
 has been thundering so many lies.

Old Lar. What truth, Sir, what truth ?

Isa. Oh ! Sir, the blessing you mentioned has been
 promised me ! I am to give a pope to the world.

Old Lar. Are you so, Madam ? He shall have no
 blood of mine in him ; I’m resolv’d I’ll never ask
 blessings of a grandson. Come away, Jack, come
 away, I say ; let us leave the Devil’s son, and the
 pope’s mother together.

Yo. Lar. Remember, my Isabel, I only live in the
 hopes of seeing you mine.

S C E N E IX.

MARTIN, ISABEL.

Mart. It were better thou shouldst howl in Purgatory ten thousand years, than ever see that day. Oh! that we had but an inquisition in France. Burning four or five hundred such fellows in a morning, would be the best way of deterring others. Religion loves to warm itself at the fire of a heretick.

Isa. Fire is as necessary to keep our minds warm as our bodies, father; "and burning a heretick is really a very great service done to himself; a faggot is a purge for a sick soul, and a heretick is obliged to the priest who applies it."

Mart. There spoke the spirit of zeal: let me embrace thee, my little saint; for such thou wilt be; let me kiss thee with the pure affection of a confessor——Ha! there is something divine in these lips; let me taste them again; are you sure you have drank no holy water this morning?

Isa. None, upon my word.

Mart. Let me smell a third time. There. *Numero Deus impare gaudet.* Depend on it, child, very great happiness will attend you. But be sure to observe my directions in every thing.

Isa. I shall, father. I did as you commanded me this morning.

Mart. Well, and did you perceive any great alterations in yourself? any extraordinary emotion?

Isa. I cannot say I did.

Mart. Hum! Spirits have their own times of operation; which must be diligently watch'd for. "Perhaps your good genius was at that time otherwise employ'd. Repeat the ceremony often, and my life on the success." Let me see, about an hour hence will be a very good season. Be ready to receive him, and I firmly believe, the spirit will come to you.

Isa. Oh! father, I shall be frightened out of my wits at the sight of a spirit.

Mart. You will see nothing frightful, take my word for it.

Isa. I hope he won't appear in any horrible shape.

Mart. Hum—That is to be averted by *Ave Maries*. As this is a friendly spirit, I dare say, you may prevail on him to take what shape you please. Perhaps your father; or, if you cannot prevail for a lay-man, I dare swear, you may at least pray him into the shape of your confessor: and, though I must suffer pain on that account, I am ready to undergo it for your service.

Isa. I am infinitely obliged to my dear father; I'll prepare myself for this vast happiness, and nothing shall be wanting on my part, I assure you.

Mart. And if any thing be wanting on mine, may I never say mass again, or never be paid for masses I have not said. "Either this girl has extraordinary
" simplicity, or, what is more likely, extraordinary
" cunning; she does not seem averse to my kisses.
" Why should I not imagine she sees and approves my
" design? Well, I'll say this for the sex; let a man
" but invent any excuse for the sin, and they are all
" ready to undertake it." How happy is a priest,

Who can the blushing maid's resistance smother,
With sin in one hand, pardon in the other.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, ISABEL'S Apartment.

Young LARON, ISABEL.

Young LARON.

PERdition seize the villain; may all the torments of twenty inquisitions wrack his soul.

Isa. Act your part well, and we shall not want his own weapons against him.

Yo. Lar. Sure it is impossible he can intend it—

Isa. Shall I make the experiment?

Yo. Lar. I shall never be able to forbear murdering him.

Isa. You shall promise not to commit any violence,
you

you know too well what will be the consequence of that. " Let us sufficiently convict him, and leave his punishment to the law.

Yo. Lar. " And I know too well what will be the consequence of that. There seems to be a combination between priests and lawyers; the lawyers are to save the priests from punishment for their rogueries in this world, and the priests the lawyers in the next."

Isa. However the same law that screens him for having injured you, will punish you for having done justice to him. *[Knocking at the door.]*

Isa. Oh! Heavens! the priest is at the door. What shall we do?

Yo. Lar. Damn him: I'll stay here and confront him.

Isa. Oh! no, by no means: for once, I'll attack him in his own way; so the moment he opens the door, do you run out, and leave the rest to me.

[She throws herself into a chair, and shrieks, Young Laroon overturns Martin.]

SCENE II.

MARTIN, ISABEL.

Mart. I am slain, I am overlaid, I am murdered. Oh! daughter, daughter, is this your patient expectation of the spirit?

Isa. It has been here: it has been here.

Mart. What has been here?

Isa. Oh! the spirit, the spirit. It has been here this half hour; and, just as you came in, it vanished away in a clap of thunder, and I thought would have taken the room with it.

Mart. I thought it would have taken me with it, I am sure. Spirit, indeed! There are abundance of such spirits as these in Thoulon. And pray, how have the spirit and you employed your time this half hour?

Isa. Oh! don't ask me: it is impossible to tell you.

Mart. Ay, 'tis needless too: for I can give a shrewd guess. I suppose you like his company.

Isa. Oh ! so well, that I could wish he would visit me ten times every day.

Mart. “ Oh, ho ! and in the same shape too.

Isa. “ Oh ! I should like him in any shape ; and I dare swear he’ll come in any shape too : for he is the purest, sweetest, most complaisant spirit ! I could have almost sworn it had been Mr. Laroon himself.

Mart. “ Was there ever such a ————”

Isa. Nay, when it came in first, it behaved just like Mr. Laroon, and call’d itself by his name ; but, when it found I did not answer a word, it took me by the hand, and cry’d, ‘ Is it possible you can be angry with your Laroon ! ’ I answer’d not a word ; then it kissed me a hundred times ; I said nothing still ; it caught me in its arms, and embraced me passionately ; I still behaved as you commanded me, very passive.

“ *Mart.* Oh ! the devil, the devil ! Was ever man so caught ? and did you never apprehend it to be Mr. Laroon himself ?

“ *Isa.* Heaven forbid I should have suffered Mr. Laroon in these familiarities, which you order’d me to allow the spirit.”

Mart. I am caught indeed. Damn’d driveling idiot !

[*Aside.*

Isa. But, dear father, tell me, shall I not see it again quickly ? For I long to see it again.

Mart. Oh ! yes, yes ———

Isa. I long to see it in the dark, methinks ; for, you know, father, one sees spirits best in the dark.

Mart. Ay, ay, you’ll see it in the dark, I warrant you ; but be sure and behave as you did before.

Isa. And will he always behave as he did before, father ?

Mart. Hum ! Be in your chamber this evening at eight ; take care there be no light in the room, and perhaps the spirit may pay you a second visit.

Isa. I’ll be sure to be punctual.

Mart. And passive.

Isa. I’ll obey you in every thing.

Mart. Senseless oaf ! But tho’ I have lost the first fruits by her extreme folly, yet am I highly delighted with

with it : and, if I do not make a notable use of it, I am no priest.

S C E N E III.

JOURDAIN *solus*.

Oh ! Purgatory ! Purgatory ! What would I not give to escape thy flames ! Methinks I feel them already. Hark ! What noise is that ?—Nothing—Ha ! what's that I see ? Something with two heads—What can all this portend ?—"What a poor miserable wretch am I ?"

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, a friar below desires to speak with you.

Jourd. Why will you suffer a man of holy order to wait a moment at my door ? Bring him in.

"Perhaps he is some messenger of comfort. But
"oh ! I rather fear the reverse : for what comfort
"can a sinner like me expect ?"

S C E N E IV.

Old LARON in a friar's habit, JOURDAIN.

Old Lar. A plague attend this house, and all that are in it.

Jourd. Oh ! Oh !

Old Lar. Art thou that miserable, sad, poor son of a whore, Jourdain ?

Jourd. Alas ! alas !

Old Lar. If thou art he, I have a message to thee from St. Francis. The Saint gives his humble service to you, and bid me tell you, you are one of the saddest dogs that ever liv'd, for having disobey'd his orders, and attempted to put your daughter into a nunnery : for which he has given me positive orders to assure you, you shall lie in Purgatory five hundred thousand years.

Jourd. Oh !

Old Lar. And I assure you it is a very warm sort of a place ; for I call'd there as I came along to take lodgings for you.

Jourd. Oh! heavens! is it possible! that you can have seen the dreadful horrors of that place?

Old Lar. Seen them! Ha, ha, ha! Why, I have been there half a dozen times "in a day. Why, "how far do you take it to be to Purgatory? Not "above a mile and a half at farthest, and every step "of the way down hill." Seen them? Ay, ay, I have seen them; and a pretty sight they are too, a pretty tragical sort of a sight if it were not for the confounded heat of the air — then there is the prettiest concert of musick.

Jourd. Oh! heavens! musick!

Old Lar. Ay, ay, groans, groans, a fine concert of groans; you would think yourself at an opera, if it were not for the great heat of the air. as I said before. Some spirits are shut up in overs, some are chain'd to spits, some are scatter'd in frying-pans — and I have taken up a place for you on a gridiron.

Jourd. Oh! I am scorch'd, I am scorch'd. — For pity's sake, father, intercede with St. Francis for me: compassionate my case —

Old Lar. There is but one way; let me carry "him the news of your daughter's marriage; that "may perhaps appease him. Between you and I St. "Francis is a liquorish old dog, and loves to set people to work to his heart

Jourd. She shall be married this instant; the "Saint must know it is none of my fault. Had I "rightly understood his will, it had been long since "perform'd — But well might I misinterpret him, "when even the church, when father Martin failed."

Old Lar. I would be very glad to know where I should find that same father Martin. I have a small commission to him relating to a Purgatory affair. St. Francis has sentenced him to lie in a frying-pan there just six hundred years, for his amour with your daughter.

Jourd. My daughter!

Old Lar. Are you ignorant of it then? Did not you know that he had debauched your daughter?

Jourd. Ignorant! Oh! heavens! no wonder she is refused the veil.

Old Lar. I thought you had known it. I'll shew you a fight worse than Purgatory itself: you shall behold this disgrace to the church, a fight shall make you shudder.

Jourd. Is it possible a priest should be such a villain?

Old Lar. Nothing's impossible to the church, you know.

"*Jourd.* And may I hope St. Francis will be appeas'd?"

"*Old Lar.* Hum! There is a great favourite of that Saint who lives in this town; his name is Monsieur Laroon. If you could get him to say half a dozen bead-rolls for you, they might be of great service."

"*Jourd.* How! Can the Saint regard so loose a liver?"

"*Old Lar.* Oh! St. Francis loves an honest merry fellow to his soul. And harkee, I don't think it impossible for Mr. Laroon to bring you acquainted with the Saint; for to my knowledge they very often crack a bottle together."

"*Jourd.* Can I believe it?"

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Father Martin is below.

Old Lar. Son, behave civilly to him, nor mention a word of what I have told you—that we may entrap him more securely.

SCENE V.

MARTIN, *to them.*

Mart. Peace be with my son. Ha! a frier here! I like not this; I will have no partners in my plunder. Save you, reverend father.

Old Lar. Tu quoque.

Mart. This fellow should be a Jesuit by his taciturnity. You see, father, the miserable state of our poor son.

Old Lar. I have advis'd him thereon.

Mart.

Mart. Your advice is kind, tho' needfess. He hath not wanted prayer, fasting, nor castigation, which are proper physick for him.

Old Lar. Or suppose, father, he was to go to a ball. What think you of a ball?

Mart. A ball?

Old Lar. Ay, or a wench now; suppose we were to procure him a wench.

Mart. Oh! monstrous! Oh! impious!——

Old Lar. I only give my opinion.

Mart. Thy opinion is damnable: and thou art some wolf in sheep's cloathing. Thou art a scandal to thy order.

Old Lar. I wish thou art not more a scandal to thine, brother father, to abuse a poor old fellow in a fit of the spleen here as thou dost, with a set of ridiculous notions of Purgatory and the devil knows what, when both you and I know there is no such thing.

Mart. That I should not know thee before. Don't you know this reverend father, son? your worthy neighbour Laroon.

Old Lar. Then farewell, hypocrisy. I would not wear thy cloke another hour for any consideration.

Jourd. What do I see?

Old Lar. Why, you see a very honest neighbour of yours, that has try'd to deliver you out of the claws of a roguish priest, whom you may see too; look in the glass and you may see an old doating fool, who is afraid of his own shadow.

Mart. Be not concerned at this, son. Perhaps one hour's suffering from this fellow, may strike off several years of Purgatory: I have known such instances.

Jourd. Oh! father! didst thou know what I have been guilty of believing against thee from the mouth of this wicked man?

Old Lar. Death and the devil, I'll stay no longer here; for if I do, I shall cut this priest's throat, tho' the rack was before my face.

S C E N E VI.

MARTIN, JOURDAIN.

Mart. Son, take care of believing any thing against the church: it is as sinful to believe any thing against the church, as to disbelieve any thing for it. You are to believe what the church tells you and no more.

Jourd. I almost shudder when I think what I believed against you. I believed that you had seduced my daughter.

Mart. Oh! horrible! and did you believe it? think not you believed it. I order you to think you did not believe it, and it were now sinful to believe you did believe it.

Jourd. And can I think so?

Mart. Certainly. I know what you believe better than you yourself do. However, that your mind may be cleansed from the least pollution of thought—go, say over ten bead-rolls immediately, go, and peace attend you——

Jourd. I am exceedingly comforted within.

S C E N E VII.

MARTIN *solus*.

Go, while I retire and comfort your daughter. Was this a suspicion of Laroon's, or am I betray'd? I begin to fear. I'll act with caution; for I am not able yet to discover whether this girl be of prodigious simplicity or cunning. How vain is policy, when the little arts of a woman are superior to the wisdom of a conclave? A priest may cheat mankind, but a woman would cheat the devil.

S C E N E VIII. *The Street.**Old LAROON and Young LAROON meet.*

To Lar. Well, Sir, what success?

Old Lar. Success! you rascal! if ever you offer to put me into a priest's skin again, I'll beat you out of your own.

To.

Yo. Lar. What's the matter, Sir?

Old Lar. Matter, Sir? Why I have been laughed at, have been abused. 'Sdeath! Sir! I am in such a passion, that I do not believe I shall come to myself again these twenty years. That rascal Martin discovered me in an instant, and turned me into a jest.

Yo. Lar. Be comforted, Sir, you may yet have the pleasure of turning him into one

Old Lar. Nothing less than turning him inside out. — Nothing less than broiling his gizzard will satisfy me.

Yo. Lar. Come with me, and I dare swear I'll give your revenge content. We have laid a snare for him, which I think it is impossible he should escape.

Old Lar. A snare for a priest! a trap for the devil! You will as soon catch the one as the other.

Yo. Lar. I am sure our bait is good—A fine woman is as good a bait for a priest-trap, as toasted cheese is for a mouse-trap.

Old Lar. Yes, but the rascal will nibble off twenty baits before you can take him.

Yo. Lar. Leave that to us. I'll warrant our success.

Old Lar. Wilt thou? then I shall have more pleasure in taking this one priest, than in all the other wild beasts I have ever taken."

SCENE IX.

JOURDAIN, ISABEL.

Isa. If I don't convince you he's a villain, renounce me for your daughter. Do not shut your ears against truth, and you shall want no other evidence.

Jourd. Oh, daughter, daughter, some evil spirit is busy within you. The same spirit that visited me this morning, is now in you.

Isa. I with the spirit that is in me wou'd visit you, you wou'd kick this rogue out of doors.

Jourd. The wicked reason of your anger is too plain. The priest won't let you have your fellow.

Isa.

Isa. The priest would have me for himself.

Jourd. Oh! wicked assertion! Oh! base return for the care he has taken of your poor sinful father, for the love he has shewn for your soul.

Isa. He has shewn more love for my body, believe me, Sir. Nay, go but with me, and you shall believe your own eyes and ears.

Jourd. Against the church! Heaven forbid!

Isa. Will you not believe your own senses, Sir?

Jourd. Not when the church contradicts them—
Alas! how do we know what we believe without the church? Why, I thought I saw Mr. Laroon and his son to-day, when I saw neither. Alack-a-day, child, the church often contradicts our senses. But you owe these wicked thoughts to your education in England, that vile heretical country, where every man believes what religion he pleases, and most believe none.

Isa. Well, Sir, if you will not be convinced, you shall be the only person in Thoulon that is not.

Jourd. I will go with thee if it were only to see how far this wicked spirit will carry his imposition; for I am convinced the devil will leave no stone unturn'd to work my destruction.

Isa. I hope you will find us too hard for him and his ambassador too.

SCENE X. *Another Apartment.*

Young LAROON in woman's cloaths.

None ever waited with more impatience for her lover than I for mine. It is a delightful assignation, but I hope it is a prelude to one more agreeable. I shall have difficulty to refrain from beating the rascal before he has discover'd himself—

[*Knocking at the door.*

Who's there?

[*Softly.*

Beat. Isabel, Isabel.

Yo. Lar. Come in. What a soft voice the rogue caterwauls in!

SCENE

S C E N E XI.

Young LAROON, BEATRICE.*Beat.* What are you doing in the dark, my dear?*Yo. Lar.* Heyday, who the devil is this? I seem to be in a way of an assignation in earnest.*Beat.* Isabel, where are you?*Yo. Lar.* Here, child, give me your hand. Dear Mademoiselle Beatrice, is it you?*Beat.* Oh Heavens! am I in a man's arms?*Yo. Lar.* Hush! hush!—Don't you know my voice—I am Laroon*Beat.* Mr. Laroon! What business can you have here?*Yo. Lar.* Ask me no questions; get but into a corner of the room and be silent, and you will perhaps see a very diverting scene. Nay, do not be afraid, for I assure you, it will be a very innocent one; make haste, dear Madam, you will do a very laudable action, by being an additional evidence to the discovery of a notorious villain.*Beat.* I cannot guess your meaning, but would willingly assist on such an occasion.*Yo. Lar.* Now for my desiring lover. Ha! I think I hear him.

S C E N E XII.

Young LAROON, MARTIN.*Mart.* Isabel, Isabel, where are you?*Yo. Lar.* Here.*Mart.* Come to my arms, my angel.*Yo. Lar.* I hope you are in no frightful shape.*Mart.* I am in the shape of that very good man thy confessor, honest father Martin. Let me embrace thee, my love, my charmer.*Yo. Lar.* Bless me, what do you mean?*Mart.* The words even of a spirit cannot tell you what I mean. Lead me to thy bed; there shalt thou know my meaning. There will we repeat those pleasures which this day I gave thee in another shape—Tread softly, my dearest, sweetest! This night shall make thee mother to a pope. [*Laroon leads him out.*]

SCENE XIII. *Another Apartment.*

Old LAROON, JOURDAIN, ISABEL, a Priest,
Young LAROON, MARTIN, and BEATRICE.

Mart. Whither will you pull me?

Yo. Lar. Villain, I'll shew thee wither.

Mart. Ha!

Yo. Lar. Down on thy knees, confess thyself the worst of villains, or I'll drive this dagger to thy heart.

Priest. He needs not confess; our ears are sufficient witnesses against him.

Old Lar. Huzzah! huzzah! the priest is caught, the priest is caught.

Jourd. I am thunderstruck with amazement.

Old Lar. How durst thou attempt to debauch my son, you black rascal? I have a great mind to make an example of you for attempting to dishonour my family.

Priest. You shall be made a severe example of for having dishonour'd your order.

Mart. I shall find another time to answer you.

Old Lar. Hold, Sir, hold. I have too much charity not to cleanse you, as much as possible, from your pollution. So, who's there? [*Enter servants.* Here take this worthy gentleman, and wash him a little in a horse pond, then toss him dry in a blanket.

1 Serv. We will wash him with a vengeance.

All. Ay, ay, we'll wash him.

Mart. You may repent this, Mr. Laroon.

SCENE the last.

Old LAROON, Young LAROON, JOURDAIN,
PRIEST, ISABEL, and BEATRICE.

Priest. Tho' he deserves the worst, yet consider his order, Mr. Laroon.

Old Lar. Sir, he shall undergo the punishment, tho' I suffer the like afterwards. Well, Master Jourdain, I hope you are now convinced, that you may marry your daughter without going to Purgatory for it.

Jourd. I hope you will pardon what is past, my

good neighbour, And you, young gentleman, will, I hope, do the same. If my girl can make you any amends, I give you her for ever.

Yo. Lar. Amends! Oh! she would make me large amends for twenty thousand times my sufferings.

Isa Tell me so hereafter, my dear lover, "A woman may make a man amends for his sufferings before marriage; but can she make him amends for what he suffers after it?"

"*Yo. Lar.* Oh! think not that can ever be my fate with you

"*Old Lar.* Pox o' your raptures If you don't make her suffer before to-morrow morning, thou art no son of mine; and if she does not make you suffer within this twelve-month, blood she is no woman — Come, honest neighbour, I hope thou hast discovered thy own folly and the priest's roguery together, and thou wilt return and be one of us again.

"*Jourd.* Mr Laroon, if I have err'd on one side, you have err'd as widely on the other. Let me tell you, a reflection on the sins of your youth would not be unwholesome.

"*Old Lar.* 'Sblood, Sir! but it wou'd. Reflection is the most unwholesome thing in the world. Besides, Sir, I have no sins to reflect on but those of an honest fellow. If I have lov'd a whore at five and twenty, and a bottle at forty; why, I have done as much good as I could in my generation; and that, I hope, will make amends."

Isa Well, my dear Beatrice, and are you positively bent on a runnery still?

Beat. Hum! I suppose you will laugh at me, if I shou'd change my resolution; but I have seen so much of a priest to-day, that I really believe, I shall spend my life in the company of a lay-man.

Old Lar. Why, that is bravely said, Madam. 'Sbud! I like you, and if I had not resolv'd, for the sake of this rascal here, never to marry again, 'Sbud! I might take you into my arms: and I can tell you, they are as warm as any young fellow's in Europe — Come, Master Jourdain, this night, you and I will crack a bottle together, and to-morrow morning we will

THE JESUIT CAUGHT.

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will employ this honest gentleman here, to tack our son and daughter together, and then I don't care if I never see a priest again as long as I live.

Isa. [To *Yo. Lar.*] Well, Sir, you see we have got the better of all difficulties at last. The fears of a lover are very unreasonable, when he is once assured of the sincerity of his mistress.

For when a woman sets herself about it,
Nor priest nor devil can make her go without it.

THE
M I S E R.
A
C O M E D Y.

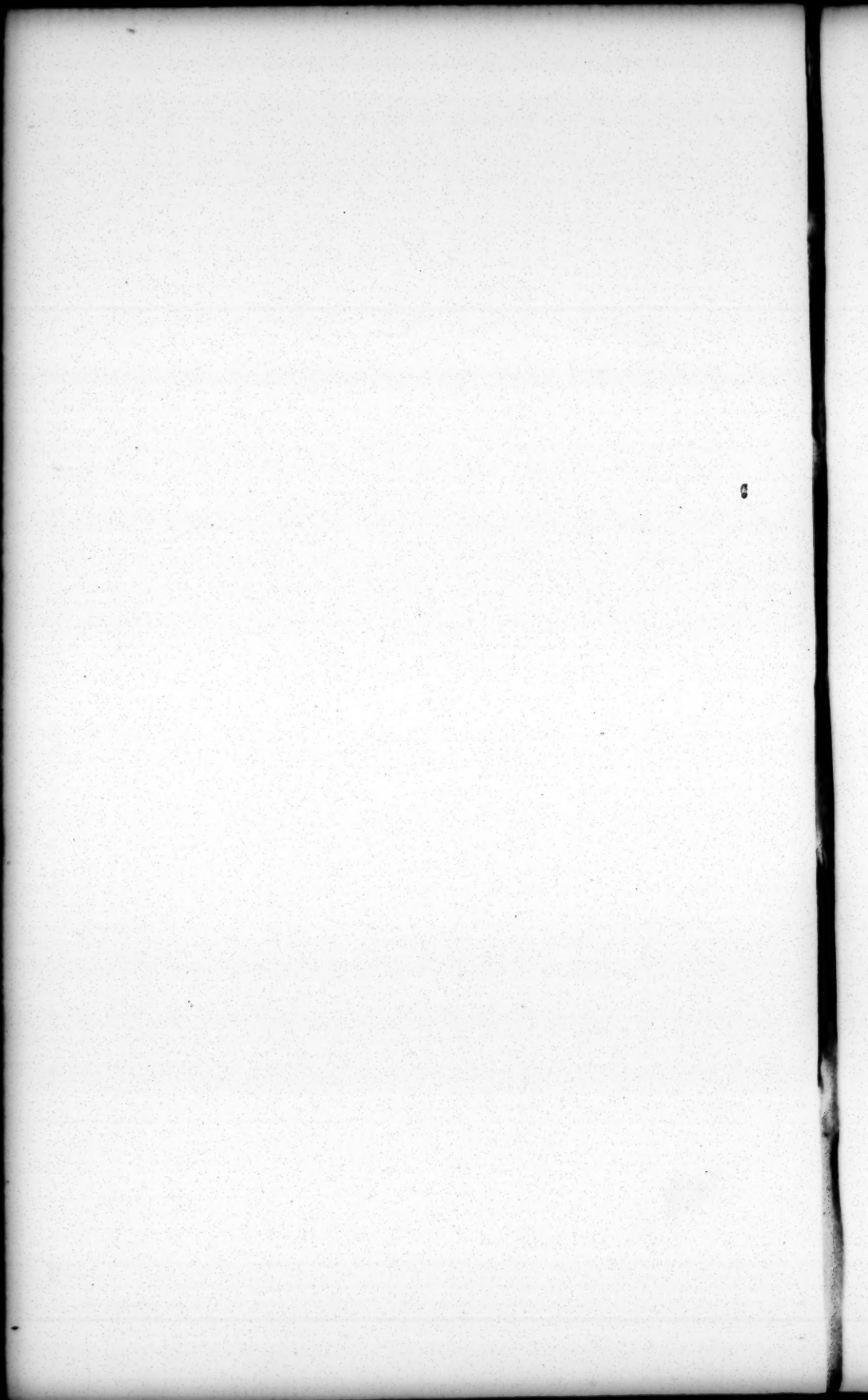
Taken from **PLAUTUS** and **MOLIERE**.

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in **Drury-Lane**, 1732.

Servorum ventres modio castigat iniquo,
Ipse quoque esuriens : neque enim omnia sustinet unquam -
Mucida cœrulei panis consumere frustra,
Hæsternum solitus medio fervare minutal
Septembri ; nec non differre in tempora cœnæ
Alterius, conchem æstivi cum parte lacerti
Signatam, vel dimidio putrique siluro,
Filæque sectivi numerata includere porri.
Invitatus ad hæc aliquis de ponte negabit.
Sed quò divitias hæc per tormenta coactas ?
Cum furor haud dubius, cum sit manifesta phrenesis,
Ut locuples moriaris, egenti vivere futo ?

JUVENAL.



TO HIS GRACE
C H A R L E S
D U K E O F
R I C H M O N D A N D L E N O X.

MY LORD,

AS there is scarce any vanity more general than that of desiring to be thought well received by the great, pardon me, if I take the first opportunity of boasting the countenance I have met with from one who is an honour to the high rank in which he is born. The Muses, my LORD, stand in need of such protectors; nor do I know under whose protection I can so properly introduce *MOLIERE* as that of your GRACE, to whom he is as familiar in his own language as in ours.

THE pleasure, which I may be supposed to receive from an extraordinary success in so difficult an undertaking, must be indeed complete by your approbation. The perfect knowledge which your GRACE is known to have of the manners, habits, and taste of that nation whence this Play was derived, makes you the properest judge, wherein I have judiciously kept up to,

or

or departed from, the original. The theatre hath declared loudly in favour of *The Miser*; and you, my LORD, are to decide what share the translator merits in the applause.

I SHALL not grow tedious, by entering into the usual stile of dedications: for my pen cannot accompany my heart when I speak of your GRACE; and I am now writing to the only person living to whom such a panegyrick would be displeasing. Therefore I shall beg leave to conclude with the highest on myself, by affirming that it is my greatest ambition to be thought,

MY LORD,

Your GRACE's most obliged,

and most obedient humble servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

P R O L O G U E.

Written by a FRIEND.

Spoken by Mr. BRIDGEWATER.

TOO long the slighted Comic Muse has mourn'd,
Her face quite alter'd, and her art o'erturn'd;
That force of nature now no more she sees,
With which so well her Johnson knew to please.
No characters from nature now we trace;
All serve to empty books of common place:
Our modern bards, who to assemblies stray,
Frequent the park, the visit, or the play,
Regard not what fools do, but what wits say.
Just they retail each quibble to the town,
That surely must admire what is its own.
Thus, without characters from nature got,
Without a moral, or without a plot,
A dull collection of insipid jokes,
Some stole from conversation, some from books,
Provided lords and ladies give 'em vent,
We call high Comedy, and seem content.
But to regale with other sort of fare,
To night our author treats you with Moliere.
Moliere, who nature's inmost secrets knew;
Whose justest pen, like Kneller's pencil drew;
In whose strong scenes all characters are shewn,
Not by low jests, but actions of their own.
Happy our English bard, if your applause
Grant has not injur'd the French author's cause.
From that alone arises all his fear;
He must be safe, if he has sav'd Moliere.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N

LOVEGOLD, the Miser, FREDERICK, his Son, CLERMONT, RAMILIE, Servant to FRE- DERICK, } MR. DECOY, a Broker, MR. FURNISH, an Uphol- } sterer, MR. SPARKLE, a Jeweller, MR. SATTIN, a Mercer, MR. LIST, a Tailor, CHA. BUBBLEBOY, A LAWYER,	Mr. GRIFFIN. Mr. BRIDGEWATER. Mr. MILLS, Jun. Mr. CIBBER, Jun. Mr. OATES. Mr. FIELDING. Mr. BERRY. Mr. GREY. Mr. OATES. Mr. MULLART. Mr. MULLART.
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W O M E N.

HARRIET, Daughter to } LOVEGOLD, MRS. WISELY, MARIANA, LAPPET, Maid to HAR- } RIET, WHEEDLE, Maid to MA- } RIANA.	Mrs. BUTLER. Mrs. GRACE. Mrs. HORTON. Mrs. RAFTOR. Mrs. MULLART.
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SERVANTS, &c.

SCENE LONDON.

THE

T H E
M I S E R.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, LOVEGOLD'S *House*.

LAPPET, RAMILIE.

LAPPET.

I'LL hear no more. Perfidious fellow! Have I for thee slighted so many good matches? Have I for thee turn'd off Sir Oliver's steward, and my Lord Landy's butler, and several others, thy betters, and all to be affronted in so public a manner?

Ramil. Do but hear me, Madam.

Lap. If thou wou'dst have neglected me, was there nobody else to dance a minuet with but Mrs. Susan Cross-stitch, whom you know to be my utter aversion?

Ramil. Curse on all balls! Henceforth I shall hate the sound of a violin.

Lap. I have more reason, I am sure, after having been the jest of the whole company; what must they think of me, when they see you, after I have countenanced your addresses in the eye of the world, take out another lady before me?

Ramil. I'm sure the world must think worse of me, did they imagine, Madam, I could prefer any other to you.

Lap. None of your wheedling, Sir; that won't do. If you ever hope to speak to me more, let me see you affront the little minx in the next assembly you meet her.

Ramil.

Ramil. I'll do it ; and luckily, you know, we are to have a ball at my Lord Landy's the first night he lies out of town, where I'll give your revenge ample satisfaction.

Lap. On that condition I pardon you this time ; but if ever you do the like again——

Ramil. May I be banish'd for ever from those dear eyes, and be turn'd out of the family while you live in it.

S C E N E II.

LAPPET, WHEEDLE, RAMILIE.

Wheed. Dear Mrs. Lappet !

Lap. My dear, this is extremely kind.

Wheed. It is what all your acquaintance must do that expect to see you. It is in vain to hope for the favour of a visit.

Lap. Nay, dear creature, now you are barbarous ; my young lady has staid at home so much, I have not had one moment to myself ; the first time I had gone out, I am sure, Madam, wou'd have been to wait on Mrs. Wheedle.

Wheed. My lady has staid at home too pretty much lately. Oh ! Mr. Ramilie, are you confin'd too ? your master does not stay at home, I am sure ; he can find the way to our house tho' you can't.

Ramil. This is the only happiness, Madam, I envy him ; but faith ! I don't know how it is in this parliament time, one's whole days are so taken up in the court of Request, and one's evenings at Quadrille, the duce take me if I have seen one opera since I came to town. Oh ! now I mention operas, if you have a mind to see Cato, I believe I can steal my master's silver ticket ; for I know he is engaged to-morrow with some gentlemen, who never leave their bottle for music.

Lap. Ah, the savages.

Wheed. No one can say that of you, Mr. Ramilie, you prefer music to every thing——

Ramil. — But the ladies. [*Bell rings*] So, there's my summons.

Lap. Well, but shall we never have a party of Quadrille more?

Wheed. O, don't name it, I have worked my eyes out since I saw you; for my lady has taken a whim of flourishing all her old cambrick pinner's and handkerchiefs; in short, my dear, no journey-woman sempstress is half so much a slave as I am.

Lap. Why do you stay with her?

Wheed. La, child, where can one better one's self? All the ladies of our acquaintance are just the same. Besides, there are some little things that make amends; my lady has a whole train of admirers.

Ramil. That, Madam, is the only circumstance wherein she has the honour of resembling you. [*Bell rings louder.*] You hear, Madam, I am oblig'd to leave you — [*Bell rings.*] So, so, so, would the bell were in your guts.

SCENE III.

LAPPET, WHEEDLE.

Lap. Oh! Wheedle! I am quite sick of this family; the old gentleman grows more covetous every day he lives. Every thing is under lock and key; I can scarce ask you to eat or drink.

Wheed. Thank you, my dear; but I have drank half a dozen dishes of chocolate already this morning.

Lap. Well; but, my dear, I have a whole budget of news to tell you. I have made some notable discoveries.

Wheed. Pray let us hear them. I have some secrets of our family too, which you shall know by and by. What a pleasure there is in having a friend to tell these things to?

Lap. You know, my dear, last summer my young lady had the misfortune to be overset in a boat between Richmond and Twickenham, and that a certain young gentleman, plunging immediately into the water, sav'd her life at the hazard of his own — Oh! I shall never forget the figure she made at her return home, so wet, so draggled — ha, ha, ha!

Wheed. Yes, my dear, I know how all your fine

ladies look, when they are never so little disordered—they have no need to be so vain of themselves.

Lap. You are no stranger to my master's way of rewarding people; when the poor gentleman brought miss home, my master meets them at the door, and, without asking any question, very civilly shuts it against him. Well, for a whole fortnight afterwards, I was continually entertained with the young spark's bravery, and gallantry, and generosity, and beauty.

Wheed. I can easily guess; I suppose she was rather warm'd than cool'd by the water. These mistresses of ours, for all their pride, are made of just the same flesh and blood as we are.

Lap. About a month ago my young lady goes to the play in an undress, and takes me with her. We sat in Burton's box, where, as the devil would have it, whom should we meet with but this very gentleman: her blushes soon discovered to me who he was; in short, the gentleman entertained her the whole play, and I much mistake if ever she was so agreeably entertained in her life. Well, as we were going out, a rude fellow thrusts his hand into my lady's bosom; upon which her champion fell upon him, and did so maul him—My lady fainted away in my arms; but as soon as she came to herself—had you seen how she look'd on him. Ah! Sir, says she, in a mighty pretty tone, sure, you were born for my deliverance: he handed her into a hackney-coach, and set us down at home. From this moment letters began to fly on both sides.

Wheed. And you took care to see the post paid, I hope.

Lap. Never fear that——And now what do you think we have contrived among us? We have got this very gentleman into the house in the quality of my master's clerk.

Wheed. Soh! here's fine billing, and cooing, I warrant; miss is in a fine condition.

Lap. Her condition is pretty much as it was yet. How long it will continue so, I know not. I am making up my matters as fast as I can; for this house holds not me after the discovery.

Wheed.

Wheed. I think you have no great reason to lament the loss of a place, where the master keeps his own keys.

Lap. The devil take the first inventor of locks, say I: but come, my dear, there is one key which I keep, and that, I believe, will furnish us with some sweet-meats: so, if you will walk in with me, I'll tell you a secret which concerns your family. It is in your power, perhaps, to be serviceable to me; I hope, my dear, you will keep these secrets safe; for one would not have it known that one publishes all the affairs of a family, while one stays in it. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV. *A Garden.*

CLERMONT, HARRIET.

Cler. Why are you melancholy, my dear Harriet; do you repent that promise of yours, which has made me the happiest of mankind?

Har. You little know my heart, if you can think it capable of repenting any thing I have done towards your happiness: if I am melancholy, it is that I have it not in my power to make you as happy as I would.

Cler. Thou art too bounteous. Every tender word, from those dear lips, lays obligations on me I never can repay; but if to love, to doat on you more than life itself, to watch your eyes that I may obey your wishes before you speak them, can discharge me from any part of that vast debt I owe you, I will be punctual in the payment.

Har. It were ungenerous in me to doubt you, and when I think what you have done for me, believe me, I must think the balance on your side.

Cler. Generous creature! and dost thou not for me hazard the eternal anger of your father, the reproaches of your family, the censures of the world, who always blame the conduct of that person who sacrifices interest to any consideration.

Har. As for the censures of the world, I despise them while I do not deserve them: folly is forwarder to censure wisdom, than wisdom folly. I were weak

indeed not to embrace real happiness, because the world does not call it so.

Cler. But see, my dearest, your brother is come into the garden.

Har. Is it not safe, think you, to let him into our secret?

Cler. You know, by outwardly humouring your father, in railing against the extravagance of young men, I have brought him to look on me as his enemy: it will be first proper to set him right in that point. Besides, in managing the old gentleman, I shall still be obliged to a behaviour which the impatience of his temper may not bear; therefore I think it not advisable to trust him, at least yet—he will observe us. Adieu, my heart's only joy.

Har. Honest creature! what happiness may I propose in a life with such a husband? what is there in grandeur to recompense the loss of him! Parents chuse as often ill for us, as we for ourselves. They are too apt to forget how seldom true happiness lives in a palace, or rides in a coach and six.

S C E N E V.

FREDERICK, HARRIET.

Fred. Dear Harriet, good-morrow, I am glad to find you alone; for I have an affair to impart to you, that I am ready to burst with.

Har. You know, brother, I am a trusty confident.

Fred. As ever wore petticoats; but this is an affair of such consequence——

Har. Or it were not worth your telling me.

Fred. Nor your telling again; in short you never could discover it; I could afford you ten years to guess it in. I am—you will laugh immoderately when you know it. I am—it is impossible to tell you. In a word—I am in love.

Har. In love!

Fred. Violently, to distraction; so much in love, that, without more hopes than I at present see any possibility of obtaining, I cannot live three days.

Har.

Har. And has this violent distemper, pray, come upon you of a sudden?

Fred. No, I have bred it a long time. It hath been growing these several weeks. I stifled it as long as I could; but it is now come to a crisis, and I must either have the woman, or you will have no brother.

Har. But who is this woman? for you have conceal'd it so well that I can't even guess.

Fred. In the first place, she is a most intolerable coquette.

Har. That is a description I shall never find her out by. There are so many of her sisters, you might as well tell me the colour of her complexion.

Fred. Secondly, she is almost eternally at cards.

Har. You must come to particulars. I shall never discover your mistress till you tell me more than that she is a woman, and lives in this town.

Fred. Her fortune is very small.

Har. I find you are enumerating her charms.

Fred. Oh! I have only shewn you the reverse; but were you to behold the medal on the right side; you would see beauty, wit, gentleness, politeness—in a word, you would see Mariana.

Har. Mariana! Ha, ha, ha! you have started a wild-goose chase, indeed. But, if you could ever prevail on her, you may depend on it, it is an arrant impossibility to prevail on my father, and you may easily imagine what success a disinherited son may likely expect with a woman of her temper.

Fred. I know 'tis difficult, but nothing's impossible to love, at least nothing's impossible to woman; and therefore, if you and the ingenious Mrs. Lappet will but lay your heads together in my favour, I shall be far from despairing; and in return, sister, for this kindness——

Har. And in return, brother, for this kindness, you may perhaps have it in your power to do me a favour of pretty much the same nature.

Love [*Without.*] Rogue! villain!

Har. So! what's the matter now? what can have thrown my father into this passion?

Fred. The loss of an old slipper, I suppose, or some-

something of equal consequence. Let us step aside into the next walk, and talk more of our affairs.

S C E N E VI.
LOVEGOLD, RAMILIE.

Love. Answer me not, firrah; but get you out of my house.

Ramil. Sir, I am your son's servant, and not yours, Sir; and I won't go out of the house, Sir, unless I am turn'd out by my proper master, Sir.

Love. Sirrah, I'll turn your master out after you, like an extravagant rascal as he is; he has no need of a servant while he is in my house; and here he dresses out a fellow at more expence than a prudent man might clothe a large family at; it's plain enough what use he keeps you for but I will have no spy upon my affairs, no rascal continually prying into all my actions, devouring all I have, and hunting about in every corner to see what he may steal.

Ramil. Steal! a likely thing, indeed, to steal from a man who locks up every thing he has, and stands centry upon it day and night.

Love. I'm all over in a sweat, lest this fellow shou'd suspect something of my money: [*Aside.*] Harkee, rascal, come hither, I wou'd advise thee not to run about the town, and tell every body you meet that I have money hid.

Ramil. Why, have you any money hid, Sir?

Love. No, firrah, I don't say I have; but you may raise such a report, nevertheless.

Ramil. 'Tis equal to me whether you have money hid or no. since I cannot find it

Love. D ye mutter, firrah? Get you out of my house. I say, get you out this instant.

Ramil. Well, Sir, I am going.

Love. Come back; let me desire you to carry nothing away with you.

Ramil. What should I carry?

Love. That's what I wou'd see These bootfleaves were certainly intended to be the receivers of stolen goods, and I wish the taylor had been hang'd who invented

vented them. Turn your pockets inside out, if you please ; but you are too practised a rogue to put any thing there. These damn'd bags have had many a good thing in them, I warrant you.

Ramil Give me my bag, Sir, I am in the most danger of being robb'd.

Love. Come, come, be honest, and return what thou hast taken from me.

Ramil. Ay, Sir, that I could do with all my heart, for I have taken nothing from you but some boxes on the ear.

Love. And hast thou really stolen nothing ?

Ramil. No really, Sir.

Love. Then get out of my house while 'tis all well, and go to the devil.

Ramil. Ay, any where from such an old covetous curmudgeon.

Love. So, there's one plague gone ; now I will go pay a visit to the dear casket.

S C E N E VII.

LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, HARRIET.

Love In short, I must find some safer place to deposite those three thousand guineas in, which I receiv'd yesterday ; three thousand guineas are a sum—O Heavens ! I have betray'd myself ! my passion has transported me to talk aloud, and I have been overheard. How now ! What's the matter ?

Fred. The matter, Sir.

Love Yes, the matter, Sir ; I suppose you can repeat more of my words than these ; I suppose you have overheard——

Fred. What, Sir ?

Love. That——

Fred. Sir !

Love. What I was just now saying.

Har. Pardon me, Sir, we really did not.

Love. Well, I see you did overhear something, and so I will tell you the whole. I was saying to myself, in this great scarcity of money what a happiness it would be to have three thousand guineas by one ; I
tell

tell you this, that you might not misunderstand me, and imagine that I said I had three thousand guineas!

Fred. We enter not into your affairs, Sir.

Love. Ah! wou'd I had those three thousand guineas!

Fred. In my opinion——

Love. It wou'd make my affairs extremely easy.

Fred. Then it is very easy in your power to raise them, Sir; that the whole world knows.

Love. I raise them! I raise three thousand guineas easily! My children are my greatest enemies, and will, by their way of talking, and by the extravagant expences they run into, be the occasion that one of these days somebody will cut my throat, imagining me to be made up of nothing but guineas.

Fred. What expence, Sir, do I run into?

Love. How! have you the assurance to ask me that, Sir? when, if one was but to pick those fine feathers of yours off, from head to foot, one might purchase a very comfortable annuity out of them: a fellow, here, with a very good fortune upon his back, wonders that he is called extravagant. In short, Sir, you must rob me to appear in this manner.

Fred. How, Sir! rob you?

Love. Ay, rob me; or how cou'd you support this extravagance?

Fred. Alas, Sir, there are fifty young fellows, of my acquaintance, that support greater extravagancies, and no one knows how: Ah, Sir! there are ten thousand pretty ways of living in this town, without robbing one's father.

Love. What necessity is there for all that lace on your coat? and all bought at the first hand too, I warrant you. If you will be fine, is there not such a place as Monmouth-Street in this town, where a man may buy a suit for the third part of the sum which his tailor demands? And then, periwigs! what need has a man of periwigs, when he may wear his own hair? I dare swear a good perwig can't cost less than fifteen or twenty shillings. Hey-day! what are they making signs to one another which shall pick my pocket?

Har. My brother and I, Sir, are disputing which shall

shall speak to you first, for we have both an affair of consequence to mention to you.

Love And I have an affair of consequence to mention to you both. Pray, son, you who are a fine gentleman, and converse much amongst the ladies, what think you of a certain young lady, called Mariana?

Fred. Mariana, Sir!

Love. Ay, what do you think of her?

Fred. Think of her, Sir!

Love. Why do you repeat my words? Ay, what do you think of her?

Fred. Why, I think her the most charming woman in the world.

Love. Wou'd she not be a desirable match?

Fred. So desirable, that, in my opinion, her husband will be the happiest of mankind.

Love. Does she not promise to make a good housewife?

Fred. Oh! the best housewife upon earth.

Love. Might not a husband, think ye, live very easy and happy with her?

Fred. Doubtless, Sir.

Love. There is one thing I'm a little afraid of, that is, that she has not quite as much fortune as one might fairly expect.

Fred. Oh, Sir! consider her merit, and you may easily make an abatement in her fortune: for Heaven's sake, Sir, don't let that prevent your design. Fortune is nothing in comparison with her beauty and merit.

Love. Pardon me there; however there may be some matters found, perhaps, to make up some little deficiency; and if you would, to oblige your father, retrench your extravagancies on this occasion, perhaps the difference, in some time, might be made up.

Fred. My dearest father, I'll bid adieu to all extravagance for ever.

Love. Thou art a dutiful, good boy; and since I find you have the same sentiments with me, provided she can but make out a pretty tolerable fortune, I am ev'n resolv'd to marry her.

Fred. Ha! you are resolved to marry Mariana?

Love.

Love. Ay, to marry Mariana.

Har. Who, you, you, you?

Love. Yes, I, I, I.

Fred. I beg you will pardon me, Sir; a sudden dizziness has seiz'd me, and I must beg leave to retire.

SCENE VIII.

LOVEGOLD, HARRIET.

Love. This, daughter, is what I have resolv'd for myself; as for your brother, I have a certain widow in my eye for him: and you, my dear, shall marry our good neighbour, Mr. Spindle.

Har. I marry Mr. Spindle!

Love. Yes; he is a prudent, wise man, not much above fifty, and has a great fortune in the funds.

Har. I thank you, my dear papa, but I had rather not marry, if you please. [*Curtfying.*]

Love. [*Mimicking her curtsy.*] I thank you, my good daughter, but I had rather you shou'd marry him, if you please.

Har. Pardon me, dear Sir.

Love. Pardon me, dear Madam.

Har. Not all the fathers upon earth shall force me to it.

Love. Did ever mortal hear a girl talk in this manner to her father?

Har. Did ever father attempt to marry his daughter after such a manner? In short, Sir, I have ever been obedient to you; but as this affair concerns my happiness only, and not yours, I hope you will give me leave to consult my own inclination.

Love. I wou'd not have you provoke me; I am resolv'd upon the match.

SCENE IX.

LOVEGOLD, CLERMONT, HARRIET.

Cler. Some people, Sir, upon justice-business, desire to speak with your worship.

Love. I can attend to no business, this girl has so per-

perplex'd me. Hussy, you shall marry as I would have you, or——

Cler. Forgive my interposing; dear Sir, what's the matter? Madam, let me intreat you not to put your father into a passion.

Love. Clermont, you are a prudent young fellow. Here's a baggage of a daughter, who refuses the most advantageous match that ever was offer'd, both to her and to me. A man of a vast estate offers to take her without a portion.

Cler. Without a portion! Consider, dear Madam, can you refuse a gentleman who offers to take you without a portion?

Love. Ay, consider what that saves your father.

Har. Yes, but I consider what I am to suffer.

Cler. That's true, indeed; you will think on that, Sir. Tho' money be the first thing to be considered in all affairs of life, yet some little regard should be had in this case to inclination.

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. You are in the right, Sir; that decides the thing at once: and yet, I know there are people, who, on this occasion, object against a disparity of age and temper, which too often make the married state utterly miserable.

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. Ah! there is no answering that.—Who can oppose such a reason as that? And yet there are several parents, who study the inclinations of their children more than any other thing, that would by no means sacrifice them to interest; and who esteem, as the very first article of marriage, that happy union of affections, which is the foundation of every blessing attending on a married state——and who——

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. Very true; that stops your mouth at once—Without a portion! Where is the person who can find an argument against that?

Love. Ha! is not that the barking of a dog? Some villains are in search of my money.—Don't stir from hence, I'll return in an instant.

Cler.

Cler. My dearest Harriet, how shall I express the agony I am in on your account ?

Har. Be not too much alarm'd, since you may depend on my resolution. It may be in the power of fortune to delay our happiness, but no power shall force me to destroy your hopes by any other match.

Cler. Thou kindest, lovely creature.

Love. Thank Heaven, it was nothing but my fear.

Cler. Yes, a daughter must obey her father ; she is not to consider the shape, or the air, or the age of a husband : but when a man offers to take her without a portion, she is to have him, let him be what he will.

Love. Admirably well said, indeed.

Cler. Madam, I ask your pardon if my love for yourself and your family carries me a little too far ; be under no concern, I dare swear I shall bring her to it.

[To Lovegold.

Love. Do, do ; I'll go in and see what these people want with me. • Give her a little more now, while she's warm ; you will be time enough to draw the warrant.

Cler. When a lover offers, Madam, to take a daughter without a portion, one should enquire no farther ; every thing is contained in that one article ; and ' without a portion,' supplies the want of beauty, youth, family, wisdom, honour, and honesty.

Love. Gloriously said ! spoke like an oracle !

[Exit.

Cler. So, once more we are alone together. Believe me, this is a most painful hypocrisy, it tortures me to oppose your opinion, tho' I am not in earnest, nor suspected by you of being so. Oh Harriet ! how is the noble passion of love abus'd by vulgar souls, who are incapable of tasting its delicacies. When love is great as mine,

None can its pleasures, or its pains declare ;

We can but feel how exquisite they are. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *continues.*

FREDERICK, RAMILIE.

FREDERICK.

WHAT is the reason, firrah, that you have been out of the way, when I gave you orders to stay here?

Ramil. Yes, Sir, and here did I stay, according to your orders, till your good father turn'd me out; and it is, Sir, at the extreme hazard of a cudgel that I return back again.

Fred. Well, Sir, and what answer have you brought touching the money?

Ramil. Ah, Sir! it is a terrible thing to borrow money; a man must have dealt with the devil to deal with a scrivener.

Fred. Then it won't do, I suppose.

Ramil. Pardon me, Sir, Mr. Decoy, the broker, is a most industrious person; he says he has done every thing in his power to serve you; for he has taken a particular fancy to your honour.

Fred. So then, I shall have the five hundred, shall I?

Ramil. Yes, Sir; but there are some trifling conditions which your honour must submit to before the affair can be finish'd.

Fred. Did he bring you to the speech of the person that is to lend the money?

Ramil. Ah, Sir! things are not managed in that manner; he takes more care to conceal himself than you do; there are greater mysteries in these matters than you imagine; why, he wou'd not so much as tell me the lender's name; and he is to bring him to-day to talk with you in some third person's house, to learn from your own mouth the particulars of your estate and family; I dare swear the very name of your father will make all things easy.

Fred. Chiefly the death of my mother, whose jointure no one can hinder me of.

Ramil. Here, Sir, I have brought the articles; Mr. Decoy told me, he took them from the mouth of the person himself. Your honour will find them extremely reasonable—the broker was forc'd to stickle hard to get such good ones: In the first place, the lender is to see all his securities; and the borrower must be of age, and heir apparent to a large estate, without flaw in the title, and entirely free from all incumbrance; and that the lender may run as little risk as possible, the borrower must insure his life for the sum lent; if he be an officer in the army, he is to make over his whole pay, for the payment of both principal and interest, which, that the lender may not burden his conscience with any scruples, is to be no more than 30 *per Cent.*

Fred. Oh, the conscientious rascal!

Ramil. But as the said lender has not by him, at present, the sum demanded; and that, to oblige the borrower, he is himself forc'd to borrow of another, at the rate of 4 *per Cent.* he thinks it but reasonable, that the first borrower, over and above the 30 *per Cent.* aforesaid, shall also pay this 4 *per Cent.* since it is for his service only that the sum is borrowed.

Fred. Oh the devil! What a Jew is here!

Ramil. You know, Sir, what you have to do—he can't oblige you to these terms.

Fred. Nor can I oblige him to lend me the money without them; and you know that I must have it, let the conditions be what they will.

Ramil. Ay, Sir, why that was what I told him.

Fred. Did you so, rascal? No wonder he insists on such conditions, if you laid open my necessities to him.

Ramil. Alas! Sir, I only told it to the broker, who is your friend, and has your interest very much at heart.

Fred. Well; is this all, or are there any more reasonable articles?

Ramil. Of the five hundred pounds required, the lender can pay down, in cash, no more than four hundred;

hundred; and for the rest, the borrower must take in goods, of which here follows the catalogue.

Fred. What, in the Devil's name, is the meaning of all this?

Ramil. *Imprimis*, One large yellow camlet bed, lin'd with sattin, very little eaten by the moths, and wanting only one curtain. Six stuf't chairs of the same, a little torn, and the frames worm-eaten, otherwise not in the least the worse for wearing. One large peer-glass, with only one crack in the middle. One suit of tapestry-hangings, in which are curiously wrought the loves of Mars and Venus, Venus and Adonis, Cupid and Psyche, with many other amorous stories, which make the hangings very proper for a bed-chamber.

Fred. What the Devil is here!

Ram. *Item*, One suit of drugg't, with silver buttons, the buttons only the worse for wearing. *Item*, Two muskets, one of which only wants the lock. One large silver watch, with Tompion's name to it. One snuff-box, with a picture in it, bought at Mr. Deard's; a proper present for a mistress. Five pictures without frames; if not originals, all copies by good hands; and one fine frame without a picture.

Fred. Oons! what use have I for all this?

Ramil. Several valuable books; amongst which are all the Journals printed for these five years last past, handsomely bound and letter'd.—The whole works in divinity of——

Fred. Read no more: confound the curst extortioner; I shall pay 100 *per Cent*.

Ramil. Ah, Sir! I wish your honour would consider of it in time.

Fred. I must have money. To what straits are we reduc'd by the curst avarice of fathers! Well may we wish them dead, when their death is the only introduction to our living.

Ramil. Such a father as yours, Sir, is enough to make one do something more than with him dead. For my part, I have never had any inclinations towards hanging; and, I thank Heaven, I have lived to see whole sets of my companions swing out of the world, while I have had address enough to quit all manner of

gallantries the moment I smelt the halter: I have always had an utter aversion to the smell of hemp; but this rogue of a father of yours, Sir.—Sir, I ask your pardon—has so provok'd me, that I have often wish'd to rob him, and rob him I shall in the end, that's certain.

Fred. Give me that paper, that I may consider a little these moderate articles.

S C E N E II.

LOVEGOLD, DECOY, RAMILIE, FREDERICK.

Decoy. In short, Sir, he is a very extravagant young fellow, and so press'd by his necessities, that you may bring him to what terms you please.

Love. But do you think, Mr. Decoy, there is no danger? Do you know the name, the family, and the estate of the borrower?

Decoy. No, I cannot give you any perfect information yet, for it was by the greatest accident in the world that he was recommended to me; but you will learn all these from his own lips; and his man assur'd me you would make no difficulty, the moment you knew the name of his father: all that I can tell you is, that his servant says the old gentleman is extremely rich; he call'd him a covetous old rascal.

Love. Ay, that is the name which these spend-thrifts, and the rogues, their servants, give to all honest prudent men who know the world, and the value of their money.

Decoy. This young gentleman is an only son, and is so little afraid of any future competitors, that he offers to be bound if you insist on it, that his father shall die within these eight months.

Love. Ay, there's something in that; I believe then I shall let him have the money. Charity, Mr. Decoy, charity obliges us to serve our neighbour, I say, when we are no losers by so doing.

Decoy. Very true, indeed.

Ramil. Heyday! what can be the meaning of this? our broker talking with the old gentleman?

Decoy.

Decoy. So, gentlemen! I see you are in great haste? but who told you, pray, that this was the lender? I assure you, Sir, I neither discover'd your name, nor your house: but, however, there is no great harm done, they are people of discretion, so you may freely transact the affair now.

Love. How!

Decoy. This, Sir, is the gentleman that wants to borrow the five hundred pounds I mentioned to you.

Love. How! rascal, is it you that abandon yourself to those intolerable extravagancies?

Fred. I must even stand buff, and out-face him.

[*Aside.*

— And is it you, father, that disgrace yourself by these scandalous extortions?

[*Ramille and Decoy sneak off.*

Love. Is it you that would ruin yourself, by taking up money at such interest?

Fred. Is it you that would enrich yourself, by lending at such interest?

Love. How dare you, after this, appear before my face?

Fred. How dare you, after this, appear before the face of the world?

Love. Get you out of my sight, villain; get out of my sight.

Fred. Sir, I go: but give me leave to say —

Love. I'll not hear a word. I'll prevent your attempting any thing of this nature for the future.— Get out of my sight, villain.—I am not sorry for this accident: it will make me henceforth keep a strict eye over his actions.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *An Apartment in LOVEGOLD'S House.*

HARRIET, MARIANA.

Mar. Nay, Harriet, you must excuse me; for of all people upon earth, you are my greatest favourite: but I have had such an intolerable cold, child, that it is a miracle I have recovered; for my dear, would you think I have had no less than three doctors?

Har. Nay, then it is a miracle you recover'd indeed.

Mar. Oh! child, doctors will never do me any harm; I never take any thing they prescribe: I don't know how it is, when one's ill one can't help sending for them; and you know, my dear, my mama loves physic better than she does any thing but cards.

Har. Were I to take as much of cards as you do, I don't know which I should nauseate most.

Mar. Oh! child, you are quite a tramontane: I must bring you to like dear Spadille. I protest, Harriet, if you would take my advice in some things, you would be the most agreeable creature in the world.

Har. Nay, my dear, I am in a fair way of being obliged to obey your commands.

Mar. That would be the happiest thing in the world for you and I dare swear you would like them extremely, for they would be exactly opposite to every command of your father's.

Har. By that, now, one would think you were married already.

Mar. Married, my dear!

Har. Oh, I can tell you of such a conquest! you will have such a lover within these four and twenty hours.

Mar. I am glad you have given me timely notice of it, that I may turn off somebody to make room for him; but I believe I have list'd him already. Oh Harriet! I have been so plagu'd, so pester'd, so fatigued since I saw you with that dear creature, your brother——In short, child, he has made arrant downright love to me; if my heart had not been harder than adamant itself, I had been your sister by this time.

Har. And if your heart be not harder than adamant, you will be in a fair way of being my mother shortly; for my good father has this very day declar'd such a passion for you——

Mar. Your father!

Har.

Har. Ay, my dear. What say you to a comely old gentleman, of not much above threescore, that loves you so violently? I dare swear he will be constant to you all his days.

Mar. Ha, ha, ha! I shall die. Ha, ha, ha! You extravagant creature, how cou'd you throw away all this jest at once? it wou'd have furnish'd a prudent person with an annuity of laughter for life. Oh! I am charm'd with my conquest; I am quite in love with him already. I never had a lover yet above half his age.

Har. Lappet and I have laid a delightful plot, if you will but come into it, and counterfeit an affection for him.

Mar. Why, child, I have a real affection for him: Oh! methinks I see you on your knees already — Pray, mama, please to give me your blessing. Oh! I see my loving bridegroom in his three-fold night-cap, his flannel shirt; methinks I see him approach me with all the lovely gravity of age; I hear him whisper charming sentences of morality in my ear, more instructive than all my grandmother ever taught me. Oh! I smell him sweeter; oh! sweeter than even hartshorn itself. Ha, ha, ha! see, child, how beautiful a fond imagination can paint a lover: would not any one think now we had been a happy couple together, Heaven knows how long?

Har. Well, you dear mad creature, but do you think you can maintain any of this fondness to his face? for I know some women, who speak very fondly of a husband to other people, but never say one civil thing to the man himself.

Mar. Oh! never fear it; one can't indeed bring one's self to be civil to a young lover; but, as for these old fellows, I think one may play as harmlessly with them as with one another. Young fellows are perfect bears, and must be kept at a distance; the old ones are mere lapdogs, and, when they have agreeable tricks with them, one is equally fond of both.

Har. Well, but now I hope you will give me leave to speak a word or two seriously in favour of my poor brother.

Mar.

Mar. Oh! I shall hate you if you are serious: Ah! see what your wicked words have occasioned; I protest you are a conjurer, and certainly deal with the devil.

SCENE IV.

FREDERICK, MARIANA, HARRIET.

Har. Oh, brother! I am glad you are come to plead your own cause; I have been your solicitor in your absence.

Fred. I am afraid, like other clients, I shall plead much worse for myself, than my advocate has done.

Mar. Persons, who have a bad cause, should have very artful counsel.

Fred. When the judge is determin'd against us all, art will prove of no effect.

Mar. Why then, truly, Sir, in so terrible a situation, I think the sooner you give up the cause the better.

Fred. No, Madam, I am resolv'd to persevere; for, when one's whole happiness is already at stake, I see nothing more can be hazarded in the pursuit. It might be, perhaps, a person's interest to give up a cause, wherein part of his fortune was concern'd; but, when the dispute is about the whole, he can never lose by persevering.

Mar. Do you hear him, Harriet? I fancy this brother of yours would have made a most excellent lawyer. I protest, when he is my son-in-law, I'll even send him to the Temple: tho' he begins a little late, yet diligence may bring him to be a great man.

Fred. I hope, Madam, diligence may succeed in love, as well as law; sure, Mariana is not a more crabbed study than Coke upon Littleton?

Mar. Oh! the wretch, he has quite suffocated me with his comparison: I must have a little air: dear Harriet, let us walk in the garden.

Fred. I hope, Madam, I have your leave to attend you?

Mar.

Mar. My leave! no, indeed, you have no leave of mine; but, if you will follow me, I know no way to hinder you.

Har. Ah, brother, I wish you had no greater enemy in this affair than your mistress.

SCENE V.

RAMILIE, LAPPET.

Lap. This was, indeed, a most unlucky accident; however, I dare lay a wager I shall succeed better with him, and get some of those guineas you would have borrowed.

Ramil. I am not, Madam, now to learn Mrs. Lappet's dexterity; but, if you get any thing out of him, I shall think you a match for the devil. Sooner than to extract gold from him, I would engage to extract religion from a hypocrite, honesty from a lawyer, health from a physician, sincerity from a courtier, or modesty from a poet. I think, my dear, you have lived long enough in this house to know that gold is a very dear commodity here.

Lap. Ah! but there are some certain services which will squeeze it out of the closest hands; there is one trade, which, I thank Heaven, I am no stranger to, wherein all men are dabblers; and he, who will scarce afford himself either meat or clothes, will still pay for the commodities I deal in.

Ramil. Your humble servant, Madam; I find you don't know our good master yet: there is not a woman in the world, who loves to hear her pretty self talk never so much but you may easier shut her mouth, than open his hands: as for thanks, praises, and promises, no courtier upon earth is more liberal of them; but for money, the devil a penny: there's nothing so dry as his caresses; and there is no husband, who hates the word *Wife* half so much as he does the word *Give*; instead of saying, I give you a good-morrow, he always says, I lend you a good-morrow.

Lap. Ah! Sir, let me alone to drain a man; I have the secret to open his heart, and his purse too.

Ramil.

Ramil. I defy you to drain the man we talk of, of his money; he loves that more than any thing you can procure him in exchange; the very sight of a dun throws him into convulsions; 'tis touching him in the only sensible part; 'tis piercing his heart, tearing out his vitals. to ask him for a farthing: but here he is, and, if you get a shilling out of him, I'll marry you without any other fortune.

S C E N E VI.
LOVEGOLD, LAPPET.

Love. All's well hitherto; my dear money is safe. Is it you, Lappet?

Lap. I shou'd rather ask if it be you, Sir: why, you look so young and vigorous——

Love. Do I, do I?

Lap. Why, you grow younger and younger every day, Sir; you never look'd half so young in your life, Sir, as you do now. Why, Sir, I know fifty young fellows of five and twenty, that are older than you are.

Love. That may be, that may be, Lappet, considering the lives they lead; and yet I am a good ten years above fifty.

Lap. Well, and what's ten years above fifty? 'tis the very flower of a man's age. Why, Sir, you are now in the very prime of your life.

Love. Very true, that's very true, as to understanding; but I am afraid, cou'd I take off twenty years, it would do me no harm with the ladies, Lappet. How goes on our affair with Mariana? Have you mention'd any thing about what her mother can give her? for, now-a-days, no body marries a woman unless she bring something with her besides a petticoat.

Lap. Sir! why, Sir, this young lady will be worth to you as good a thousand pound a year as ever was told.

Love. How, a thousand pound a year!

Lap. Yes, Sir; there's in the first place the article of a table, she has a very little stomach, she does not eat above an ounce in a fortnight, and then as
to

to the quality of what she eats, you'll have no need of a French cook upon her account; as for sweet-meats, she mortally hates them: so there is the article of desserts wiped off all at once — You'll have no need of a confectioner, who would be eternally bringing in bills for preserves, conserves, biscuits, comfits, and jellies, of which half a dozen ladies would swallow you ten pounds worth at a meal: this, I think, we may very moderately reckon at two hundred pounds a year at least. *Item*, for clothes, she has been bred up at such a plainness in them, that should we allow but for three birth-night suits a year saved, which are the least a town lady would expect, there go a good two hundred pounds a year more. For jewels (of which she hates the very sight) the yearly interest of what you must lay out in them would amount to one hundred pounds. Lastly, she has an utter detestation for play, at which I have known several moderate ladies lose a good two thousand pounds a-year: now let us take only the fourth part of that, which amounts to five hundred; to which, if we add two hundred pounds on the table account, two hundred pounds in clothes, and one hundred pounds in jewels, there is, Sir, your thousand pounds a year in hard money.

Love. Ay, ay, these are pretty things, it must be confess'd, very pretty things; but there's nothing real in 'em.

Lap. How, Sir, is it not something real to bring you in marriage a vast store of sobriety, the inheritance of a great love for simplicity of dress, and a vast acquired fund of hatred for play.

Love. This is downright raillery, Lappet, to make me up a fortune out of the expences she won't put me to; I assure you, Madam, I shall give no acquittance for what I have not receiv'd: in short, Lappet, I must touch, touch, touch something real.

Lap. Never fear, you shall touch something real: I have heard them talk of a certain country, where she has a very pretty freehold, which shall be put into your hands.

Love.

Love. Nay, if it were a copyhold I should be glad to touch it ; but there is another thing that disturbs me. You know this girl is young, and young people generally love one another's company : it would ill agree with a person of my temper to keep an assembly for all the young rakes and flaunting girls in town.

Lap. Ah, Sir, how little do you know of her ? This is another particularity that I had to tell you of ; she has a most terrible aversion for all young people, and loves none but persons of your years. I wou'd advise you, above all things, to take care not to appear too young : she insists on sixty at least. She says, that fifty-six years are not able to content her.

Love. This humour is a little strange, methinks.

Lap. She carries it farther, Sir, than can be imagin'd : she has in her chamber several pictures ; but what do you think they are ? None of your smock-face'd young fellows, your Adonises, your Cephaluses, your Parises, and your Apollos. No, Sir, you see nothing there but your handsome figures of Saturn, king Priam, old Nestor, and good father Anchises upon his son's shoulders.

Love. Admirable ! This is more than I could have hoped. To say the truth, had I been a woman, I shou'd never have loved young fellows.

Lap. I believe you. Pretty sort of stuff, indeed, to be in love with your young fellows ! Pretty masters, indeed, with their fine complexions, and their fine feathers ! Now, I shou'd be glad to taste the favour that is in any of them.

Love. And do you really think me pretty tolerable ?

Lap. Tolerable ! you are ravishing ! If your picture was drawn by a good hand, Sir, it wou'd be invaluable ! Turn about a little, if you please : there, what can be more charming ? Let me see you walk : there's a person for you, tall, straight, free, and degagée ! Why, Sir, you have no fault about you.

Love. Not many ; hem, hem ; not many, I thank Heaven ; only a few rheumatic pains now and then, and a small catarrhe that seizes me sometimes.

Lap. Ah, Sir, that's nothing; your catarrhe fits very well upon you, and you cough with a very good grace.

Love. But tell me, what does Mariana say of my person?

Lap. She has a particular pleasure in talking of it; and I assure you, Sir, I have not been backward on all such occasions to blazon forth your merit, and to make her sensible how advantageous a match you will be to her.

Love. You did very well, and I am obliged to you.

Lap. But, Sir, I have a small favour to ask of you—I have a law-suit depending, which I am on the very brink of losing for want of a little money. [*He looks gravely.*]—And you could easily procure my success, if you had the least friendship for me. You can't imagine, Sir, the pleasure she takes in talking of you [*He looks pleas'd.*]—Ah! how you will delight her, how your venerable mien will charm her! She will never be able to withstand you.—But indeed, Sir, this law-suit will be of a terrible consequence to me. [*He looks grave again.*]—I am ruin'd if I lose it, which a very small matter might prevent. Ah, Sir, had you but seen the raptures with which she has heard me talk of you! [*He resumes his gaiety.*] How pleasure sparkled in her eyes at the recital of your good qualities. In short, to discover a secret to you, which I promis'd to conceal, I have work'd up her imagination, till she is downright impatient of having the match concluded.

Love. Lappet, you have acted a very friendly part; and I own that I have all the obligations in the world to you.

Lap. I beg you would give me this little assistance, Sir. [*He looks serious.*] It will set me on my feet, and I shall be eternally obliged to you.

Love. Farewel, I'll go and finish my dispatches.

Lap. I assure you, Sir, you cou'd never assist me in a greater necessity.

Love. I must go give some orders about a particular affair.

Lap. I would not importune you, Sir, if I was not force'd by the last extremity.

Love. I expect the taylor about turning my coat. Don't you think this coat will look well enough turn'd, and with new buttons, for a wedding-suit?

Lap. For pity's sake, Sir, don't refuse me this small favour: I shall be undone, indeed, Sir. If it were but so small a matter as ten pounds, Sir.

Love. I think I hear the taylor's voice.

Lap. If it were but five pounds, Sir; but three pounds, Sir; nay, Sir, a single guinea would be of service for a day or two. [*As he offers to go out on either side, she intercepts him.*]

Love. I must go; I can't stay. Hark there, somebody calls me. I'm very much oblig'd to you; indeed, I am very much oblig'd to you.

Lap. Go to the gallows, to the devil, like a covetous good-for-nothing villain, as you are. Ramilie is in the right; however, I shall not quit the affair: for, tho' I get nothing out of him, I am sure of my reward from the other side.

Fools only to one party will confide,
Good politicians will both parties guide,
And, if one fails, they're fee'd on t'other side. }

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE continues.

HARRIET, FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

FREDERICK.

I Think, Sir, you have given my sister a very substantial proof of your affection. I am sorry you could have had such a suspicion of me, as to imagine I could have been an enemy to one who has approv'd himself a gentleman and a lover.

Cler. If any thing, Sir, could add to my misfortunes,

tunes, it would be to be thus oblig'd, without having any prospect of repaying the obligation.

Fred. Every word you speak is a farther conviction to me, that you are what you have declar'd yourself; for there is something in a generous education which it is impossible for persons who want that happiness to counterfeit: therefore, henceforth I beg you to believe me sincerely your friend.

Har. Come, come, pray a truce with your compliments; for I hear my father's cough coming this way.

SCENE II.

LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, CLERMONT,
HARRIEF.

Love. So, so, this is just as I would have it. Let me tell you children, this is a prudent young man, and you cannot converse too much with him. He will teach you, Sir, for all you hold your head so high, better sense than to borrow money at fifty *per cent.* And you, Madam, I dare say he will infuse good things into you too, if you will but hearken to him.

Fred. While you live, Sir, we shall want no other instructor.

Love. Come hither, Harriet. You know to-night I have invited our friend and neighbour Mr. Spindle. Now I intend to take this opportunity of saving the expence of another entertainment, by inviting Mariana and her mother; for I observe, that, take what care one will, there is always more victuals provided on these occasions than is eat; and an additional guest makes no additional expence.

Cler. Very true, Sir; besides, tho' they were to rise hungry. no one ever calls for more ~~out~~ another person's table.

Love. Right, honest Clermont; and to rise with an appetite is one of the wholesomest things in the world. Harriet, I would have you go immediately, and carry the invitation: you may walk thither, and they will bring you back in a coach.

Har. I shall obey you, Sir.

Love. Go, that's my good girl. And you, Sir, I desire you would behave yourself civilly at supper.

Fred. Why should you suspect me, Sir?

Love. I know, Sir, with what eyes such sparks as you look upon a mother-in-law; but, if you hope for my forgiveness of your late exploit, I would advise you to behave to her in the most affectionate manner imaginable.

Fred. I cannot promise, Sir, to be overjoyed at her being my mother-in-law; but this I will promise you, I will be as civil to her as you could wish. I will behold her with as much affection as you can desire me; that is an article upon which you may be sure of a most punctual obedience.

Love. That, I think, is the least I can expect.

Fred. Sir, you shall have no reason to complain.

S C E N E III.

LOVEGOLD, CLERMONT, JAMES.

James. Did you send for me, Sir?

Love. Where have you been? for I have wanted you above an hour.

James. Whom, Sir, did you want? your coachman, or your cook? for I am both one and t'other.

Love. I want my cook, Sir.

James. I thought, indeed, it was not your coachman; for you have had no great occasion for him since your last pair of geldings were starv'd—But your cook, Sir, shall wait on you in an instant. [*Puts off his coachman's great coat, and appears as a cook.*]

Love. What's the meaning of this folly?

James. I am ready for your commands, Sir.

Love. I am engag'd this evening to give a supper.

James. A supper, Sir! I have not heard the word this half year. I have indeed now and then heard of such a thing as a dinner; but for a supper, I have not dress'd one so long that I am afraid my hand is out.

Love. Leave off your saucy jesting, sirrah, and see that you provide me a good supper.

James.

James. That may be done, Sir, with a good deal of money.

Love. What, is the devil in you? Always money. Can you say nothing else but money, money, money? All my servants, my children, my relations, can pronounce no other word than money.

Cler. I never heard so ridiculous an answer, Here's a miracle for you, indeed, to make a good supper with a good deal of money! Is there any thing so easy? Is there any one who can't do it? Would a man shew himself to be a good cook, he must make a good supper out of a little money.

James. I wish you would be so good, Sir, as to shew us that art, and take my office of cook upon yourself.

Love. Peace, firrah, and tell me what we can have.

James. There's a gentleman, Sir, who can furnish you out a good supper with a little money.

Love. Answer me yourself.

James. Why, Sir, how many will there be at table?

Love. About eight or ten; but I will have a supper dress'd but for eight: for if there be enough for eight, there is enough for ten.

James. Suppose, Sir, you have at one end of the table a good handsome soup; at the other a fine Westphalia ham and chickens; on one side a fillet of veal roasted; and on the other a turkey, or rather a bustard, which, I believe, may be bought for a guinea, or thereabouts.

Love. What, is the fellow providing an entertainment for my lord-mayor, and the court of aldermen?

James. Then, Sir, for the second course a leash of pheasants, a leash of fat poulards, half a dozen partridges, one dozen of quails, two dozen of ortolans, three dozen——

Love. [*Putting his hand before James's mouth.*] Ah, villain! you are eating up all I am worth.

James. Then a ragout——

Love. [*Stopping his mouth again.*] Hold your extravagant tongue, firrah.

Cler. Have you a mind to burst them all? Has my master invited people to cram 'em to death? Or do you think his friends have a mind to eat him up at one supper? Such servants as you, Mr. James, should be often reminded of that excellent saying of a very wise man, "We must eat to live, and not live to eat."

Love. Excellently well said, indeed; it is the finest sentence I ever heard in my life. "We must live to eat, and not eat to"—No, that is not it: how did you say?

Cler. That "we must eat to live, and not live to eat."

Love. Extremely fine; pray, write them out for me: for I'm resolv'd to have 'em done in letters of gold, or black and white rather, over my hall chimney.

James. You have no need to do any more, Sir; people talk enough of you already.

Love. Pray, Sir, what do people say of me?

James. Ah, Sir, if I could but be assur'd that you would not be angry with me.

Love. Not at all; so far from it, you will very much oblige me; for I am always very glad to hear what the world says of me.

James. Well, Sir, then since you will have it, I will tell you freely, that they make a jest of you every where; nay, of your very servants upon your account. They make ten thousand stories of you; one says, that you have always a quarrel ready with your servants at quarter day, or when they leave you, in order to find an excuse to give them nothing. Another says, that you were taken one night stealing your own oats from your own horses; for which your coachman very handsomely belabour'd your back. In a word, Sir, one can go no where, where you are not the bye-word; you are the laughing-stock of all the world; and you are never mention'd but by the names of covetous, scraping, stingy——

Love. Impertinent, impudent rascal! Beat him for me, Clermont.

Cler.

THE MISER.

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Cler. Are not you ashamed, Mr. James, to give your master such language?

James. What's that to you, Sir?—I fancy this fellow's a coward; if he be, I will handle him.

Cler. It does not become a servant to use such language to his master.

James. Who taught you, Sir, what becomes? If you trouble your head with my business, I shall thresh your jacket for you. If I once take a stick in hand, I shall teach you to hold your tongue for the future, I believe. If you offer to say another word to me, I'll break your head for you. [*Drives Clermont*

to the farther end of the stage.

Cler. How, rascal! break my head!

James. I did not say, I'd break your head.

[*Clermont drives him back again.*

Cler. Do you know, sirrah, that I shall break yours for this impudence?

James. I hope not, Sir; I give you no offence, Sir?

Cler. That I shall shew you the difference between us.

James. Ha, ha, ha, Sir, I was but in jest.

Cler. Then I shall warn you to forbear these jests for the future. [*Kicks him off the stage.*

James. Nay, Sir, can't you take a jest? Why, I was but in jest all the while.

Love. How happy am I in such a clerk!

Cler. You may leave the ordering of the supper to me, Sir; I will take care of that.

Love. Do so; see and provide something to cloy their stomachs: let there be two great dishes of soup-meagre, a good large fuet-pudding, some dainty fat pork-pye or patty, a fine small breast of mutton, not too fat; a fallad, and a dish of artichokes; which will make plenty and variety enough.

Cler. I shall take a particular care, Sir, to provide every thing to your satisfaction.

Love. But be sure there be plenty of soup, be sure of that. This is a most excellent young fellow; but now will I go pay a visit to my money.

SCENE

SCENE IV. *The Street.*RAMILIE and LAPPET, *meeting.*

Ramil. Well, Madam, what success? Have I been a false prophet, and have you come at the old hunch's purse: or have I spoke like an oracle, and is he as close-fisted as usual?

Lap. Never was a person of my function so used. All my rhetorick availed nothing: while I was talking to him about the lady, he smil'd and was pleas'd; but the moment I mentioned money to him, his countenance chang'd, and he understood not one word that I said. But now, Ramilie, what do you think this affair is that I am transacting?

Ramil. Nay, Mrs. Lappet, now you are putting too severe a task upon me. How is it possible, in the vast variety of affairs which you honour with taking into your hands, that I should be able to guess which is so happy to employ your immediate thoughts?

Lap. Let me tell you then, sweet Sir, that I am transacting an affair between your master's mistress and his father.

Ramil. What affair, pr'ythee?

Lap. What should it be but the old one, matrimony. In short, your master and his father are rivals.

Ramil. I am glad on't; and I wish the old gentleman success, with all my heart

Lap. How! are you your master's enemy?

Ramil. No, Madam, I am so much his friend, that I had rather he should lose his mistress than his humble servant. which must be the case: for I am determin'd against a married family. I will never be servant to any man who is not his own master.

Lap. Why truly, when one considers the case thoroughly, I must be of an opinion, that it would be more your master's interest to be this lady's son-in-law than her husband; for, in the first place she has but little fortune: and, if she was once married to his son, I dare swear the old gentleman would never forgive the disappointment of his love.

Ramil.

Ramil. And is the old gentleman in love ?

Lap. Oh, profoundly ! delightfully ! Oh that you had but seen him as I have ! with his feet tottering, his eyes watering, his teeth chattering ! His old trunk was shaken with a fit of love, just as if it had been a fit of an ague.

Ramil. He will have more cold fits than hot, I believe.

Lap. Is it not more advantageous for him to have a mother-in-law that should open his father's heart to him, than a wife that should shut it against him ? Besides, it will be the better for us all : for if the husband were as covetous as the devil, he could not stop the hands of an extravagant wife. She will always have it in her power to reward them who keep her secrets ; and when the husband is old enough to be the wife's grandfather, she has always secrets that are worth concealing, take my word for it : so, faith, I will e'en set about that in earnest which I have hitherto intended only as a jest.

Ramil. But do you think you can prevail with her ? Will she not be apt to think she loses that by the exchange which he cannot make her amends for ?

Lap. Ah, Ramilie ! the difficulty is not so great to persuade a woman to follow her interest. We generally have that more at heart than you men imagine ; besides, we are extremely apt to listen to one another ; and whether you would lead a woman to ruin, or preserve her from it, the surest way of doing either is by one of her own sex. We are generally decoy'd into the net by birds of our own feathers.

Ramil. Well, if you do succeed in your undertaking, you will allow this, I hope, that I first put it into your head.

Lap. Yes, it is true, you did mention it first ; but I thought of it first I am sure, I must have thought of it ; but I will not lose a moment's time : for, notwithstanding all I have said, young fellows are devils. Besides, this has a most plausible tongue, and should he get access to Mariana, may do in a few minutes what I shall never be able to undo as long as I live.

[Exit.
Ramil.

Ramil. There goes the glory of all chambermaids. the jade has art, but it is quite overshadow'd by her vanity. She will get the better of every one, but the person who will condescend to praise her; for, tho' she be a mercenary devil, she will swallow no bribe half so eagerly as flattery. The same pride which warms her fancy, serves to cool her appetites; and therefore, though she have neither virtue nor beauty, her vanity gives her both. And this is my mistress, with a pox to her. Pray, what am I in love with? But that is a question so few lovers can answer, that I shall content myself with thinking I am in love with, *Le je ne sçai quoi.*

SCENE V. LOVEGOLD'S House.

LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, HARRIET, *Mrs.*
WISELEY, and MARIANA.

Love. You see, Madam, what it is to marry extremely young. Here are a couple of tall branches for you, almost the age of a man and woman; but ill weeds grow apace.

Mrs. Wife. When children come to their age, Mr. Lovegold, they are no longer any trouble to their parents; what I have always dreaded, was to have married into a family where there were small children.

Love. Pray give me leave, young lady, I have been told you have no great aversion to spectacles; it is not that your charms do not sufficiently strike the naked eye, or that they want addition; but it is with glasses we look at the stars, and I'll maintain you are a star of beauty that is the finest, brightest, and most glorious of all stars.

Mar. Harriet, I shall certainly burst: Oh! nauseous filthy fellow.

Love. What does she say to you, Harriet?

Har. She says, Sir, if she were a star, you should be sure of her kindest influence.

Love. How can I return this great honour you do me?

Mar. Ah! what an animal! what a wretch!

Love.

Love. How vastly am I oblig'd to you for these kind sentiments!

Mar. I shall never be able to hold it out, unless you keep him at a great distance.

Love. [*Listening.*] I shall make them both keep their distance, Madam. Harkee, you Mr. Spendall, why don't you come and make this lady some acknowledgment for the great honour she does your father?

Fred. My father has indeed, Madam, much reason to be vain of his choice. You will be doubtless a very great honour to our family. Notwithstanding which, I cannot dissemble my real sentiments so far, as to counterfeit any joy I shall have in the name of son-in-law; nor can I help saying, that if it were in my power, I believe I should make no scruple in preventing the match.

Mar. I believe it, indeed; were they to ask the leave of their children, few parents would marry twice.

Love. Why, you ill-bred blockhead, is that the compliment you make your mother-in-law?

Fred. Well, Sir, since you will have me talk in another stile — Suffer me, Madam, to put myself in the place of my father; and, believe me, when I swear to you I never saw any one half so charming, that I can imagine no happiness equal to that of pleasing you; that, to be called your husband, would be to my ears a title more blest, more glorious, than that of the greatest of princes. The possession of you is the most valuable gift in the power of fortune. That is the lovely mark to which all my ambition tends; there is nothing which I am not capable of undertaking to attain so great a blessing, all difficulties, when you are the prize in pursuit —

Love. Hold, hold, Sir: softly, if you please.

Fred. I am only saying a few civil things, Sir, for you to this lady.

Love. Your humble servant, Sir: I have a tongue to say civil things with myself. I have no need of such an interpreter as you are, sweet Sir.

Mar. If your father could not speak better for himself

self than his son can for him, I am afraid he would meet with little success.

Love. I don't ask you, ladies to drink any wine before supper, lest it should spoil your stomachs.

Fred. I have taken the liberty to order some sweet-meats, Sir, and tokay, in the next room; I hope the ladies will excuse what is wanting.

Mrs. Wife. There was no necessity for such a collation.

Fred. [*To Mariana.*] Did you ever see, Madam, so fine a brilliant as that on my father's finger?

Mar. It seems, indeed, to be a very fine one.

Fred. You cannot judge of it, Madam, unless you were to see it nearer. If you will give me leave, Sir, [*Takes it off from his father's finger, and gives it to Mariana.*] There is no seeing a jewel while it is on the finger.

Mrs. Wife. } It is really a prodigious fine one.

Mar.

Fred. [*Preventing Mariana, who is going to return it.*] No, Madam, it is already in the best hands. My father, Madam, intends it as a present to you; therefore, I hope you will accept it.

Love. Present! I!

Fred. Is it not, Sir, your request to this lady, that she would wear this bauble for your sake?

Love. [*To his son.*] Is the devil in you?

Fred. He makes signs to me, that I would intreat you to accept it.

Mar. I shall not, upon my word.

Fred. He will not receive it again.

Love. I shall run stark-staring mad.

Mar. I must insist on returning it.

Fred. It would be cruel in you to refuse him; let me intreat you, Madam, not to shock my poor father to such a degree.

Mrs. Wife. It is ill breeding, child, to refuse so often.

Love. Oh! that the devil would but fly away with this fellow!

Fred. See, Madam, what agonies he is in, lest you should return it.—It is not my fault, dear Sir; I do

all I can to prevail with —but she is obstinate —
For pity's sake, Madam, keep it.

Love. [*To his son*] Infernal villain!

Fred. My father will never forgive me, Madam, unless I succeed; on my knees I entreat you.

Love. The cut-throat!

Mrs. Wife. Daughter, I protest you make me ashamed of you; come, come, put up the ring, since Mr. Lovegold is so uneasy about it.

Mar. Your commands, Madam, always determine me, and I shall refuse no longer.

Love. I shall be undone; I wish I was buried while I have one farthing left.

S C E N E VI.

To them JAMES.

James. Sir, there is a man at the door who desires to speak with you.

Love. Tell him I am busy — bid him come another time, bid him leave his business with you —

James. Must he leave the money he has brought with me, Sir?

Love. No, no, stay — tell I come this instant. I ask pardon ladies, I'll wait on you again immediately.

Fred. Will you please, ladies, to walk into the next room, and taste the collation I was mentioning?

Mar. I have eat too much fruit already this afternoon.

Mrs. Wife. Really, Sir, this is an unnecessary trouble; but, since the tokay is provided, I will taste one glass.

Har. I'll wait on you, Madam.

S C E N E VII.

FREDERICK, MARIANA,

Mar. That is a mighty pretty picture over the door, Harriet. Is it a family-piece, my dear? I think it has a great deal of you in it. Are not you generally

thought very like it? Hey day, where is my mama and your sister gone?

Fred. They thought, Madam, we might have some business together, and so were willing to leave us alone.

Mar. Did they so? but as we happen to have no business together, we may as well follow them.

Fred. When a lover has no other obstacle to surmount, but those his mistress throws in his way, she is in the right not to become too easy a conquest: but, were you as kind as I could wish, my father would still prove a sufficient bar to our happiness; therefore it is a double cruelty in you.

Mar. Our happiness! how came your happiness and mine to depend so on one another, pray, when that of the mother and son-in-law are usually so very opposite.

Fred. This is keeping up the play behind the curtain. Your kindness to him comes from the same spring, as your cruelty to me.

Mar. Modest enough! then, I suppose, you think both fictitious.

Fred. Faith, to be sincere, I do without arrogance, I think; I have nothing in me so detestable, as should make you deaf to all I say, or blind to all I suffer: This I am certain, there is nothing in him so charming, as to captivate a woman of your sense in a moment.

Mar. You are mistaken, Sir; money; money, the most charming of all things; money, which will say more in one moment, than the most elegant lover can in years. Perhaps you will say a man is not young; I answer, he is rich. He is not genteel, handsome, witty, brave, good-humour'd; but he is rich, rich, rich, rich—that one word contradicts every thing you can say against him: and if you were to praise a person for an whole hour, and end with, 'But he is poor,' you overthrow all you have said; for it has long been an established maxim, that he who is rich can have no vice, and he that is poor can have no virtue.

Fred. These principles are foreign to the real sentiments

timents of Mariana's heart. I vow, did you but know how ill a counterfeit you are, how awkwardly ill-nature fits upon you, you'd never wear it. There is not one so abandon'd, but that she can affect what is amiable better than you can what is odious. Nature has painted in you the complexion of virtue in such lively colours, that nothing but what is lovely can suit you, or appear your own.

SCENE VIII.

MARIANA, FREDERICK, HARRIET.

Har. I left your mama, Mariana, with Mr. Clermont, who is shewing her some pictures in the gallery. Well, have you told him?

Mar. Told him what?

Har. Why, what you told me this afternoon; that you lov'd him.

Mar. I tell you I lov'd him — Oh! barbarous falsehood!

Fred. Did you? could you say so? Oh! repent it to my face, and make me bless'd to that degree.

Har. Repeat to him, can't you? How can you be so ill-natur'd to conceal any thing from another, which would make him happy to know?

Mar. The lye would choke me, were I to say so.

Har. Indeed, my dear, you have said you hated him so often, that you need not fear that. But, if she will not discover it to you herself, take my word for it, brother, she is your own without any possibility of losing. She is full as fond of you as you are of her. I hate this peevish, foolish coyness in women, who will suffer a worthy lover to languish and despair, when they need only put themselves to the pain of telling truth to make them easy.

Mar. Give me leave to tell you, Miss Harriet, this is a treatment I did not expect from you, especially in your own house, Madam. I did not imagine I was invited hither to be betray'd, and that you had entered into a plot with your brother against my reputation.

Har. We form a plot against your reputation: I

with you could see, my dear. how prettily these airs become you. Take my word for it, you would have no reason to be in love with your fancy.

Mar. I should indeed have no reason to be in love with my fancy, if it were fix'd where you have insinuated it to be placed.

Har. If you have any reason, Madam, to be ashamed of your choice, it is from denying it. My brother is every way worthy of you, Madam; and give me leave to tell you. if I can prevent it, you shall not render him as ridiculous to the town, as you have some other of your admirers.

Fred. Dear Harriet, carry it no farther; you will ruin me for ever with her.

Har. Away, you do not know the sex. Her vanity will make you play the fool 'till she despises you, and then contempt will destroy her affection for you — It is a part she has often play'd.

Mar. I am oblig'd to you however, Madam, for the lesson you have given me, how far I may depend on a woman's friendship. It will be my own fault, if ever I am deceiv'd hereafter.

Har. My friendship, Madam, naturally cools, when I discover its object less worthy than I imagin'd her. — I can never have any violent esteem for one, who would make herself unhappy, to make the person who dotes on her more so; the ridiculous custom of the world is a poor excuse for such a behaviour. And, in my opinion, the coquette, who sacrifices the ease and reputation of as many as she is able to an ill-natur'd vanity, is a more odious, I am sure she is a more pernicious creature, than the wretch whom fondness betrays to make her lover happy at the expence of her own reputation.

S C E N E IX.

To them Mrs. WISELY, CLERMONT.

Mrs. Wise. Upon my word, Sir, you have a most excellent taste for pictures.

Mar. I can bear this no longer: if you had been base enough to have given up all friendship and honour,

nour, good-breeding should have restrain'd you from using me after this inhumane, cruel, barbarous manner.

Mrs. Wife. Bless me! child, what's the matter?

Har. Let me intreat you, Mariana, not to expose yourself; you have nothing to complain of on his side; and therefore pray let the whole be a secret.

Mar. A secret! no, Madam. The whole world shall know how I have been treated. I thank heaven, I have it in my power to be reveng'd on you; and if I am not reveng'd on you——

Fred. See, sister, was I not in the right? Did I not tell you, you would ruin me? and now you have done it.

Har. Courage! all will go well yet. You must not be frighten'd at a few storms. These are only blasts that carry a lover to his harbour.

S C E N E X.

To them LOVEGOLD.

Love. I ask you pardon. I have dispatch'd my business with all possible haste.

Mrs. Wife. I did not expect, Mr. Lovegold, when we were invited hither, that your children intended to affront us.

Love. Has any one affronted you, Madam?

Mrs. Wife. Your children, Sir, have us'd my poor girl so ill, that they have brought tears into her eyes. I can assure you, we are not us'd to be treated in this manner. My daughter is of as good a family——

Love. Out of my sight, audacious, vile wretches, and let me never see you again.

Fred. Sir, I——

Love. I won't hear a word, and I wish I may never hear you more. Was ever such impudence, to dare after what I have told you——

Har. Come, brother; perhaps, I may give you some comfort.

Fred. I fear you have destroy'd it for ever.

SCENE XI.

LOVEGOLD, *Mrs.* WISELY, MARIANA,
CLERMONT.

Love. How shall I make you amends for the rudeness you have suffer'd? Poor, pretty creature! had they stolen my purse, I would almost as soon have pardon'd them.

Mrs. Wife. The age is come to a fine pass, indeed, if children are to controul the wills of their parents. If I would have consented to a second match, I would have been glad to have seen a child of mine oppose it.

Love. Let us be married immediately, my dear; and if after that they ever dare to offend you, they shall stay no longer under my roof.

Mrs. Wife. Lookyee, Mariana, I know your consent will appear a little sudden, and not altogether conform to those nice rules of decorum, of which I have been all my life so strict an observer; but this is so prudent a match, that the world will be apt to give you a dispensation. When women seem too forward to run away with idle young fellows, the world is, as it ought to be, very severe on them; but when they only consult their interest in their consent, though it be never so quickly given; we say, La! who suspected it? it was mighty privately carried on.

Mar. I resign myself intirely over to your will, Madam, and am at your disposal.

Mrs. Wife. Mr. Lovegold, my daughter is a little shy on this occasion: you know your courtship has not been of any long date; but she has consider'd your great merit, and I believe I may venture to give you her consent.

Love. And shall I? hey! I begin to find myself the happiest man upon earth. Od! Madam, you shall be a grandmother within these ten months. I am a very young fellow.

Mar. If you were five years younger, I should utterly detest you.

Love. The very creature she was described to be.
No

No one, sure, ever so luckily found a mass of treasure as I have. My pretty sweet, if you will walk a few minutes in the garden I will wait on you; I must give some necessary orders to my clerk.

Mrs. Wife. We shall expect you with impatience.

SCENE XII.

LOVEGOLD, CLERMONT.

Love. Clermont, come hither: you see the disorder my house is like to be in this evening. I must trust every thing to your care; see that matters be manag'd with as small expence as possible. My extravagant son has sent for fruit, sweetmeats, and tokay. Take care what is not eat or drank be return'd to the trades-people. If you can save a bottle of the wine, let that be sent back too, and put up what is left; if part of a bottle, in a pint: that I will keep for my own drinking when I am sick. Be sure that the servants of my guests be not ask'd to come farther than the hall, for fear some of mine should ask them to eat. I trust every thing to you.

Cler. I shall take all the care possible, Sir. But there is one thing in this entertainment of yours, which gives me inexpressible pain.

Love. What is that, pr'ythee?

Cler. That is the cause of it. Give me leave, Sir, to be free on this occasion. I am sorry a man of your years and prudence should be prevail'd on to so indiscreet an action, as I fear this marriage will be called.

Love. I know she has not quite so great a fortune as I might expect.

Cler. Has she any fortune, Sir?

Love. Oh! yes, yes, I have been very well assur'd that her mother is in very good circumstances; and you know she is her only daughter. Besides, she has several qualities which will save a fortune. And a penny sav'd is a penny got; since I find I have great occasion for a wife, I might have searched all over this town, and not have got one cheaper.

Cler.

Cler. Sure, you are in a dream, Sir; she save a fortune!

Love. In the article of a table, at least two hundred pounds a year.

Cler. Sure, Sir, you do not know ——

Love. In clothes, two hundred more ——

Cler. There is not, Sir, in the whole town ——

Love. In jewels, one hundred; play, five hundred; these have been all prov'd to me; besides all that her mother is worth. In short, I have made a very prudent choice.

Cler. Do but hear me, Sir.

Love. Take a particular care of the family, my good boy. Pray, let there be nothing waited.

SCENE XIII.

CLERMONT *alone.*

How vainly do we spend our breath, while passion shuts the ears of those we talk to. I thought it impossible for any thing to have surmounted his avarice; but I find there is one little passion, which reigns triumphant in every mind it creeps into; and whether a man be covetous, proud, or cowardly, it is in the power of woman to make him liberal, humble, and brave. Sure this young lady will not let her fury carry her into the arms of a wretch she despises; but, as she is a coquette, there is no answering for any of her actions. I will hasten to acquaint Frederick with what I have heard. Poor man! how little satisfaction he finds in his mistress, compared to what I meet in Harriet. Love to him is misery, to me perfect happiness. Women are always one or the other; they are never indifferent.

Whoever takes for better and for worse,
Meets with the greatest blessing, or the greatest curse.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Hall in LOVEGOLD's House.*

FREDERICK, RAMILIE.

FREDERICK.

HOW! Lappet my enemy! and can she attempt to forward Mariana's marriage with my father?

Ramil. Sir, upon my honour, it is true. She told it me in the highest confidence; a trust, Sir, which nothing, but the inviolable friendship I have for you, could have prevail'd with me to have broken.

Fred. Sir, I am your most humble servant; I am infinitely oblig'd to your friendship.

Ramil. Oh! Sir; but really I did withstand pretty considerable offers: for, would you think it, Sir, the jade had the impudence to attempt to engage me too in the affair? I believe, Sir, you wou'd have been pleas'd to have heard the answer I gave her; Madam, says I, do you think if I had no more honour, I should have no greater regard to my interest. It is my interest, Madam, says I, to be honest: for my master is a man of that generosity, that liberality, that bounty, that I am sure he will never suffer any servant of his to be a loser by being true to him. No, no, says I; let him alone for rewarding a servant, when he is but once assur'd of his fidelity.

Fred. No demands now, Ramilie: I shall find a time to reward you.

Ramil. That was what I told her, Sir. Do you think, says I, this old rascal (I ask your pardon, Sir) that this hunk, my master's father, will live for ever? And then, says I, do you think my master will not remember his old friends?

Fred. Well; but, dear Sir, let us have no more of your rhetoric—go and fetch Lappet hither. I'll try if I can't bring her over.

Ramil. Bring her over! a fig for her, Sir. I have a plot worth fifty of yours. I'll blow her up with
your

your father. I'll make him believe just the contrary of every word she has told him.

Fred. Can you do that?

Ramil. Never fear it, Sir; I'll warrant my lies keep even pace with hers. But, Sir, I have another plot; I don't question but before you sleep, I shall put you in possession of some thousands of your father's money.

Fred. He has done all in his power to provoke me to it; but I am afraid that will be carrying the jest too far.

Ramil. Sir, I will undertake to make it out, that robbing him is a downright meritorious act. Besides, Sir, if you have any qualms of conscience, you may return it him again. Your having possession of it will bring him to any terms.

Fred. Well, well. I believe there is little danger of thy stealing any thing from him. So about the first affair. It is that only which causes my present pain.

Ramil. Fear nothing, Sir, whilst Ramilie is your friend.

SCENE II.

FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

Fred. If impudence can give a title to success, I am sure thou hast a good one.

Cler. Oh! Frederick, I have been looking you all over the house. I have news for you, which will give me pain to discover, though it is necessary you should know it. In short, Mariana has determin'd to marry your father this evening.

Fred. How! oh! Clermont, is it possible? Cursed be the politics of my sister; she is the innocent occasion of this. And can Mariana from a pique to her throw herself away! Dear Clermont, give me some advice; think on some method by which I may prevent, at least defer, this match; for that moment which gives her to my father, will strike a thousand daggers in my heart.

Cler. Would I could advise you: but here comes
one

one who is more likely to invent some means for your deliverance.

Fred. Ha! Lappet!

S C E N E III.

LAPPET, FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

Lap. Hey-day! Mr. Frederick, you stand with your arms across, and look as melancholy as if there was a funeral going on in the house, instead of a wedding.

Fred. This wedding, Madam, will prove the occasion of my funeral; I am oblig'd to you for being instrumental to it.

Lap. Why, truly, if you consider the case rightly, I think you are. It will be much more to your interest to ———

Fred. Mistress, undo immediately what you have done; prevent this match which you have forwarded, or by all the devils which inhabit that heart of yours —

Lap. For Heaven's sake, Sir. You do not intend to kill me?

Fred. What could drive your villainy to attempt to rob me of the woman I dote on more than life? What could urge thee when I trusted thee with my passion, when I have paid the most extravagant usury for money to bribe thee to be my friend, what could sway thee to betray me?

Lap. As I hope to be sav'd, Sir, whatever I have done was intended for your service.

Fred. It is in vain to deny it; I know thou hast us'd thy utmost art to persuade my father into this match.

Lap. If I did, Sir, it was all with a view towards your interest; if I have done any thing to prevent your having her, it was because I thought you would do better without her.

Fred. Would'st thou, to save my life, tear out my heart? And dost thou, like an impudent inquirer, while thou art destroying me, assert it is for my own sake.

Lap. Be but pleas'd, Sir, and let me recover out
of

of this terrible fright you have put me into, and I will engage to make you easy yet.

Cler. Dear Frederick, adjourn your anger for a while at least; I am sure, Mrs. Lappet is not your enemy in her heart; and whatever she has done, if it has not been for your sake, this I dare confidently affirm, it has been for her own. And I have so good an opinion of her, that the moment you shew her it will be more her interest to serve you, than to oppose you, you may be secure of her friendship.

Fred. But has she not already carried it beyond retrieval?

Lap. Alas! Sir, I never did any thing yet so effectually, but that I have been capable of undoing it; nor have I ever said any thing so positively, but that I have been able as positively to unsay it again. As for truth, I have neglected it so long, that I often forgot which side of the question it is of. Besides, I look on it to be so very insignificant towards success, that I am indifferent whether it is for me or against me.

Fred. Let me intreat you, dear Madam, to lose no time in informing us of your many excellent qualities; but consider how very precious our time is, since the marriage is intended this very evening.

Lap. That cannot be.

Cler. My own ears were witnesses to her consent.

Lap. That indeed may be—but for the marriage it cannot be, nor it shall not be.

Fred. How! how will you prevent it?

Lap. By an infallible rule I have. But, Sir, Mr. Clermont was mentioning a certain little word called *interest*, just now. I should not repeat it to you, Sir, but that really one goes about a thing with so much a better will, and one has so much better luck in it too, when one has got some little matter by it.

Fred. Here, take all the money I have in my pocket, and, on my marriage with Mariana, thou shalt have fifty more.

Lap. That is enough, Sir; if they were half-married already, I would unmarried them again. I am im-

patient till I am about it—Oh! there is nothing like gold to quicken a woman's capacity.

S C E N E IV.

FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

Fred. Dost thou think I may place any confidence in what this woman says?

Cler. Faith! I think so. I have told you how dextrously she manag'd my affairs. I have seen such proofs of her capacity, that I am much easier on your account than I was.

Fred. My own heart is something lighter too. Oh Clermont! how dearly do we buy all the joys which we receive from women!

Cler. A coquette's lover generally pays very severely, indeed. His game is sure to lead him a long chase, and, if he catches her at last, she is hardly worth carrying home—You will excuse me.

Fred. It does not affect me; for what appears a coquette in Mariana, is rather the effects of sprightliness and youth, than any fix'd habit of mind; she has good-sense and good nature at the bottom.

Cler. If she has good-nature, it is at the bottom indeed; for I think she has never discover'd any to you.

Fred. Women of her beauty and merit have such a variety of admirers, that they are shocked to think of giving up all the rest by fixing on one. Besides, so many pretty gentlemen are continually attending them, and whispering soft things in their ears, who think all their services well repaid by a curtsy or a smile, that they are startled, and think a lover a most unreasonable creature, who can imagine he merits their whole person.

Cler. They are of all people my aversion; they are a sort of spaniels, who, though they have no chance of running down the hare themselves, often spoil the chase. I have known one of these fellows pursue half the fine women in town, without any other design than of enjoying them all in the arms of a strumpet. It is pleasant enough to see them

watching the eyes of a woman of quality half an hour, to get an opportunity of making a bow to her.

Fred. Which she often returns with a smile, or some more extraordinary mark of affection; from a charitable design of giving pain to her real admirer, who, though he can't be jealous of the animal, is concern'd to see her condescend to take notice of him.

S C E N E V.

HARRIET, FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

Har. I suppose, brother, you have heard of my good father's economy, that he has resolv'd to join two entertainments in one — and prevent giving an extraordinary wedding-supper.

Fred. Yes, I have heard it — and I hope have taken measures to prevent it.

Har. Why, did you believe it then?

Fred. I think I had no longer room to doubt.

Har. I would not believe it, if I were to see them in bed together.

Fred. Heaven forbid it!

Har. So say I too. Heaven forbid I should have such a mother-in-law; but I think, if she were wedded into any other family, you would have no reason to lament the loss of so constant a mistress.

Fred. Dear Harriet, indulge my weakness.

Har. I will indulge your weakness with all my heart — but the men ought not; for they are such lovers as you, who spoil the women. — Come, if you will bring Mr. Clermont into my apartment, I'll give you a dish of tea, and you shall have some *sal volatile* in it, though you have no real cause for any depression of your spirit; for I dare swear your mistress is very safe. And I am sure, if she were to be lost in the manner you apprehend, she would be the best loss you ever had in your life.

Cler. Oh Frederick! if your mistress were but equal to your sister, you might be well called the happiest of mankind.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

SCENE VI.

MARIANA, LAPPET.

Lap. Ha, ha, ha! and so you have persuaded the old lady, that you really intend to have him.

Mar. I tell you, I do really intend to have him.

Lap. Have him! ha, ha, ha. For what do you intend to have him?

Mar. Have I not told you already that I will marry him?

Lap. Indeed, you will not.

Mar. How! Mrs. Impertinence, has your mistress told you so? and did she send you hither to persuade me against the match?

Lap. What should you marry him for? As for his riches, you might as well think of going hungry to a fine entertainment, where you are sure of not being suffer'd to eat. The very income of your own fortune will be more than he will allow you. Adieu fine clothes, operas; plays, assemblies; adieu dear Quadrille—and to what have you sacrificed all these?—not to a husband—for whatever you make of him, you will never make a husband of him, I'm sure.

Mar. This is a liberty, Madam, I shall not allow you; if you intend to stay in this house, you must leave off these pretty airs you have lately given yourself—Remember you are a servant here, and not the mistress, as you have been suffer'd to affect.

Lap. You may lay aside your airs too, good Madam, if you come to that; for I shall not desire to stay in this house when you are the mistress of it.

Mar. It will be prudent in you, not to put on your usual insolence to me; for if you do, your master shall punish you for it.

Lap. I have one comfort, he will not be able to punish me half so much as he will you. The worst he can do to me is to turn me out of the house—but you he can keep in it. Wife to an old fellow! laugh!

Mar. If Miss Harriet sent you on this errand, you may return, and tell her, her wit is shallower than I imagined it—and since she has no more experience,

I believe I shall send my daughter-in-law to school again. [Exit.

Lap. Hum ! you will have a schoolmaster at home. I begin to doubt, whether this sweet-temper'd creature will not marry in spite at last. I have one project more to prevent her, and that I will about instantly.

SCENE VII. *The garden.*

LOVEGOLD, *Mrs. WISELY.*

Love. I cannot be easy. I must settle something upon her.

Mrs. Wife. Believe me, Mr. Lovegold, it is unnecessary ; when you die, you will leave your wife very well provided for.

Love. Indeed, I have known several law-suits happen on these accounts ; and sometimes the whole has been thrown away in disputing to which party it belonged. I shall not sleep in my grave, while a set of villanous lawyers are dividing the little money I have among them.

Mrs. Wife. I know this old fool is fond enough now to come to any terms ; but it is ill trusting him : violent passions can never last long at his years.

[*Aside.*

Love. What are you considering ?

Mrs. Wife. Mr. Lovegold, I am sure, knows the world too well to have the worse opinion of any woman from her prudence : therefore I must tell you, this delay of the match does not at all please me. It seems to argue your inclination abated, and so it is better to let the treaty end here. My daughter has a very good offer now, which were she to refuse on your account, she would make a very ridiculous figure in the world after you had left her.

Love. Alas ! Madam, I love her better than any thing almost upon the face of the earth ; this delay is to secure her a good jointure : I am not worth the money the world says ; I am not indeed.

Mrs. Wife. Well, Sir, then there can be no harm for the satisfaction of both her mind and mine, in
your

your signing a small contract, which can be prepar'd immediately.

Love. What signifies signing, Madam?

Mrs. Wife. I see, Sir, you don't care for it. So there is no harm done; and really this other is so very advantageous an offer, that I don't know whether I shall not be blam'd for refusing him on any account.

Love. Nay, but be not in haste; what would you have me sign?

Mrs. Wife. Only to perform your promise of marriage.

Love. Well, well, let your lawyer draw it up then, and mine shall look it over.

Mrs. Wife. I believe my lawyer is in the house; I'll go to him, and get it done instantly; and then we will give this gentleman a final answer. I assure you, he is a very advantageous offer. *[Exit.]*

Love. As I intend to marry this girl, there can be no harm in signing the contract; her lawyer draws it up, so I shall be at no expence; for I can get mine to look it over for nothing. I should have done very wisely indeed, to have intitled her to a third of my fortune, whereas I will not make her jointure above a tenth. I protest, it is with some difficulty that I have prevail'd with myself to put off the match: I am more in love, I find, than I suspected.

SCENE VIII.

LAPPET, LOVEGOLD.

Lap. Oh! unhappy! miserable creature that I am! what shall I do? whither shall I go?

Love. What's the matter, Lappet?

Lap. To have been innocently assisting in betraying so good a man! so good a master! so good a friend!

Love. Lappet, I say.

Lap. I shall never forgive myself, I shall never outlive it, I shall never eat, drink, sleep——

[Runs against him.]

Love.

Love. One would think you were walking in your sleep now. What can be the meaning of this?

Lap. Oh! Sir!—you are undone, Sir, and I am undone

Love. How! what! has any one robb'd me? have I lost any thing?

Lap. No, Sir; but you have got something.

Love. What? what?

Love. A wife, Sir.

Love. No, I have not yet—but why—

Lap. How, Sir, are you not married?

Love. No.

Lap. That is the happiest word I ever heard come out of your mouth.

Love. I have, for some particular reasons, put off the match for a few days.

Lap. Yes, Sir; and for some particular reasons, you shall put off the match for a few years.

Love. What do you say?

Lap. Oh! Sir, this affair has almost determin'd me never to engage in matrimonial matters again. I have been finely deceiv'd in this lady. I told you, Sir, she had an estate in a certain country; but I find it is all a cheat, Sir; the devil of any estate has she.

Love. How! not any estate at all! How can she live then?

Lap. Nay, Sir. Heaven knows how half the people in this town live.

Love. However, it is an excellent good quality in a woman to be able to live without an estate. She that can make something out of nothing, will make a little go a great way. I am sorry she has no fortune; but considering all her saving qualities, Lappet—

Lap. All an imposition, Sir; she is the most extravagant wretch upon earth.

Love. How! how! extravagant!

Lap. I tell you, Sir, she is downright extravagance itself.

Love. Can it be possible after what you told me?

Lap. Alas! Sir, that was only a cloke thrown over her real inclinations.

Love.

Love. How was it possible for you to be so deceiv'd in her?

Lap. Alas! Sir, she would have deceiv'd any one upon earth, even you yourself: for, Sir, during a whole fortnight since you have been in love with her, she has made it her whole business to conceal her extravagance, and appear thrifty.

Love. That is a good sign, tho'; Lappet, let me tell you, that is a good sign; right habits as well as wrong are got by affecting them. And she who could be thrifty a whole fortnight, gives lively hopes that she may be brought to be so as long as she lives.

Lap. She loves play to distraction: it is the only visible way in the world she has of a living.

Lap. She must win then, Lappet; and play, when people play the best of the game, is no such very bad thing. Besides, as she plays only to support herself, when she can be supported without it, she may leave it off.

Lap. To support her extravagance, in dress particularly; why, don't you see, Sir, she is dress'd out to-day like a princess?

Love. It may be an effect of prudence in a young woman to dress, in order to get a husband. And as that is apparently her motive, when she is married that motive ceases; and to say the truth, she is in discourse a very prudent young woman.

Lap. Think of her extravagance.

Love. A woman of the greatest modesty!

Lap. And extravagance.

Love. She has really a very fine set of teeth.

Lap. She will have all the teeth out of your head.

Love. I never saw finer eyes.

Lap. She will eat you out of house and home.

Love. Charming hair.

Lap. She will ruin you.

Love. Sweet kissing lips, swelling breasts, and the finest shape that ever was embraced.

[*Catching Lappet in his arms.*]

Lap. O, Sir! I am not the lady.—Was ever such an old goat!—Well, Sir, I see you are determined on the match, and so I desire you would pay me my wages.

wages. I cannot bear to see the ruin of a family in which I have lived so long, that I have contracted as great a friendship for it as if it was my own: I can't bear to see waste, riot, and extravagance; to see all the wealth a poor, honest, industrious gentleman has been raising all his life-time, squander'd away in a year or two in feasts, balls, music, cards, clothes, jewels—It would break my heart to see my poor old master eat out by a set of fingers, fiddlers, milliners, mantua-makers, mercers, toymen, jewelers, fops, cheats, rakes—To see his guineas fly about like dust; all his ready money paid in one morning to one tradesman; his whole stock in the funds spent in one half year; all his land swallowed down in another; all his old gold, nay, even the plate which he has had in his family time out of mind, which has descended from father to son ever since the flood, to see even that disposed of. What will they have next, I wonder, when they have had all that he is worth in the world, and left the poor old man without any thing to furnish his old age with the necessaries of life—Will they be contented then, or will they tear out his bowels, and eat them too? [*Both burst into tears.*] The laws are cruel to put it in the power of a wife to ruin her husband in this manner—And will any one tell me that such a woman as this is handsome?—What are a pair of shining eyes, when they must be bought with the loss of all one's shining gold.

Love. Oh! my poor old gold.

Lap. Perhaps she has a fine set of teeth.

Love. My poor plate, that I have hoarded with so much care!

Lap. Or I'll grant she may have a most beautiful shape.

Love. My dear land and tenements!

Lap. What are the roses on her cheeks, or lilies in her neck?

Love. My poor India bonds, bearing at least three and a half per cent.

Lap. A fine excuse, indeed, when a man is ruined by his wife, to tell us he has married a beauty.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

LAWYER, LOVEGOLD, LAPPET.

Law. Sir, the contract is ready; my client has sent for the counsel on the other side, and he is now below examining it.

Love. Get you out of my doors, you villain, you and your client too; I'll contract you with a pox.

Law. Heyday! sure you are *non compos mentis*!

Love. No, firrah, I had like to have been *non compos mentis*; but I have had the good luck to escape it. Go and tell your client I have discover'd her: bid her take her advantageous offer; for I shall sign no contracts.

Law. This is the strangest thing I have met with in my whole course of practice.

Love. I am very much obliged to you, Lappet; indeed, I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. I am sure, Sir, I have a very great satisfaction in serving you; and I hope you will consider of that little affair I mentioned to you to-day about my law-suit.

Love. I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. I hope, Sir, you won't suffer me to be ruined, when I have preserv'd you from it.

Love. Hey! [*Appearing deaf.*

Lap. You know, Sir, that in Westminster-hall money and right are always on the same side.

Love. Ay, so they are; very true, so they are; and therefore no one can take too much care of his money.

Lap. The smallest matter of money, Sir, would do me an infinite service.

Love. Hey! What?

Lap. A small matter of money, Sir, would do me a great kindness.

Love. Oho! I have a very great kindness for you; indeed, I have a very great kindness for you.

Lap. Pox take your kindness! I'm only losing time: there's nothing to be got out of him. So I'll ev'n to Frederick, and see what the report of my success

cess will do there ! Ah ! would I were married to thee myself !

Love. What a prodigious escape have I had ! I cannot look at the precipice without being giddy.

S C E N E X.

RAMILIE, LOVEGOLD.

Love. Who is that ? Oh, is it you, firrah ? How dare you enter within these walls ?

Ramil. Truly, Sir, I can scarcely reconcile it to myself ; I think, after what has happened, you have no great title to my friendship. But I don't know how it is, Sir, there is something or other about you which strangely engages my affections, and which, together with the friendship I have for your son, won't let me suffer you to be imposed upon ; and to prevent that, Sir, is the whole and sole occasion of my coming within your doors. Did not a certain lady, Sir, called Mrs. Lappet, depart from you just now ?

Love. What if she did, firrah ?

Ramil. Has she not, Sir, been talking to you about a young lady whose name is Mariana ?

Love. Well, and what then ?

Ramil. Why, then, Sir, every single syllable she has told you has been, neither more nor less, than a most confounded lie ; as is, indeed, every word she says : for I don't believe, upon a modest calculation, she has told six truths since she has been in the house. She is made up of lies : her father was an attorney, and her mother was chambermaid to a maid of honour. The first word she spoke was a lie, and so will be the last. I know she has pretended a great affection for you, that's one lie ; and every thing she has said of Mariana is another.

Love. How ! how ! are you sure of this ?

Ramil. Why, Sir, she and I laid the plot together ; that one time, indeed, I myself was forced to deviate a little from the truth ; but it was with a good design : the jade pretended to me that it was out of friendship to my master ; that it was because she thought such a match would not be at all to his interest ;

terest; but, alas! Sir, I know her friendship begins and ends at home; and that she has friendship for no person living but herself. Why, Sir, do but look at Mariana, Sir, and see whether you can think her such a sort of woman as she has described her to you.

Love. Indeed she has appeared to me always in a different light. I do believe what you say. This jade has been bribed by my children to impose upon me. I forgive thee all that thou hast done for this one service. I will go deny all that I said to the lawyer, and put an end to every thing this moment. I knew it was impossible she could be such a sort of a woman. [Exit.

Ramil. And I will go find out my master, make him the happiest of mankind, squeeze his purse, and then get drunk for the honour of all party-coloured politicians.

SCENE XI. *The Hall.*

FREDERICK, LAPPET.

Fred. Excellent Lappet! I shall never think I have sufficiently rewarded you for what you have done.

Lap. I have only done half the business yet. I have, I believe, effectually broke off the match with your father. Now, Sir, I shall make up the matter between you and her.

Fred. Do but that, dear girl, and I'll coin myself into guineas.

Lap. Keep yourself for your lady, Sir; she will take all that sort of coin, I warrant her: as for me, I shall be much more easily contented.

Fred. But what hopes can'st thou have? for I, alas! see none.

Lap. Oh, Sir! it is more easy to make half a dozen matches, than to break one; and, to say the truth, it is an office I myself like better. There is something, methinks, so pretty in bringing young people together that are fond of one another. I protest, Sir, you will be a mighty handsome couple. How fond will you be of a little girl the exact picture
of

of her mother? and how fond will she be of a boy to put her in mind of his father?

Fred. Death! you jade, you have fir'd my imagination.

Lap. But methinks I want to have the hurricane begin, hugely; I am surpriz'd they are not altogether by the ears already!

SCENE XII.

RAMILIE, FREDERICK, LAPPET.

Ramil. Oh! Madam! I little expected to have found you and my master together, after what has happened; I did not think you had the assurance—

Fred. Peace, Ramilie, all is well, and Lappet is the best friend I have in the world.

Ramil. Yes, Sir, all is well indeed; no thanks to her; happy is the master that has a good servant; a good servant is certainly the greatest treasure in this world; I have done your business for you, Sir; I have frustrated all she has been doing, denied all she has been telling him; in short, Sir, I observed her ladyship in a long conference with the old gentleman, mightily to your interest, as you may imagine. No sooner was she gone than I steps in, and made the old gentleman believe every single syllable she had told him, to be a most confounded lye; and away he is gone, fully determin'd to put an end to the affair.

Lap. And sign the contract; so now, Sir, you are ruined without reprieve.

Fred. Death and damnation! fool! villain!

Ramil. Heyday! What is the meaning of this? Have I done any more than you commanded me?

Fred. Nothing but my curs'd stars cou'd have contriv'd so damn'd an accident.

Ramil. You cannot blame me, Sir, whatever has happened.

Fred. I don't blame you, Sir; nor myself, nor any one: Fortune has marked me out for misery. But I will be no longer idle; since I am to be ruin'd, I will meet my destruction.

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

LAPPET, RAMILIE.

[They stand sometime silent, looking at each other.]

Lap. I give you joy, Sir, of the success of your negotiation; you have approved yourself a most able person, truly; and I dare swear, when your skill is once known, will not want employment.

Ramil. Do not triumph, good Mrs. Lappet; a politician may make a blunder; I am sure no one can avoid it that is employ'd with you; for you change sides so often, that 'tis impossible to tell at any time which side you are on.

Lap. And pray, firrah, what was the occasion of your betraying me to your master, for he has told me all?

Ramil. Conscience, conscience, Mrs. Lappet, the great guide of all my actions; I could not find in my heart to let him lose his mistress.

Lap. Your master is very much obliged to you, indeed, to lose your own, in order to preserve his; for henceforth I forbid all your addresses, I disown all obligations, I revoke all promises; henceforth I would advise you never to open your lips to me, for if you do, it would be in vain; I shall be deaf to all your little, false, mean, treacherous, base insinuations. I would have you know, Sir, a woman injured as I am, never can, nor ought to forgive. Never see my face again. *[Exit.*

Ramil. Huh! now would some lovers think themselves very unhappy; but I, who have had experience in the sex, am never frightened at the frowns of a mistress, nor ravish'd with her smiles; they both naturally succeed one another; and a woman, generally, is as sure to perform what she threatens, as she is what she promises. But now I'll to my lurking-place. I'm sure this old rogue has money hid in the garden; if I can but discover it, I shall handsomely quit all scores with the old gentleman, and make my master a sufficient return for the loss of his mistress.

SCENE XIV. *Another Apartment.*FREDERICK, *Mrs. WISELEY*, MARIANA.

Fred. No, Madam, I have no words to upbraid you with, nor shall I attempt it.

Mrs. Wife. I think, Sir, a respect to your father should keep you now within the rules of decency; as for my daughter, after what has happened, I think she cannot expect it on any other account.

Mar. Dear Mama, don't be serious, when, I dare say, Mr. Frederick is in jest.

Fred. This exceeds all you have done; to insult the person you have made miserable, is more cruel than having made him so.

Mar. Come, come, you may not be so miserable as you expect. I know the word Mother-in-law has a terrible sound; but perhaps I may make a better than you imagine. Believe me, you will see a change in this house which will not be disagreeable to a man of Mr. Frederick's gay temper.

Fred. All changes to me are henceforth equal. When Fortune robbed me of you, she made her utmost effort; I now despise all in her power.

Mrs. Wife. I must insist, Sir, on your behaving in a different manner to my daughter. The world is apt to be censorious. Oh, Heavens! I shudder at the apprehensions of having a reflection cast on my family, which has hitherto past unblemished.

Fred. I shall take care, Madam, to shun any possibility of giving you such a fear; for from this night I never will behold those dear, those fatal eyes again.

Mar. Nay, that I am sure will cast a reflection on me. What a person will the world think me to be, when you cou'd not live with me?

Fred. Live with you! Oh, Mariana! those words bring back a thousand tender ideas to my mind. Oh! had that been my blest fortune!

Mrs. Wife. Let me beg, Sir, you would keep a greater distance. The young fellows of this age are so rampant, that even degrees of kindred can't restrain them.

Fred.

Fred. There are yet no such degrees between us.
—Oh, Mariana! while it is in your power, while the irrevocable wax remains unstamp'd, consider, and do not seal my ruin.

Mrs. Wife. Come with me, daughter; you shall not stay a moment longer with him—a rude fellow.

SCENE XV.

RAMILIE, FREDERICK.

Ramil. Follow me, Sir, follow me this instant.

Fred. What's the matter?

Ramil. Follow me, Sir; we are in the right box; the business is done.

Fred. What done?

Ramil. I have it under my arm, Sir—here it is!

Fred. What? what?

Ramil. Your father's soul, Sir, his money——
Follow me, Sir, this moment, before we are overtaken.

Fred. Ha! this may preserve me yet.

SCENE XVI.

LOVEGOLD *in the utmost distraction.*

Thieves! thieves! assassination! murder! I am undone! all my money is gone! Who is the thief? where is the villain? where shall I find him? Give me my money again, villain. [*Catching himself by the arm.*] I am distracted! I know not where I am, nor what I am, nor what I do. Oh! my money, my money! Ha! what say you? Alack-a-day! here is no one. The villain must have watch'd his time carefully; he must have done it while I was signing that d—n'd contract. I will go to a justice, and have all my house put to their oaths, my servants, my children, my mistress, and myself too; all the people in the house, and in the street, and in the town; I will have them all executed; I will hang all the world; and if I don't find my money, I will hang myself afterwards.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Hall.*

SEVERAL SERVANTS.

JAMES.

THERE will be rare doings now; madam's an excellent woman, faith! Things won't go as they have done; she has order'd something like a supper; here will be victuals enough for the whole town.

Thomas. She's a sweet humour'd lady, I can tell you that. I have had a very good place on't with her. You will have no more use for locks and keys in this house, now.

James. This is the luckiest day I ever saw; as soon as supper is over, I will get drunk to her good health, I am resolv'd; and that's more than ever I could have done before.

Thomas. You shan't want liquor, for here are ten hogsheds of strong beer coming in.

James. Bless her heart! good lady! I wish she had a better bridegroom.

Thomas. Ah! never mind that, he has a good purse; and for other things, let her alone, master James.

Wheel. Thomas, you must go to Mr. Mixture's the wine-merchant, and order him to send in twelve dozen of his best Champagne, twelve dozen of Burgundy, and twelve dozen of Hermitage. And you must call at the wax-chandler's, and bid him send in a chest of candles; and at Mr. Lambert's the confectioner in Pall-Mall, and order the finest desert he can furnish; and you, Will, must go to Mr. Grey's, the horse-jockey, and order him to buy my lady three of the finest geldings for her coach, to-morrow morning; and here, you must take this roll and invite all the people in it to supper; then you must go to the play-house in Drury-Lane, and engage all the music, for my lady intends to have a ball.

James.

James. Oh brave Mrs. Wheedle! here are fine times!

Wheed. My lady desires that supper may be kept back as much as possible; and if you can think of any thing to add to it, she desires you would.

James. She is the best of ladies.

Wheed. So you will say when you know her better: she has thought of nothing ever since matters have been made up between her and your master, but how to lay out as much money as she could; we shall have all rare places.

James. I thought to have given warning to-morrow morning, but I believe I shall not be in haste now.

Wheed. See what it is to have a woman at the head of a house. But here she comes. Go you into the kitchen, and see that all things be in the nicest order.

James. I am ready to leap out of my skin for joy.

S C E N E II.

MARIANA, WHEEDLE, UPHOLSTERER.

Mrs. WISELY.

Mar. Wheedle, have you dispatched the servant according to my orders?

Wheed. Yes, Madam.

Mar. You will take care Mr. Furnish, and let me have those two beds with the utmost expedition?

Uphol. I shall take a particular care, Madam. I shall put them both in hand to-morrow morning; I shall put off some work, Madam, on that account.

Mar. That tapestry in the dining-room does not at all please me.

Uphol. Your ladyship is very much in the right, Madam; it is quite out of fashion; no one hangs a room now with tapestry.

Mar. Oh! I have the greatest fondness for tapestry in the world! you must positively get me some of a newer pattern.

Uphol. Truly, Madam, as you say, tapestry is one of the prettiest sorts of furniture for a room that

I know of. I believe I can shew you some that will please you.

Mrs. Wife. I protest, child, I can't see any reason for this alteration.

Mar. Dear mama, let me have my will. There is not any one thing in the whole house that I shall be able to leave in it, every thing has so much of antiquity about it; and I cannot endure the sight of any thing that is not perfectly modern.

Uphol. Your ladyship is in the right, Madam; there is no possibility of being in the fashion without new-furnishing a house, at least once in twenty years; and indeed to be at the very top of the fashion, you will have need of almost continual alterations.

Mrs. Wife. That is an extravagance I would never submit to. I have no notion of destroying one's goods before they are half worn out, by following the ridiculous whims of two or three people of quality.

Uphol. Ha! ha! Madam, I believe her ladyship is of a different opinion—I have many a set of goods entirely whole, that I would be very loth to put into your hands.

SCENE III.

To them MERCER, JEWELLER.

Mar. Oh, Mr. Sattin! have you brought those gold stuffs I ordered you?

Merc. Yes, Madam, I have brought your ladyship some of the finest patterns that were ever made.

Mar. Well, Mr. Sparkle, have you the necklace and ear-rings with you?

Jewel. Yes, Madam; and I defy any jeweller in town to shew you their equals; they are, I think, the finest water I ever saw: they are finer than the duchess of Glitter's, which have been so much admired: I have brought you a solitaire too, Madam; my lady Raffle bought the fellow of it yesterday.

Mar. Sure, it has a flaw in it, Sir.

Jewel. Has it, Madam? then there never was a brilliant without one; I am sure, Madam, I bought
it

it for a good stone, and if it be not a good stone, you shall have it for nothing.

S C E N E IV.

LOVEGOLD, MARIANA, *Mrs.* WISELY,
JEWELLER, MERCER, UPHOLSTERER.

Love. It's lost, it's gone, it's irrecoverable; I shall never see it more!

Mar. And what will be the lowest price of the necklace and ear-rings?

Jewel. If you were my sister, Madam, I could not 'bate you one farthing of three thousand guineas.

Love. What do you say of three thousand guineas, villain? Have you my three thousand guineas?

Mr. Wife. Bless me, Mr. Lovegold! what's the matter?

Love. I am undone! I am ruined! my money is stolen! my dear three thousand guineas, that I received but yesterday, are taken away from the place I had put them in, and I never shall see them again!

Mar. Don't let them make you uneasy, you may possibly recover them; or if you should not, the loss is but a trifle.

Love. How! a trifle! Do you call three thousand guineas a trifle?

Mrs. Wife. She sees you so disturbed, that she is willing to make as light of your loss as possible, in order to comfort you.

Love. To comfort me! Can she comfort me by calling three thousand guineas a trifle! But tell me, what were you saying of them? Have you seen them?

Jewel. Really, Sir, I do not understand you; I was telling the lady the price of a necklace and a pair of ear-rings, which were as cheap at three thousand guineas as —

Love. How! What? What?

Mar. I can't think them very cheap. However, I am resolved to have them; so let him have the money, Sir, if you please.

Love. I am in a dream.

Mar. You will be paid immediately, Sir. Well,
Mr.

Mr. Sattin, and pray what is the highest priced gold stuff you have brought?

Merc. Madam, I have one of twelve pounds a yard.

Mar. It must be pretty at that price. Let me have a gown and petticoat cut off.

Love. You shall cut off my head first. What are you doing? Are you mad?

Mar. I am only preparing a proper dress to appear in as your wife.

Love. Sirrah, offer to open any of your pick-pocket trinkets here, and I'll make an example of you.

Mar. Mr. Lovegold, give me leave to tell you, this is a behaviour I don't understand. You give me a fine pattern before marriage of the usage I am to expect after it.

Love. Here are fine patterns of what I am to expect after it.

Mar. I assure you, Sir, I shall insist on all the privileges of an English wife. I shall not be taught to dress by my husband. I am myself the best judge of what you can afford; and if I do stretch your purse a little, it is for your own honour, Sir. The world will know it is your wife that makes such a figure.

Love. Can you bear to hear this, Madam?

Mrs. Wife. I should not countenance my daughter in any extravagance, Sir; but the honour of my family, as well as yours, is concerned in her appearing handsomely. Let me tell you, Mr. Lovegold, the whole world is very sensible of your fondness for money; I think it a very great blessing to you, that you have met with a woman of a different temper, one who will preserve your reputation in the world, whether you will or no. Not that I would insinuate to you, that my daughter will ever run you into unnecessary expences; so far from it, that if you will but generously make her a present of five thousand pounds to fit herself out at first in clothes and jewels, I dare swear you will not have any other demand on those accounts—I don't know when.

Mar. No, unless a birth-night suit or two, I shall scarce want any thing more this twelvemonth.

Love.

Love. I am undone, plundered, murdered! However there is one comfort; I am not married yet.

Mar. And free to choose whether you will marry at all, or no.

Mrs. Wife. The consequence, you know, will be no more than a poor ten thousand pound, which is all the forfeiture of the breach of contract.

Love. But, Madam, I have one way yet. I have not bound my heirs and executors; and so if I hang myself, I am off the bargain.—In the mean while I'll try if I cannot rid my house of this nest of thieves.—Get out of my doors, you cutpurses.

Jewel. Pay me for my jewels, Sir, or return 'em me.

Love. Give him his baubles; give him them.

Mar. I shall not, I assure you. You need be under no apprehension, Sir; you see Mr. Lovegold is a little disordered at present; but if you will come to-morrow, you shall have your money.

Jewel. I'll depend on your ladyship, Madam.

Love. Who the devil are you! What have you to do here?

Uphol. I am an upholsterer, Sir, and am come to new-furnish your house.

Love. Out of my doors this instant, or I will dis-furnish your head for you; I'll beat out your brains.

Mrs. Wife. Sure, Sir, you are mad.

Love. I was when I sign'd the contract. Oh! that I had never learnt to write my name.

S C E N E V.

CHARLES BUBBLEBOY, LOVEGOLD, MARIANA, *Mrs. WISELY.*

Char. Your most obedient servant, Madam.

Love. Who are you, Sir? What do you want here?

Char. Sir, my name is Charles Bubbleboy.

Love. What's your business?

Char. Sir, I was ordered to bring some snuff-boxes and rings. Will you please, Sir, to look at that snuff-box; there is but one person in England, Sir, can work in this manner. If he was but as diligent as he is able,

able, he would get an immense estate, Sir; if he had an hundred thousand hands, I could keep them all employed. I have brought you a pair of the new invented snuffers too, Madam. Be pleased to look at them; they are my own invention; the nicest lady in the world may make use of them.

Love. Who the devil sent for you, Sir?

Mar. I sent for him, Sir.

Char. Yes, Sir, I was told it was a lady sent for me: will you please, Madam, to look at the snuff-boxes or rings first?

Love. Will you please to go to the devil, Sir, first, or shall I send you?

Char. Sir?

Love. Get you out of my house this instant, or I'll break your snuff-boxes, and your bones too.

Char. Sir, I was sent for, or I should not have come. Charles Bubbleboy does not want custom. Madam, your most obedient servant.

SCENE VI.

MARIANA, *Mrs.* WISELY, LOVEGOLD,
WHEEDLE.

Mar. I suppose, Sir, you expect to be finely spoken of abroad, for this; you will get an excellent character in the world by this behaviour.

Mrs. Wise. Is this your gratitude to a woman who has refused so much better offers on your account?

Love. Oh! wou'd she had taken them. Give me up my contract, and I will gladly resign all right and title whatsoever.

Mrs. Wise. It is too late now, the gentlemen have had their answers; a good offer once refused, is not to be had again.

Wheed. Madam, the tailor whom your ladyship sent for, is come.

Mar. Bid him come in. This is an instance of the regard I have for you, I have sent for one of the best tailors in town to make you a new suit of clothes, that you may appear like a gentleman; for as it is for your honour that I should be well dress'd, so it is for
mine

mine that you should. Come, Madam, we will go in and give further orders concerning the entertainment.

S C E N E VII.
LOVEGOLD, LIST.

Love. Oh, Lappet, Lappet! the time thou hast prophesy'd of, is come to pass.

List. I am your honour's most humble servant. My name is List. I presume I am the person you sent for—the laceman will be here immediately. Will your honour be pleased to be taken measure of first, or look over the patterns; if you please, we will take measure first. I do not know, Sir, who was so kind as to recommend me to you, but I believe I shall give you entire satisfaction. I may defy any tailor in England to understand the fashion better than myself; the thing is impossible, Sir. I always visit France twice a year; and tho' I say it, that should not say it—Stand upright, if you please, Sir—

Love. I'll take measure of your back, firrah—I'll teach such pickpockets as you are, to come here—Out of my doors, you villain.

List. Heyday! Sir, did you send for me for this, Sir?—I shall bring you in a bill without any clothes.

S C E N E VIII.
LOVEGOLD, JAMES, PORTER.

Love. Where are you going?—What have you there?

James. Some fine wine, Sir, that my lady sent for to Mr. Mixture's.—But, Sir, it will be impossible for me to get supper ready by twelve, as it is ordered, unless I have more assistance. I want half a dozen kitchens too. The very wild-fowl that my lady has sent for, will take up a dozen spits.

Love. Oh! Oh! it is in vain to oppose it; her extravagance is like a violent fire, that is no sooner stopped in one place, than it breaks out in another.

[Drums]

—[*Drums beat without.*] Ha! what is the meaning of this? Is my house besieged? Would they would set it on fire, and burn all in it.

Drum. [*Without*] Heavens bless your honour! 'squire Lovegold, Madam Lovegold; long life and happiness, and many children attend you—and so God save the King. [*Drums beat.*

[*Lovegold goes out, and soon after the drums cease.*

James. So he has quieted the drums, I find— This is the roguery of some well-wishing neighbours of his. Well, we shall soon see which will get the better, my master or my mistress. If my master does, away go I? if my mistress, I'll stay while there is any house-keeping, which can't be long; for the riches of my lord-mayor will never hold it out at this rate.

SCENE IX.

LOVEGOLD, JAMES.

Love. James! I shall be destroy'd; in one week I shall not be worth a groat upon earth. Go, send all the provisions back to the tradesmen; put out all the fires; leave not so much as a candle burning.

James. Sir, I don't know how to do it; Madam commanded me, and I dare not disobey her.

Love. How! not when I command thee!

James. I have lost several places, Sir, by obeying the master against the mistress, but never lost one by obeying the mistress against the master. Besides, Sir, she is so good and generous a lady, that it would go against my very heart to offend her.

Love. The devil take her generosity!

James. And I don't believe she has provided one morsel more than will be eat; why, Sir, she has invited above five hundred people to supper; within this hour, your house will be as full as Westminster-Hall the last day of term—But I have no time to lose.

Love. Oh! Oh! What shall I do?

SCENE X.

LAPPET, LOVEGOLD.

Lap. Where is my poor master? Oh, Sir! I cannot express the affliction I am in to see you devoured in this manner. How cou'd you, Sir, when I told you what a woman she was? how cou'd you undo yourself with your eyes open?

Love. Poor Lappet! had I taken thy advice, I had been happy.

Lap. And I too, Sir; for, alack-a-day, I am as miserable as you are; I feel every thing for you, Sir; indeed I shall break my heart upon your account.

Love. I shall be much obliged to you if you do, Lappet.

Lap. How could a man of your sense, Sir, marry in so precipitate a manner?

Love. I am not married; I am not married.

Lap. Not married!

Love. No, no, no.

Lap. All's safe yet. No man is quite undone till he is married.

Love. I am, I am undone. Oh, Lappet! I cannot tell it thee. I have given her a bond, a bond, a bond of ten thousand pound to marry her.

Lap. You shall forfeit it.

Love. Forfeit what? my life and soul, and blood, and heart?

Lap. You shall forfeit it——

Love. I'll be buried alive sooner; no I am determined I'll marry her first, and hang myself afterwards to save my money.

Lap. I see, Sir, you are undone; and if you should hang yourself, I could not blame you.

Love. Could I but save one thousand by it, I would hang myself with all my soul. Shall I live to die not worth a groat?

Lap. Oh! my poor master! my poor master!

[Crying.]

Love. Why did I not die a year ago! what a deal had I saved by dying a year ago! [A noise without.]

Oh! oh! dear Lappet, see what it is; I shall be undone in an hour—Oh!

S C E N E XI.

LOVEGOLD, CLERMONT *richly dress'd.*

Love. What is here?—Some of the people who are to eat me up?

Cler. Don't you know me, Sir?

Love. Know you! Ha! What is the meaning of this?—Oh? it is plain, it is too plain; my money has paid for all this finery. Ah! base wretch, could I have suspected you of such an action, of lurking in my house to use me in such a manner?

Cler. Sir, I come to confess the fact to you; and if you will but give me leave to reason with you, you will not find yourself so much injured as you imagine.

Love. Not injured! when you have stolen away my blood!

Cler. Your blood is not fallen into bad hands; I am a gentleman, Sir.

Love. Here's impudence! a fellow robs me, and tells me he is a gentleman—Tell me who tempted you to it?

Cler. Ah, Sir! need I say—*Love.*

Love. Love!

Cler. Yes, love Sir.

Love. Very pretty love, indeed; the love of my guineas.

Cler. Ah, Sir; think not so? Do but grant me the free possession of what I have, and, by Heav'n, I'll never ask you more.

Love. Oh, most unequall'd impudence! was ever so modest a request!

Cler. All your efforts to separate us will be vain; we have sworn never to forsake each other; and nothing but death can part us.

Love. I don't question, Sir, the very great affection on your side; but I believe I shall find methods to recover—

Cler. By Heavens! I'll die in defending my right,
and

and if that were the case, think not, when I am gone, you ever could possess what you have robb'd me of.

Love. Ha ! that's true ; he may find ways to prevent the restoring it. Well, well, let me delight my eyes at least ; let me see my treasure, and perhaps I may give it you ; perhaps I may.

Cler. Then I am blest ! Well may you say treasure, for to possess that treasure is to be rich indeed.

Love. Yes, truly, I think three thousand pounds may be well call'd a treasure.—Go, go, fetch it hither ; perhaps I may give it you—fetch it hither.

Cler. To shew you, Sir, the confidence I place in you, I will fetch hither all that I love and adore.

[*Exit.*

Love. Sure, never was so impudent a fellow ; to confess his robbery before my face, and to desire to keep what he has stolen, as if he had a right to it.

S C E N E XII.

LOVEGOLD, LAPPET.

Love. Oh, Lappet ! what's the matter ?

Lap. Oh, Sir ! I am scarce able to tell you. It is spread about the town that you are married, and your wife's creditors are coming in whole flocks. There is one single debt for five thousand pounds, which an attorney is without to demand.

Love. Oh ! Oh ! Oh ! let them cut my throat.

Lap. Think what an escape you have had ; think, if you had married her——

Love. I am as bad as married to her.

Lap. It is impossible, Sir ; nothing can be so bad : what, you are to pay her ten thousand pounds !——Well——and ten thousand pounds are a sum—they are a sum, I own it—they are a sum ; but what is such a sum, compared with such a wife ? Had you married her, in one week you would have been in a prison, Sir——

Love. If I am, I can keep my money ; they can't take that from me.

Lap. Why, Sir, you will lose twice the value of your contract before you know how to turn yourself :

and if you have no value for liberty, yet consider, Sir, such is the great goodness of our laws, that a prison is one of the dearest places you can live in.

Love. Ten thousand pounds!—No—I'll be hang'd, I'll be hang'd.

Lap. Suppose, Sir, it were possible (not that I believe it is) but suppose it were possible to make her abate a little; suppose one coul'd bring her to eight thousand—

Love. Eight thousand devils take her—

Lap. But, dear Sir, consider; nay, consider immediately; for every minute you lose, you lose a sum—Let me beg you, intreat you, my dear good master, let me prevail on you not to be ruin'd. Be resolute, Sir; consider, every guinea you give saves you a score.

Love. Well, if she will consent to, to, to eight hundred. But try, do, try if you can make her 'bate any thing of that—if you can—you shall have a twentieth part of what she 'bates for yourself.

Lap. Why, Sir, if I could get you off at eight thousand, you ought to leap out of your skin for joy.

Love. Would I were out of my skin—

Lap. You will have more reason to wish so when you are in the hands of bailiffs for your wife's debts—

Love. Why was I begotten! Why was I born! Why was I brought up! Why was not I knock'd o' th' head, before I knew the value of money!

Lap. [*Knocking without*] So, so, more duns, I suppose—Go but into the kitchen, Sir, or the hall, and it will have a better effect on you than all I can say.

Love. What have I brought myself to! What shall I do! Part with eight thousand pounds! Misery, destruction, beggary, prisons! But then on the other side are wife, ruin, chains, slavery, torment! I shall run distracted either way.

Lap. Ah! would we could once prove you so, you old covetous good-for-nothing.

S C E N E XIII.

MARIANA, LAPPET.

Mar. Well, what success?

Lap. It is impossible to tell; he is just gone into the kitchen, where if he is not frighten'd into our design, I shall begin to despair. They say fear will make a coward brave; but nothing can make him generous: the very fear of losing all he is worth will scarce bring him to part with a penny.

Mar. And have you acquainted neither Frederick nor Harriet with my intentions?

Lap. Neither, I assure you. Ah, Madam, had I not been able to have kept a secret, I had never brought about those affairs that I have. Were I not secret, lud have mercy upon many a virtuous woman's reputation in this town.

Mar. And don't you think I have kept my real intentions very secret?

Lap. From every one but me, I believe you have. I assure you I knew them long before you sent for me this afternoon to discover them to me.

Mar. But could you bring him to no terms, no proposals? Did he make no offer?

Lap. It must be done all at once, and while you are by.

Mar. So you think he must see me, to give any thing to be rid of me.

Lap. Hush, hush, I hear him coming again.

S C E N E XIV.

LOVEGOLD LAPPET, MARIANA.

Love. I am undone! I am undone! I am eat up! I am devour'd! I have an army of cooks in my house.

Lap. Dear Madam, consider; I know eight thousand pounds are a trifle. I know they are nothing; my master can very well afford them; they will make no hole in his purse: and if you should stand out, you will get more.

Love. [*Putting his hand before Lappet's mouth*] You lie, you lie, you lie, you lie, you lie. She never could get more, never should get more: it is more than I am worth; it is an immense sum; and I will be starv'd, drown'd, shot, hang'd burnt, before I part with a penny of it.

Lap. For heaven's sake, Sir, you will ruin all—Madam, let me beg you, intreat you, to 'bate these two thousand pounds. Suppose a law-suit should be the consequence, I know my master would be cast, I know it would cost him an immense sum of money, and that he would pay the charges of both in the end; but you might be kept out of it a long time. Eight thousand pounds now are better than ten five years hence

Mar. No, the satisfaction of my revenge on a man who basely departs from his word, will make me amends for the delay; and whatever I suffer, as long as I know his ruin will be the consequence, I shall be easy.

Love. Oh, bloody-minded wretch!

Lap. Why, Sir, since she insists on it, what does it signify? You know you are in her power, and it will be only throwing away more money to be compell'd to it at last: get rid of her at once; what are two thousand pounds? Why, Sir, the court of Chancery will eat it up for a breakfast. It has been given for a mistress, and will you not give it to be rid of a wife.

S C E N E XV.

TAOMAS, JAMES, MARIANA, LOVEGOLD,
LAPPET.

[*LOVEGOLD and LAPPET talk apart.*]

Tho. Madam, the musick are come which your ladyship order'd; and most of the company will be here immediately.

James. Where will your ladyship be pleas'd the servants shall eat? for there is no room in the house that will be large enough to entertain 'em.

Mar.

Mar. Then beat down the partition, and turn two rooms into one.

James. There is no service in the house proper for the desert, Madam.

Mar. Send immediately to the great china-shop in the Strand for the finest that is there.

Love. How ! and will you swear a robbery against her ? that she robbed me of what I shall give her ?

Lap. Depend on it, Sir.

Love. I'll break open a bureau, to make it look the more likely.

Lap. Do so, Sir; but lose no time : give it her this moment Madam, my master has consented, and, if you have the contract, he is ready to pay the money. Be sure to break open the bureau, Sir.

Mar. Here is the contract.

Love. I'll fetch the money. It is all I am worth in the world.

S C E N E XVI.

MARIANA, LAPPET.

Mar. Sure, he will never be brought to it yet.

Lap. I warrant him. But you are to pay dearer for it than you imagine; for I am to swear a robbery against you. What will you give me, Madam, to buy off my evidence ?

Mar. And is it possible that the old rogue would consent to such a villany !

Lap. Ay, Madam; for half that sum he would hang half the town. But, truly, I can never be made amends for all the pains I have taken on your account. Were I to receive a single guinea a lie for every one I have told this day, it would make me a pretty tolerable fortune. Ah ! Madam, what a pity it is that a woman of my excellent talents should be confin'd to so low a sphere of life as I am ! Had I been born a great lady, what a deal of good should I have done in the world !

S C E N E XVII.

MARIANA, LAPPET, LOVEGOLD.

Love. Here, here they are—all in bank-notes—all the money I am worth in the world.— (I have sent for a constable; she must not go out of sight before we have taken her into custody).

[*Aside to Lappet.*

Lap. [*To Lovegold.*] You have done very wisely.

Mar. There, Sir, is your contract. And now, Sir, I have nothing to do but to make myself as easy as I can in my loss.

S C E N E XVIII.

LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, CLERMONT,
MARIANA, LAPPET, HARRIET.

Love. Where is that you promis'd me? where is my treasure?

Cler. Here, Sir, is all the treasure I am worth. A treasure which the whole world's worth should not purchase.

Love. Give me the money, Sir, give me the money; I say, give me the money you stole from me.

Cler. I understand you not.

Love. Did you not confess you robb'd me of my treasure?

Cler. This, Sir, is the inestimable treasure I meant! Your daughter, Sir, has this day blest me by making me her husband.

Love. How! Oh, wicked vile wretch! to run away thus with a pitiful mean fellow, thy father's clerk!

Cler. Think not your family disgrac'd, Sir. I am at least your equal born; and, tho' my fortune be not so large as for my dearest Harriet's sake I wish, still it is such as will put it out of your power to make us miserable.

Love. Oh! my money, my money, my money!

Fred. If this lady does not make you amends for the loss of your money, resign over all pretensions in her to me, and I will engage to get it restor'd to you.

Love.

Love. How, firrah! are you a confederate? Have you help'd to rob me?

Fred. Softly, Sir, or you shall never see your guineas again.

Love. I resign her over to you intirely, and may you both starve together. So, go fetch my gold——

Mar. You are easily prevail'd upon, I see, to resign a right which you have not. But were I to resign over myself, it would hardly be the man's fortune to starve, whose wife brought him ten thousand pounds.

Love. Bear witness, she has confess'd she has the money; and I shall prove she stole it from me. She has broke open my bureau; Lappet is my evidence.

Lap. I hope I shall have all your pardons, and particularly yours, Madam, whom I have most injured.

Love. A fig for her pardon; you are doing a right action.

Lap. Then, if there was any robbery, you must have robb'd yourself. This lady can be only a receiver of stolen goods; for I saw you give her the money with your own hands.

Love. How! I! You! What! what!

Lap. And I must own it, with shame I must own it——that the money you gave her in exchange for the contract I promis'd to swear she had stole from you.

Cler. Is it possible Mr. Lovegold could be capable of such an action as this?

Love. I am undone, undone, undone!

Fred. No, Sir, your three thousand guineas are safe yet; depend upon it, within an hour, you shall find them in the same place they were first deposited. I thought to have purchas'd a reprieve with them; but I find my fortune has of itself bestow'd that on me.

Love. Give 'em me, give 'em me, this instant——but then the ten thousand, where are they?

Mar. Where they ought to be, in the hands of one who I think deserves them. [*Gives them to Frederick.*] You see, Sir, I had no design to the prejudice of your family. Nay, I have prov'd the best friend

friend you ever had; for, I presume, you are now thoroughly cur'd of your longing for a young wife.

Love. Sirrah, give me my notes, give me my notes.

Fred. You must excuse me, Sir; I can part with nothing I receive from this lady.

Love. Then I will go to law with that lady and you, and all of you; for I will have them again, if law, or justice, or injustice, will give them me.

Cler. Be pacified, Sir; I think the lady has acted nobly, in giving that back again into your family which she might have carried out of it.

Love. My family be hang'd; if I am robb'd, I don't care who robs me—I would as soon hang my son as another—and I will hang him, if he does not restore me all I have lost: for I would not give half the sum to save the whole world—I will go and employ all the lawyers in town; for I will have my money again, or never sleep more.

Fred. I am resolv'd we will get the better of him now. But Oh! Mariana! your generosity is much greater in bestowing this sum than my happiness in receiving it. I am an unconscionable beggar, and shall never be satisfied while you have any thing to bestow.

Mar. Do you hear him——

Har. Yes, and begin to approve him—for your late behaviour has convinc'd me.

Mar. Dear girl, no more; you have frighten'd me already so much to-day, that rather than venture a second lecture, I would do whatever you wish'd—— So, Sir, if I do bestow all on you, here is the lady you are to thank for it.

Har. Well, this I will say, when you do a good-natur'd thing, you have the prettiest way of doing it. And now, Mariana, I am ready to ask your pardon for all I said to-day.

Mar. Dear Harriet, no apologies; all you said I deserv'd.

SCENE

SCENE *the last.*

LAPPET, RAMILIE, FREDERICK, MARIANA,
CLERMONT, HARRIET.

Lap. Treaties are going on, on both sides, while you and I seem forgotten.

Ramil. Why, have we not done them all the service we can? What farther have they to do with us?—Sir, there are some people in masquerading habits without.

Mar. Some I sent for to assist in my design on your father: I think we will give them admittance, tho' we have done without 'em.

All. Oh! by all means.

Fred. Mrs. Lappet, be assur'd I have a just sense of your favours; and both you and Ramilie shall find my gratitude.

[*Dance here.*]

Fred. Dear Clermont, be satisfied I shall make no peace with the old gentleman, in which you shall not be included. I hope my sister will prove a fortune equal to your great deserts.

Cler. While I am enabled to support her in an affluence equal to her desires, I shall desire no more. From what I have seen lately, I think riches are rather to be feared than wished; at least, I am sure, avarice, which too often attends wealth, is a greater evil than any that is found in poverty. Misery is generally the end of all vice; but it is the very mark at which avarice seems to aim: the miser endeavours to be wretched.

He hoards eternal cares within his purse;
And what he wishes most, proves most his curse.

EPILOGUE.

Written by COLLY CIBBER, Esq.

Spoken by Miss RAFTOR.

OUR author's sure betwitch'd! The senseless rogue
Insists no good play wants an epilogue.
Suppose that true, said I, what's that to this? }
Is yours a good one? — No, but Meliere's is,
He cry'd, and zounds! no epilogue was tack'd to his.
Besides, your modern epilogues, said he,
Are but ragouts of smut and ribaldry.
Where the false jests are dwindled to so few,
There's scarce one double entendre left that's new.
Nor wou'd I in that lovely circle raise
One blush, to gain a thousand coxcombs praise.
Then for the thread-bare joke of cit and wit, }
Whose fore-known rhyme is echo'd from the pit,
'Till of their laugh the galleries are bit.
Then to reproach the criticks with ill-nature,
And charge their malice to his stinging satire:
And thence appealing to the nicer boxes,
Tho' talking stuff might dash the Drury doxes.
If these, he cry'd, the choice ingredients be
For epilogues, they shall have none for me.
Lord, Sir, says I; the gallery will so bawl:
Let 'em, he cry'd, a bad one's worse than none at all.
Madam, these things than you I'm more expert in, }
Nor do I see no epilogue much hurt in,
Zounds! when the play is ended—Drop the curtain. }

THE
Intriguing Chambermaid.

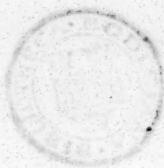
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C O M E D Y
OF TWO ACTS.

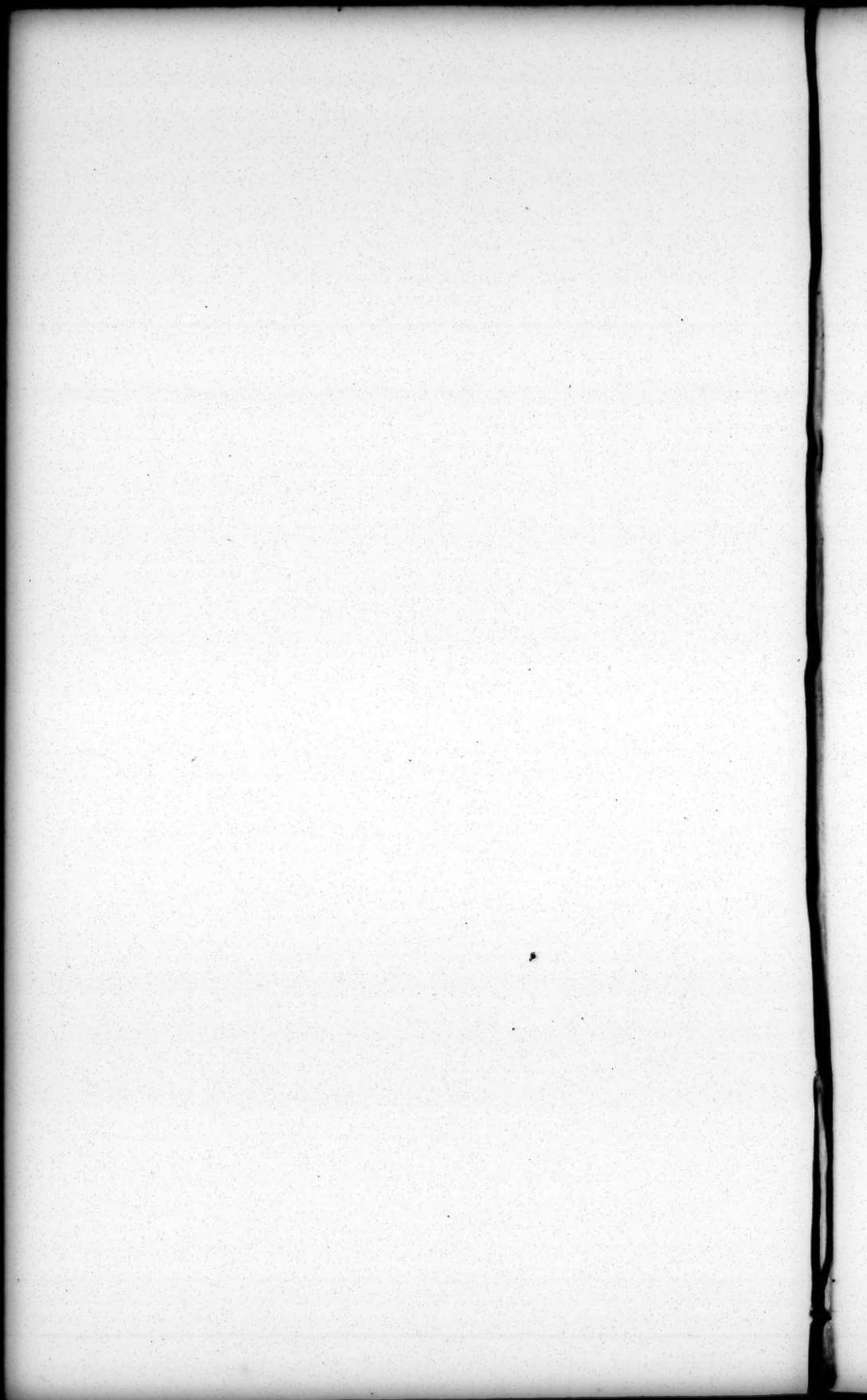
As it was Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in Drury-Lane, 1733.

*Majores nusquam ronchi; juvenesque senesque
Et pueri nasum Rhinocerotis habent.*

MARTIAL.





A N E P I S T L E

TO MRS. CLIVE.

MADAM,

IF addressee of this nature (notwithstanding the base purposes to which they have been perverted) were originally intended to express the gratitude of the author for some favour receiv'd, or to celebrate the merit of some particular friend; I think you have a very just title to this.

Dedications, and indeed most panegyricks, have been generally confined to persons in high-life; not that good qualities are so; but as the praise which most authors bestow comes not from the heart, nor is the effect of their gratitude for past favours, but of their necessity of future, it is not so much their business to inquire who best deserves praise, as who can best pay for it. And thus we often see an epistle crammed with such gross, false, and absurd flattery, as the poet ought to be ashamed of writing, and the patron of accepting.

But while I hold the pen, it will be a maxim with me, that vice can never be too great to be lash'd, nor virtue too obscure to be commended; in other words, that satire can never rise too high, nor panegyrick stoop too low.

It is your misfortune to bring the greatest genius for acting on the stage, at a time when the factions and divisions among the players have conspired with the

folly, injustice, and barbarity of the town, to finish the ruin of the stage, and sacrifice our own native entertainments to a wanton affected fondness for foreign musick; and when our nobility seem eagerly to rival each other, in distinguishing themselves in favour of Italian theatres, and in the neglect of our own.

However, the few who have yet so much English taste and good-nature left, as some times to visit that stage where you exert your great abilities, never fail to receive you with the approbation you deserve; nay, you extort by the force of your merit, the applause of those who are languishing for the return of Cuzzoni.

And here I cannot help reflecting with some pleasure, that the town, that part of it, at least, which is not quite Italianized, have one obligation to me, who made the first discovery of your great capacity, and brought you earlier forward on the theatre, than the ignorance of some and the envy of others would have otherwise permitted. I shall not here dwell on any thing so well known as your theatrical merit, which one of the finest judges and the greatest man of his age hath acknowledged to exceed in humour that of any of your predecessors in his time.

But as great a favourite as you at present are with the audience, you would be much more so, were they acquainted with your private character; cou'd they see you laying out great part of the profits which arise to you from entertaining them so well, in the support of an aged father; did they see you who can charm them on the stage with personating the foolish and vicious characters of your sex, acting in real life the part of the
best

best wife, the best daughter, the best sister, and the best friend.

The part you have maintain'd in the present dispute between the players and the patentees, is so full of honour, that had it been in higher life, it would have given you the reputation of the greatest heroine of the age. You looked on the cases of Mr. Highmore and Mrs. Wilks with compassion, nor could any promises or views of interest sway you to desert them; nor have you scrupled any fatigue (particularly the part which at so short a warning you undertook in this farce) to support the cause of those whom you imagin'd injur'd and distress'd; and for this you have been so far from endeavouring to exact an exorbitant reward from persons little able to afford it, that I have known you offer to act for nothing, rather than the patentees should be injur'd by the dismissal of the audience.

In short, if honour, good-nature, gratitude, and good sense, join'd with the most entertaining humour, wherever they are found, are titles to publick esteem, I think you may be sure of it; at least, I am sure they will always recommend you to the sincere friendship of,

MADAM,

Your most obliged humble servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

T O
MR. FIELDING,

Occasioned by the revival of the AUTHOR'S
FARCE.

Sent to the Author by an unknown hand.

WHILE wit, like persecution reigns, and all
Must in the furious inquisition fall,
Untry'd, unheard : while guiltless crowds expire,
Martyrs to spleen ! in each poetick fire ;
Nor characters, nor worth, nor sex, nor age,
Nor sacred majesty escapes her rage ;
Against example who shall dare commend ?
Avow good-nature or confess the friend !

Hard is the task, in such a foil, to raise
From her decay the long-lost art of praise ;
Where the sharp thistle springs t'implant the corn,
Or graft the rose upon the spiny thorn.

Willing, yet weak, and fearful of the fight,
In vain I mourn th' abuse I cannot right !
Yet this remains — with chearful warmth to pay
To real worth this tributary lay.

Accept, then, Fielding ! from a heart sincere,
A gift commended by its being rare,
Unfeign'd applause ! by no mean motive sway'd,
Nor yet to thee, but to thy merit paid.

Long have I seen, with sorrow and surprise,
Unhelp'd, unheeded, thy strong genius rise,
To form our manners and amend our laws,
And aid, with artful hand, the publick cause.

When modern crimes, to elder times unknown,
With worse than Sodom's guilt pollute this town,
Ty'd

Ty'd to old rules, tho' Westminster must aid,
The shame and scandal of the nuptial bed,
Thy equitable muse asserts her claim,
To mark the monster with eternal shame,
The brute appears, in thy most just decree,
Triumphant only in his infamy.

But see ! the politician mounts the stage,
The bane and weakness of our clime and age !
Who can unmov'd behold th' instructive scene ?
Indulge his laughter ? or contain his spleen ?
When he reflects that such grave heads, so late
Control'd our senate, and inflam'd our state !

O ! had the Muse a due attention found,
Her flights encourag'd, and her labours crown'd ;
Each busy knave had felt her vengeful hand,
And laughter branded whom the laws should brand !

In vain we wish !——and the compliant bard,
The publick taste must sway, that must reward ;
To that conforming, he must fill the scene,
With puppets, players, Henley, harlequin ;
Farce, masque, and opera, Grubstreet, and the court,
Link'd of nonsense must club to make us sport.

Yet here, even here what sense ! with how much art,
He courts the head, since we deny the heart ;
Mark, in his mirth how innocent he plays !
And while he mimes the mimick, hurts not Bayes—
Tho' much provok'd, no base ill-nature stains,
With murd'rous dye, his unpolluted strains.

Proceed, even thus proceed, blest youth ! to charm,
Divert our heats, and civil rage disarm,
Till Fortune, once not blind to merit, smile
On thy desert, and recompense thy toil :
Or Walpole, studious still of Britain's fame,
Protect thy labours, and prescribe the theme,
On which, in ease and affluence, thou may'st raise
More noble trophies to thy country's praise.

P R O L O G U E.

Upon the revival of the AUTHOR'S FARCE.

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

AS when some ancient hospitable seat,
Where plenty oft has giv'n the jovial treat,
Where in full bowls each welcome guest has drown'd
All sorrowing thoughts, while mirth and joy went round,
Is by some wanton worthless heir destroy'd,
Its once full rooms grown a deserted void;
With sighs, each neighbour views the mournful place;
With sighs, each recollects what once it was.

So does our wretched theatre appear;
For mirth and joy once kept their revels here.
Here, the Beau-monde in crouds repair'd each day,
And went well pleas'd and entertain'd away.
While Oldfield here bath charm'd the list'ning age,
And Wilks adorn'd, and Booth bath fill'd the stage;
Soft eunuchs warbled in successless strain,
And tumblers shew'd their little tricks in vain.
Those boxes still the brighter circles were,
Triumphant toasts receiv'd their homage there.

But now, alas! how alter'd is our case!
I view with tears this poor deserted place;
None to our boxes now in pity stray,
But poets free o' th' house, and beaux who never pay.
No longer now, we see our crouded door
Send the late comer back again at four.
At seven now into our empty pit
Drops from his counter some old prudent cit,
Contented with twelve penniworth of wit,
—— Our author of a generous soul possess'd,
Hath kindly aim'd to succour the distress'd;

To.

*To-night what he shall offer in our cause
 Already hath been blest with your applause.
 Yet this, his muse maturer hath revis'd,
 And added more to that, which once so much you priz'd.
 We sue, not mean to make a partial friend,
 But without prejudice at least attend.
 If we are dull, e'en censure; but we trust,
 Satire can ne'er displease you when 'tis just.
 Nor can we fear a brave, a generous, town
 Will join to crush us, when we're almost down.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N

GOODAL,
VALENTINE,
Lord PRIDE,
Lord PUFF,
Colonel BLUFF,
OLDCASTLE,
RAKEIT,
MARQUIS,
SLAP,
TRICK,
SECURITY,

Mr. JONES,
Mr. STOPPELAER.
Mr. HEWSON.
Mr. CHARLES JONES.
Mr. MECKLIN.
Mr. NORRIS.
Mr. MULLART.
Madamoiselle GROGNET,
Mr. TOPHAM.
Mr. HALLAM.
Mr. GILES.

W O M E N.

Mrs. HIGHMAN,
CHARLOTTE,
LETTICE,

Mrs. MULLART.
Mrs. ATHERTON.
Mrs. CLIVE.

Ladies, Constables, Servants, &c.

S C E N E, *London.*

T H E

Intriguing Chambermaid:

A C T I. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *Covent-Garden.*

Mrs. HIGHMAN, LETTICE.

Mrs. HIGHMAN.

OH! *Mrs.* Lettice, is it you? I am extremely glad to see you; you are the very person I would meet.

Let. I am much at your service, Madam.

Mrs. High. Oh! Madam, I know very well that; and at every one's service, I dare swear, that will pay for it. But all the service, Madam, that I have for you is to carry a message to your master—I desire, Madam, that you will tell him from me, that he is a very great villain, and that I intreat him never more to come near my doors; for if I find him within 'em, I will turn my niece out of them.

Let. Truly, Madam, you must send this by another messenger; but pray, what has my master done to deserve it should be sent at all?

Mrs. High. He has done nothing yet, I believe; I thank Heaven, and my own prudence: but I know what he wou'd do.

Let. He wou'd do nothing but what becomes a gentleman, I am confident.

Mrs. High. Oh! I dare swear, Madam, debauching a young lady is acting like a very fine gentleman; but

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but I shall keep my niece out of the hands of such fine gentlemen.

Let. You wrong my master, Madam, cruelly; I know his designs on your niece are honourable.

Mrs. High. You know!

Let. Yes, Madam, no one knows my master's heart better than I do. I am sure, were his designs otherwise, I would not be accessary to 'em: I love your niece too much, Madam, to carry on an amour in which she should be a loser. But as I know that my master is heartily in love with her, and that she is heartily in love with my master; and as I am certain they will be a very happy couple, I will not leave one stone unturn'd to bring them together.

Mrs. High. Rare impudence! Huffy, I have another match for her; she shall marry Mr. Oldcastle.

Let. Oh! then, I find it is you that have a dishonourable design on your niece.

Mrs. High. How, fauciness!

Let. Yes, Madam, marrying a young lady, who is in love with a young fellow, to an old one whom she hates, is the surest way to bring about I know what, that can possibly be taken.

A I R I. Soldier Laddy.

When a virgin in love with a brisk jolly lad,
 You match to a spark more fit for her dad,
 'Tis as pure, and as sure, and secure as a gun,
 The young lover's business is happily done:
 Tho' it seems to her arms he takes the wrong rout,
 Yet my life for a farthing,
 Pursuing
 His wooing,
 The young fellow finds, tho' he go round about,
 Its only to come
 The nearest way home.

Mrs. High. I can bear this no longer, I wou'd advise you, Madam, and your master both, to keep from my house, or I shall take measures you won't like. [Exit.]

Let. I defy you; we have the strongest party, and

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I warrant we'll get the better of you. But here comes the young lady herself.

S C E N E II.

LETTICE, CHARLOTTE.

Charl. So, Mrs. Lettice!

Let. 'Tis pity you had not come a little sooner, Madam; your good aunt is but just gone, and has left positive orders that you should make more frequent visits at our house.

Charl. Indeed!

Let. Yes, Madam; for she has forbid my master ever visiting at yours, and I know it will be impossible for you to live without seeing him.

Charl. I assure you! do you think me so fond then?

Let. Do I! I know you are; you love nothing else, think of nothing else all day; and, if you will confess the truth, I dare lay a wager that you dream of nothing else all night.

Charl. Then to shew you, Madam, how well you know me—the Devil take me—if you are not in the right.

Let. Ah! Madam, to a woman practis'd in love, like me, there is no occasion for confession: for my part, I don't want words to assure me of what the eyes tell me. Oh! if the lovers wou'd but consult the eyes of their mistresses, we shou'd not have such sighing, languishing, and despairing, as we have.

A I R II. Bush of Boon.

What need he trust your words precise,

Your soft desires denying,

When, Oh! he reads within your eyes

Your tender heart complying?

Your tongue may cheat,

And with deceit

Your softer wishes cover;

But, Oh! your eyes

Know no disguise,

Nor ever cheat your lover.

S C E N E III.

LETTICE, CHARLOTTE, VALENTINE.

Val. My dearest Charlotte! this is meeting my wishes, indeed! for I was coming to wait on you.

Let. It's very lucky that you do meet her here; for her house is forbidden ground: you have seen your list of that, Mrs. Highman swears.

Val. Ha! not go where my dear Charlotte is? What danger could deter me? What difficulty prevent me? Not cannon, nor plagues, nor all the most frightful forms of death, should keep me from her arms.

Charl. Nay, by what I can find, you are not to put your valour to any proof; the danger is to be mine: I am to be turn'd out of doors, if ever you are seen in them again.

Val. The apprehensions of your danger, wou'd, indeed, put it to the severest proof. But why will my dearest Charlotte continue in the house of one who threatens to turn her out of it? Why will she not know another home, one, where she would find a protector from every kind of danger?

Charl. How can you pretend to love me, Valentine, and ask me that in our present desperate circumstances?

Let. Nay, nay, don't accuse him wrongfully. I won't indeed insist that he gives you any great instance of his prudence by it; but I'll swear it is a very strong one of his love; and such an instance, as when a man has once shewn, no woman of any honesty, or honour, or gratitude, can refuse him any longer. For my part, if I had ever found a lover who had not wicked mercenary views upon my fortune, I should have married him, whatever he had been.

Charl. Thy fortune?

Let. My fortune! Yes, Madam, my fortune. I was worth fifty-six pounds before I put into the lottery; what it will be now, I can't tell; but you know somebody must get the great lot, and why not I?

Val. Oh, Charlotte! would you had the same sentiments with me! For, by Heavens! I apprehend no danger

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danger but that of losing you ; and, believe me, love will sufficiently reward us for all the hazards we run on his account.

A I R III. Fanny blooming fair, &c.

Let bold ambition lie
Within the warrior's mind ;
False honours let him buy,
With slaughter of mankind :
To crowns of doubtful right,
Lay thousands in their grave ;
While wretched armies fight
Which master shall enslave.

Love took my heart with storm,
Let him there rule alone,
In Charlotte's charming form,
Still sitting on his throne.
How will my soul rejoice,
At his commands to fly,
If spoken in that voice,
Or look'd from that dear eye !

To universal sway
Love's title is the best ;
Well, shall we him obey,
Who makes his subjects blest :
If Heaven for human good
Did empire first design,
Love must be understood
To rule by right divine.

Let. Hift ! hift ! get you both about your business.
Mr. Oldcastle is just turn'd the corner ; and if he
shou'd see you together, you are undone.

[Exeunt Valentine and Charlotte.]

Now will I banter this old coxcomb severely : for I
think it is a most impertinent thing in these old fumb-
lers to interpose in young people's sport.

S C E N E IV.

LETTICE, OLDCASTLE.

Old. Hem, hem! I profess it is a very severe easterly wind; and if it was not to see a mistress, I believe I should scarce have stirred abroad all day.

Let. Mr. Oldcastle, your very humble servant.

Old. Your humble servant, Madam: I ask your pardon; but I profess I have not the honour of knowing you.

Let. Men of your figure, Sir, are known by more than they are themselves able to remember. I am a poor handmaid of a young lady of your acquaintance, Miss Charlotte Highman.

Old. Oh! your very humble servant, Madam; I hope your lady is well.

Let. Hum! so, so. She sent me, Sir, of a small message to you.

Old. I am the happiest man in the world.

Let. To desire a particular favour of you.

Old. She honours me with her commands.

Let. She begs, if you have the least affection for her, that she may never see you here again.

Old. What! what!

Let. She is a very well-bred, civil, good-natur'd lady, and does not care to send a rude message; therefore only bids me tell you, she hates you, scorns you, detests you more than any creature upon the earth; that if you are resolv'd to marry, she wou'd recommend to you a certain excellent dry nurse, who might possibly be brought by your money to do any thing, but go to bed with you; and lastly, she bids me tell you, in this cold weather, never to go to bed without a good warm posset, and never to lie without, at least, a pair of flannel shirts.

Old. Hold your impertinent, saucy tongue?

Let. Nay, Sir, don't be angry with me, I only deliver my message; and that too in as civil and concise a manner as possible.

Old. Your mistress is a pert young hussy, and I shall tell her mother of her.

Let.

Let. That will never do; you had better trust to her own good-nature; 'tis I am your friend, and if we can get over three little obstacles, I don't despair of marrying you to her, yet.

Old. What are those obstacles?

Let. Why, Sir, there is in the first place, your great age; you are at least some sixty-six.

Old. It's a lye; I want several — months of it.

Let. If you did not, I think we may get over this: one half of your fortune makes a very sufficient amends for your age.

Old. We shan't fall out about that.

Let. Well, Sir, then there is, in the second place, your terrible, ungenteel air: this is a grand obstacle with her, who is dotingly fond of every thing that is fine and foppish; and yet I think we may get over this too, by the other half of your fortune. — And now there remains but one, which, if you can find any thing to set aside, I believe I may promise you, you shall have her; and that is, Sir, that horrible face of yours, which it is impossible for any one to see without being frighten'd.

Old. Ye impudent baggage! I'll tell your mistress; I'll have you turn'd off.

Let. That will be well repaying me indeed, for all the services I have done you.

Old. Services!

Let. Services! yes, Sir, services; and to let you see I think you fit for a husband, I'll have you myself! Who can be more proper for a husband, than a man of your age and taste? for I think you cou'd not have the conscience to live above a year, or a year and half at most: and I think a good plentiful jointure wou'd make amends for one's enduring you as long as that; provided we live in separate parts of the house, and one had a good handsome groom of the chambers to attend one.

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A I R IV. Hark, hark, the cock crows.

When a lover like you,
Does a woman pursue,
She must have little wit in her brain, Sir;
If for better and worse,
She takes not the purse,
Alas, with her sighing poor swain, Sir;
Tho' hugg'd to her wishes,
Amidst empty dishes,
Much hunger her stomach may prove, Sir;
But a pocket of gold,
As full as 'twill hold,
Will still find her food for her love, Sir.

Old. You are an impertinent, impudent baggage!
and I have a mind to —— I am out of breath with
passion; and I shall not recover it this half hour.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

LETTICE, RAKEIT.

Let. A very pretty lover for a young lady, indeed.

Rak. Your servant, Mrs. Lattice? what have you
and the great squire Oldcastle been entertaining one
another with?

Let. With his passion for your young mistress, or
rather her passion for him. I have been bantering
him 'till he is in such a rage, that I actually doubt
whether he will not beat her or no.

Rak. Will you never leave off your frolicks, since
we must pay for them. You have put him out of hu-
mour; now will he go and put my lady out of hu-
mour; and then we may be all beaten for aught I
know.

Let. Well, sirrah! and do you think I had not ra-
ther twenty such as you should be beaten to death,
than my master should be robb'd of his mistress?

Rak. Your humble servant, Madam; you need
not take any great pains to convince me of your fond-
ness for your master. I believe he has more mistresses
than

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than what are in our house; but hang it, I am too polite to be jealous; and if he has done me the favour with you, why, perhaps, I may return it one day with somebody else. I am not the first gentleman of the party-colour'd regiment, who has been even with his master.

Let. Not with such gentlemen as Mr Valentine. Indeed with your little pert, skipping beaux. I don't know what may happen. Such masters and their men are often, both in dress and behaviour, so very like one another, that a woman may be innocently false, and mistake the one for the other. Nay, I don't know whether such a change as you mention, may not be sometimes for the better.

A I R V. As down in a meadow, &c.

See John and his master as together they pass,
Or see them admiring themselves in the glass:
Each cocks fierce his hat, each struts and looks big,
Both have lace on their coat, and a bag to their wig,
Both swear, and both rattle, both game and both
drink,

When neither can write, or can read, or e'er think.
Say then where the difference lies if you can,
Faith! widows, you'd give it on the side of the man.

Rak. But, my dear Lattice, I do not approve this match in our families.

Let. Why so?

Rak. You know how desperate his circumstances are, and she has no fortune.

Let. She hath indeed no fortune of her own; but her aunt Highman is very rich.

Rak. She will be little the better for't.

Let. Then there's the chance of both her brothers death: besides an uncle in Yorkshire, who hath but five children only, one of which hath never had the small-pox: nay, there are not above sixteen or seventeen between her and an Irish barony.

Rak. Ay, this lady wou'd make a fine fortune, after two or three good plagues. In short, I find there is but
little

little hopes on our side, and if there be no more on yours——

Let. Oh, yes, there are hopes enough on ours. There is hopes of my young master's growing better, for I am sure there is no possibility of his growing worse. Hopes of my old master's staying abroad. Hopes of his being drown'd if he attempts coming home. Hopes of the stars falling.——

Rak. Dear Mrs. Lettice, do not jest with such serious things as hunger and thirst. Do you seriously think that all your master's entertainments are at an end?

Let. So far from it, that he is this day to give a grand entertainment to your mistress, and about a dozen more gentlemen and ladies.

Rak. My chops begin to water. I find your master is a very honest fellow, and it is possible may hold out two or three weeks longer.

Let. You are mistaken, Sir, there will be no danger of his giving any more entertainments; for there is a certain gentleman call'd an Upholsterer, who, the moment that the company is gone, is to make his entrance into the house, and carry every thing out on't.

Rak. A very good way, faith, of furnishing a house to receive a wife in; your master has set me a very good pattern against you and I marry, Mrs. Lettice.

Let. Sauce-box! Do you think I'll have you?

Rak. Unless I can provide better for myself.

Let. Well, that I am fond of thee I am certain, and what I am fond of I can't imagine; unless it be thy invincible impudence.

Rak. Why, faith, I think I have the impudence of a gentleman and there is nothing better to succeed with the ladies.

A I R VI.

When modesty sues for a favour,
What answers the politick lass?

Let. That she mightily likes his behaviour,
And thinks in her heart he's an ass;
And thinks in her heart he's an ass.

Rak.

Rak. But when bolder impudence rushes,
And manfully seizes her charms?

Let. Lard ! you're rude, Sir, she cries, then she
blushes,
And folds the brisk youth in her arms.
And folds, &c. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

VALENTINE, TRICK.

Val. You say I owe you 500 l. principal and interest?

Trick. Yes, Sir; you will please to cast it up yourself, and I believe our accounts will correspond.

Val. I'll take your word for it, Sir; and if you please to let me have 500 more, I shall owe you 1000.

Trick. Sir, the money was none of my own, I had it from another; and it must be paid, Sir; he hath called it in.

Val. He may call as long as he pleases; but till I call it in, it will signify not much, Sir. I have thought of an expedient, if the money you lent me was another's, and he be impatient for it; you may pay him off: lay me down the other 500, and take the whole debt upon yourself.

Trick. I am quite out of cash, Sir, or you know you might command me; and therefore I hope you will not put off the payment any longer.

Val. I am extremely busy to-day, and beg you would call another time.

Trick. I have called so often, that I am quite weary of calling; and if I am not paid within these three days, I shall send a lawyer for my money—and so your servant. [Exit.]

S C E N E VII.

VALENTINE, TRUSTY.

Val. So, honest Trusty, what success?

Trusty. I went to the jeweller's with the ring which your honour told me cost an hundred pound, but he refus'd

refus'd to give me any more than fifty for it, so I e'en took that.

Val. Very well !

Trusty. As for the old silver bowl which your father valu'd at fourscore pounds, Mr. Whiting said, there was so much reckon'd for the fashion; and that it was so old and ungenteel, that he offer'd me but twenty: but I knew your honour wanted money, and so I took it.

Val. Very well.

Trusty. The gold repeating watch I carried to the maker, and told him he had received fifty odd guineas for it two years ago; but he said it was much the worse for wearing; and that the nobility and gentry run so much into Pinchbeck, that he had not dispos'd of two gold watches this month. However he said he would give half; and I thought that better than nothing, so I let him have it.

Val. Very well.

Trusty. But this was nothing to that rogue in Monmouth-street, who offer'd me but 16 l. for the two suit of fine clothes, that I dare swear stood your honour in above 100 l. I flew into a great passion with him, and have brought them back again.

Val. You should have taken the money.

Trusty. One piece of surprising good fortune was the saving of your medals, which as I was just going to dispose of, a gentleman whisper'd in my ear, that a certain knight that wou'd be in town in a fortnight, wou'd give six times as much for them.

Val. A fortnight! what of a fortnight? A fortnight's an age. I wou'd not give a shilling for the reversion of an estate so long to come. Here, give me what money you have brought, and go and dispose of the rest immediately.

Trusty. But, Sir, I wish your honour would consider: for my part, I dread my old master's coming home; and yet if he does not, what you will do any longer, Heaven knows.

Val. Don't trouble thyself about that; but go execute my commands.

[Exit Trusty.]

A I R VII. Excuse me.

Let misers with sorrow to-day,
Lay up for to-morrow's array,
Like Tantalus thirsty, who craves,
Drink up to his chin in the waves.
But Fortune, like women, to-day may be kind,
And yield to your mind,
To-morrow she goes,
And on others bestows
The blessing
The lover who yields to the fair one's delays,
Oft loses the day,
Then fly to her arms,
For we are sure
Of her charms
When possessing.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Sir, a gentleman in mourning desires to see you.

Val. Shew him in. [*Exit* Servant.] Wou'd my dear Charlotte were here.

S C E N E IX.

VALENTINE, SLAP.

Val. Your most obedient servant, Sir; I have not the honour of knowing you, Sir.

Slap. I believe you do not, Sir; I ask pardon, but I have a small writ against you.

Val. A writ against me!

Slap. Don't be uneasy, Sir; it is only for a trifle, Sir; about 200 l.

Val. What must I do, Sir?

Slap. Oh, Sir! whatever you please; only pay the money, or give bail, which you please.

Val. I can do neither of them this instant; and I expect company every moment. I suppose, Sir, you'll take my word till to-morrow morning?

Slap.

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Slap. Oh, yes, Sir; with all my heart. If you will be so good as to step to my house hard by, you shall be extremely well us'd, and I'll take your word.

Val. Your house! 'sdeath you rascal!

Slap. Nay, Sir, 'tis in vain to bully.

Val. Nay, then?—who's there—my servants.
[Enter Servants.] Here, kick this fellow down stairs.

Slap. This is a rescue, remember that—a rescue, Sir; I'll have my lord chief justice's warrant.

[Slap is forc'd off by the servants.]

S C E N E X.

VALENTINE, CHARLOTTE.

Charl. Oh Valentine! what's the matter? I am frightened to death. Swords drawn! Oh my heart! you are not hurt?

Val. By none but you, my love; I have no wounds but those you can cure.

Charl. Heaven be prais'd! But what was the occasion of this bustle?

Val. Nothing, my dear, but a couple of fencing-masters—I happen'd to turn about, and one of them cut me on the back; that's all.

Charl. You see the dangers I run on your account; should my aunt know of my being here, I should be undone for ever. Nay, and what the rest of the company will think when they see me here before them, I dread to imagine.

Val. You know you have it in your power to silence the tongues of the world whenever you please: and, Oh Charlotte! I wish you would this day consent to make this house your reputable home.

Charl. Press me not Valentine: for whatever be the consequence, if you should, I feel, I cannot deny you.

A I R VIII. Spring's a coming.

Virgins wary
 Wou'd ne'er miscarry,
 If lovers wou'd take a denial or two :
 If he pursues her still,
 Can she refuse him still,
 What she herself hath a mind to do ?

Val. Turtles, tho' with each other they die,
 Shall be less constant and fond than I :
 For April's soft showers,
 Nor June's sweet flowers,
 In softness and sweetness with thee can vie.

Charl. Turtles, tho', &c.

Charl. Cou'd I be assur'd of your constancy ; cou'd I find you always fond and endearing as now ; believe me, it wou'd not be in the power of fortune to make me miserable.

Val. If thou canst place any confidence in vows, I know not how to bind myself faster to you than I have done already ; but you have a better, which is in your own merit. Believe me, Charlotte, men are more constant than you imagine. He that marries for money, is constant to the love of his wife's money. He that marries for beauty, is commonly constant while that beauty lasts ; and a love that's fix'd on merit, as mine, will be constant while that endures.

Charl. Well, we must all run a risk, believe me ; as to the point of fortune, it is the least of my thoughts. A woman, who can carry her prudence so far as that, cheats you when she pretends to love. Love reigns alone in every breast it inhabits, and, in my opinion, makes us amends for the absence of Madam Prudence, and all her train.

Val. Thou dearest girl, this night shall make me thine.

AIR IX. Polwor thon the green.

Come, Charlotte, let's be gay,
Let's enjoy ourselves to day;
To-morrow's in the hands of the powers,
To-day alone is ours.

Let fools for wealth,
Spend time and health;
While we, more happy, try,
In each soft kiss,
Transporting bliss,
Which treasures ne'er can buy.

Charl. Let age grave lessons preach,
'Gainst what she cannot reach;
Let prudes condemn, what they esteem,
All fools our joys impeach.

Both. Let fools, &c.

ACT II. SCENE I.

VALENTINE *and company, seated after dinner.*

VALENTINE.

CALL in the dancers. I hope, ladies, your good nature will make you as kind to this part of the entertainment as it hath to the other.

Marq. Je vous felicite de votre gout ravissant, Monsieur Valentine, mais allons ! dancons nous mesmes.

Val. My father arriv'd, say you ?

Let. Yes, Sir, and will be here instantly.

Val. Death and hell ! what shall I do, Lettice ? I must trust to the contrivance of thy brain, or I am undone.

Let. Well, I will do the best I can for you ; in the mean time be not chagrined, enjoy your friends, and take no notice of it. I will lie perdue for him, and meet him at the door. Be sure to keep close garri-son, and after I am gone out, open the doors to none.

Val. Send thee good luck, my best wench. Come gentle-

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gentlemen and ladies, what say you, are you for cards or hazard ?

[*Exeunt.*]

All. Hazard, hazard.

Marq. Hazard ! ma voix est tousjours pour hazard !

SCENE II.

GOODALL, LETTICE, and servant with a port-manteau.

Good. This cursed stage-coach from Portsmouth, hath fatigu'd me more than my voyage from the Cape of Good-Hope : but, Heav'n be prais'd, I am once more arriv'd within sight of my own doors. I cannot help thinking how pleas'd my son will be to see me returned a full year sooner than my intention.

Let. He would be much more pleas'd to hear you were at the Cape of Good-Hope yet. [*Aside.*]

Good. I hope I shall find my poor boy at home, I dare swear he will die with joy to see me.

Let. I believe he is half dead already ; but now for you my good master. [*Aside.*]

Bless me ! what do I see ? an apparition ?

Good. Lettice !

Let. Is it my dear master Goodall returned, or is it the devil in his shape ? Is it you, Sir, is it positively you yourself ?

Good. Even so. How do you do, Lettice !

Let. Much at your honour's service. I am heartily glad to see your honour in such good health. Why, the air of the Indies hath agreed vastly with you. Indeed, Sir, you ought to have stay'd a little longer there for the sake of your health — and our quiet. [*Aside.*]

Good. Well, but how does my son do ? And how hath he behaved himself in my absence ? I hope he hath taken great care of my affairs.

Let. I'll answer for him, he hath put your affairs into a condition that will surprise you, take my word for it.

Good. I warrant you, he is every day in the alley. Stocks have gone just as I imagined ! and if he fol-

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lowed my advice, he must have amassed a vast sum of money.

Let. Not a farthing, Sir.

Good. How, how, how?

Let. Sir, he hath paid it out as fast as it came in.

Good. How!

Let. Put it out I mean, Sir, to interest, to interest, Sir; why, our house hath been a perfect fair ever since you went, people coming for money every hour of the day

Good. That's very well done, and I long to see my dear boy. [*To Lettice.*] Knock at the door.

Let. He is not at home, Sir—and if you have such a desire to see him——

S C E N E III.

SECURITY, GOODALL, LETTICE.

Sec. Your servant, Mrs. Lettice.

Let. Your servant, Mr. Security — Here's a rogue of a usurer, who hath found a very proper time to ask for his money in.

Sec. Do you know, Mrs. Lettice, that I am weary of following your master day after day in this manner, without finding him; and that, if he does not pay me to-day, I shall sue out an execution directly. A thousand pounds are a sum——

Good. What, what, what's this I hear?

Let. I'll explain it to you by and by, Sir.

Good. Does my son owe you a thousand pounds?

Sec. Your son, Sir!

Good. Yes, Sir, this woman's young master, who lives at that house, Mr. Valentine Goodall, is my son.

Sec. Yes, Sir, he does; and I am very glad you are returned to pay it me.

Good. There go two words tho' to that bargain.

Let. I believe, Sir, you will do it with a great deal of joy, when you know that his owing this money is purely an effect of his good conduct.

Good. Good conduct! Owing money good conduct!

Let. Yes, Sir, he hath bought a house of the price
of

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of two thousand pounds, which every one says is worth more than four; and this he could not have done without borrowing this thousand pounds. I am sure, Sir, I and he, and Fruity, ran all over the town to get the money, that he might not lose so good a bargain — I believe there will not go many words to the payment on't now. [*Aside.*]

Good. I am overjoy'd at my son's behaviour — Sir, you need give yourself no pain about the money; return to-morrow morning, and you shall receive it.

Sec. Your word is sufficient for a much greater sum; and I am your very humble servant. [*Exit.*]

Good. Well, but tell me a little, in what part of the town hath my son bought this house?

Let. In what part of the town?

Good. Yes, there are, you know, some quarters better than others — as for example, this here——

Let. Well, and it is in this that it stands.

Good. What, not the great house yonder, is it?

Let. No, no, no; do you see that house yonder — where the windows seem to have been just cleaned.

Good. Yes.

Let. It is not that — and a little beyond, you see another very large house higher than any other in the square.

Good. I do.

Let. But it is not that — Take particular notice of the house opposite to it, a very handsome house, is it not?

Good. Yes, indeed, is it.

Let. That is not the house — but you may see one with great gates before it, almost opposite to another that fronts a street, at the end of which stands the house which your son hath bought.

Good. There is no good house in that street, as I remember, but Mrs. Highman's.

Let. That's the very house.

Good. That is a very good bargain, indeed; but how comes a woman in her circumstances to sell her house?

Let. It is impossible, Sir, to account for people's actions; besides she is out of her senses.

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Good. Out of her senses !

Let. Yes, Sir, her family hath taken out a commission of lunacy against her ; and her son, who is a most abandoned prodigal, hath sold all she had for half its value.

Good. Son ! why, she was not marry'd when I went away.

Let. No, Sir ; but to the great surprize of every one, and to the great scandal of ail our sex, there appeared all of a sudden a very lusty young fellow, of the age of three and twenty, whom she owned to have been her son, and that his father was a grenadier in the first regiment of guards.

Good. Oh, monstrous !

Let. Ah, Sir ! if every child in this city knew his own father ; if children were to inherit only the estates of those who begot them, it would cause a great confusion in inheritances.

A I R X. Pierot's dance.

Were all women's secrets known,
Did each father know his own,
Many a son now bred to trade,
Then had shin'd in rich brocade ;

Many cits

Had been wits,

In estate, tho' not in sense ;

Many beaux

Birth-day clothes

Has not worn at cits expence.

For did our women, wife, indeed,
Contrive no way to mend the breed,
Our sparks such pretty masters grow,
So spruce, so taper, and so low ;

From Britons tall,

Our heroes shall

Be Lilliputians all.

Good. Well, but I stand here talking too long : knock at the door.

Let. What shall I do ?

[*Aside.*

Good. You seem in a consternation ! No accident hath happened to my son, I hope !

Let.

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Let. No, Sir, but——

Good. But ! but what ? Hath any one robbed me in my absence ?

Let. No, Sir ; not absolutely robbed you, Sir. —What shall I say ?

Good. Explain yourself ? speak.

Let. Oh, Sir ! I can withhold my tears no longer. — Enter not, I beseech you, Sir, your house, Sir ; your dear house, that you and I, and my poor young master, lov'd so much, within these six months. —

Good. What of my house, within these six months ?

Let. Hath been haunted, Sir, with the most terrible apparitions that were ever heard or beheld ! You'd think the devil himself had taken possession of it ! Nay, I believe he hath too : all the wild noises in the universe ; the squeaking of pigs, the grinding of knives, the whetting of saws, the whistling of winds, the roaring of seas, the hooting of owls, the howling of wolves, the braying of asses, the squalling of children, and the scolding of wives, all put together, make not so hideous a concert. This I myself have heard ; nay, and I have seen such sights ! One with about twenty heads, and a hundred eyes, and mouths, and noses in each.

Good. Heyday ; the wench is mad. Stand from before the door : I'll see whether the devil can keep me out from my own house. Haunted, indeed ! —

Let. Sir I have a friendship for you ; and you shall not go in.

Good. How ! not go into my own house ?

Let. No, Sir, not till the devil is driven out on't : there are two priests at work upon him now. Hark, I think the devils are dancing. Nay, Sir, you may listen yourself, and get in too, if you can.

[*Laughing within.*

Good. Ha ! by all that's gracious, I hear a noise.

Let. I have nothing but his monstrous superstition to rely on.

[*Shriek within.*

Good. Oh, Heav'ns ! what monstrous squalling is that :

Let. Why, Sir, I am surpriz'd you shou'd think I wou'd impose upon you. I assure you, your house is haunted

haunted by a whole legion of devils. Your whole family hath been driven out of it; and this was one reason why your son bought Madam Highman's house; not being able to live any longer in this.

Good. I am in a cold sweat! What, my son left this house!

Let. Oh, Sir! I am sure, had you known the terrors we underwent for a whole fortnight, especially poor I, Sir, who lay every night frightened, with the sight of the most monstrous large things, fearing every minute what they would do to me —

Good. Can all this be true, or are you imposing on me? I have, indeed, heard of such things as apparitions, on just causes, and believe in them; but why they should haunt my house, I can't imagine.

Let. Why, Sir, they tell me, before you bought the house, there was a murder committed in it.

Good. I must enquire into all these things: but, in the mean time. I must send this portmanteau to my son's new house.

Let. No, Sir, that's a little improper at present.

Good. What, is that house haunted? Hath the devil taken possession of that house too?

Let. No, Sir, but Madam Highman hath not yet quitted possession of it. I told you before, Sir, that she was out of her senses; and if any one does but mention the sale of her house to her, it throws her into the most violent convulsions.

Good. Well, well, I shall know how to humour her madness.

Let. I wish, Sir, for a day or two —

Good. You throw me out of all manner of patience, I am resolv'd will go thither this instant.

Let. Here she is herself: but pray remember the condition she is in, and don't do any thing to chagrin her.

SCENE IV.

LETTICE, GOODALL, *Mrs. HIGHMAN.*

Mrs. High. What do I see! Mr. Goodall return'd?

Let. Yes, Madam, it is him; but alas! he's not himself—he's distracted; his losses in this voyage have turn'd his brain, and he's become a downright lunatick.

Mrs. High. I am heartily concern'd for his misfortune. Poor gentleman!

Let. If he should speak to you by chance, have no regard to what he says; we are going to shut him up in a mad-house with all expedition.

Mrs. High. [*Aside.*] He hath a strange wand'ring in his countenance.

Good. [*Aside.*] How miserably she is alter'd! She hath a terrible look with her eyes!

Mrs. High. Mr. Goodall, your very humble servant. I am glad to see you return'd, tho' I am sorry for your misfortune.

Good. I must have patience, and trust in Heaven, and in the power of the priests, who are now endeavouring to lay those wicked spirits, with which my house is haunted.

Mrs. High. His house haunted; poor man! But I must not contradict him; that would make him worse.

Good. In the mean time, Mrs. Highman, I shou'd be oblig'd to you, if you wou'd let me order my port-manteau to your house.

Mrs. High. My house is at your service; and I desire you wou'd use it in the same manner as your own.

Good. I wou'd not, Madam, on any account, insult your unfortunate condition—Lettice, this lady does not carry any marks of madness about her.

Let. She has some lucid intervals, Sir; but her fit will soon return.

Good. I am extremely sorry for your misfortune, Mrs. Highman; which, indeed had I not been so
well

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well assur'd of, I cou'd not have believ'd. But I have known some in your way, who, during the intervals of their fits, have talk'd very reasonably : therefore, give me leave to ask you the cause of your phrenzy. For I much question, whether this commission of lunacy that has been taken out against you, be not without sufficient proof.

Mrs. High. A commission of lunacy against me ! Me !

Good. Lettice, I see she is worse than I imagin'd.

Mrs. High. However, if you are not more mischievous than you at present seem, I think it is wrong in them to confine you in a mad-house.

Good. Confine me ! Ha, ha, ha ! This is turning the tables upon me, indeed ! But, Mrs. Highman, I wou'd not have you be uneasy that your house is sold ; at least, it is better for you that my son hath bought it than another ; for you shall have an apartment in it still, in the same manner as if it was still your own, and you were in your senses.

Mrs. High. What's all this ? As if I was still in my senses ! Let me tell you, Mr. Goodall, you are a poor distracted wretch, and ought to have an apartment in a dark room, and clean straw.

Good. Since you come to that, Madam, I shall shew you the nearest way out of doors ; and I give you warning to take away your things : for I shall fill all the rooms with goods within these few days.

S C E N E V.

LETTICE, GOODALL, *Mrs.* HIGHMAN, SLAP, CONSTABLE, and *Assistants.*

Slap. That's the door, Mr. Constable.

Let. What's to be done now, I wonder ?

Const. Open the door, in the king's name, or I shall break it open.

Good. Who are you, Sir, in the devil's name ? And what do you want in that house ?

Slap. Sir, I have a prisoner there ; and I have my lord-chief-justice's warrant against him.

Good.

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Good. For what sum, Sir? are you a justice of peace?

Slap. I am one of his majesty's officers, Sir; and this day I arrested one Mr. Valentine Goodall, who lives in this house, for two hundred pounds: his servants have rescu'd him; and I have a judge's warrant for the rescue.

Good. What do I hear! But harkee, friend, that house you are going to break open is haunted; and there is no one in it but a couple of priests, who are laying the devil.

Slap. I warrant you, I lay the devil better than all the priests in Europe. Come, Mr. Constable, do your office; I have no time to lose. Sir, I have several other writs to execute before night.

Let. I have defended my pass as long as I can; and now I think it is no cowardice to steal off. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VI.

Colonel BLUFF, Monsieur la MARQUESS, SLAP, GOODALL, CONSTABLE.

Col. What, in the devil's name, is the meaning of this riot? What is the reason, scoundrels, that you dare disturb gentlemen, who are getting as drunk as lords?

Slap. Sir, we have authority for what we do.

Col. Damn your authority, Sir! If you don't go about your business, I shall shew you my authority, and send you all to the devil.

Slap. It is he! I have a warrant against him too, I wish it was in my pocket.

Const. Mr. Slap, shall we knock him down?

Slap. Sir, I desire you wou'd give us leave to enter the house, and seize our prisoner.

Col. Not I, upon my honour, Sir.

Monf. Que veut due cette bruit quelle vilain Anglois! quelle poufcon ventre bleu! Allons! Monsieur le Colonel! allons! frappons!

Slap. If you oppose us any longer, I shall proceed to force.

Col.

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Col. If you love force, I'll shew you the way, you dogs. [*Colonel drives them off.*]

Good. I find I am distracted ! I am stark raving mad ! I am undone, ruin'd, cheated. impos'd on ! But, please Heaven, I'll go see what's in my house.

Col. Hold, Sir, you must not enter here.

Good. Not enter into my own house, Sir ?

Col. No, Sir ; if it be yours, you must not come within it.

Monf. Il ne faut pas entrer icy.

Good. Gentlemen, I only beg to speak with the master of the house.

Col. Sir, the master of the house desires to speak with no such fellows as you are : you are not fit company for any of the gentlemen in this house.

Good. Sir, the master of this house is my son.

Col. Sir, your most obedient humble servant : I am overjoy'd to see you return'd. Give me leave, Sir, to introduce you to this gentleman. Monsieur le Marquis, Quelque Chose, le pere de Monsieur Valentine.

Monf. Ah, Monsieur, que je suis ravi de vous voir.

Good. Gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant.

Col. Give me leave to tell you. Sir, you have the honour of being father to one of the finest gentlemen of the age : a man so accomplish'd, so well-bred, and so generous, that I believe he never wou'd part with a guest while he had a shilling in his pocket ; nor, indeed, while he cou'd borrow one.

Good. I believe it, indeed, Sir ; therefore you can't wonder if I am impatient to see him.

Col. Be not in such haste, dear Sir ; I want to talk with you about your affairs. I hope you have had good success in the Indies ; have cheated the company handsomely ; and made an immense fortune.

Good. I have no reason to complain.

Col. I am glad on't, Sir, and so will your son, I dare swear : and let me tell you, it will be very opportune ; he began to want it. You can't imagine, Sir, what a fine life he has led since you went away. It would do your heart good, if you was but to know

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what an equipage he has kept, what balls and entertainments he has made : he is the talk of the whole town, Sir ; a man wou'd work with pleasure for such a son. He is a fellow with a foul, damn me ! Your fortune won't be thrown away upon him ; for get as much as you please, my life he spends every farthing.

Good. Pray, gentlemen, let me see this miracle of a son of mine.

Col. That you shou'd, Sir, long ago ; but really, Sir, the house is a little out of order at present ; there is but one room furnished in it ; and that is so full of company, that I am afraid there wou'd be a small deficiency of chairs. You can't imagine, Sir, how opportune you are come ; there was not any one thing left in the house to raise any money upon.

Good. What, all my pictures gone ?

Col. He sold them first, Sir : he was oblig'd to sell them for the delicacy of taste : he certainly is the modestest young fellow in the world, and has complain'd to me a hundred times of the indecent liberty painters take in exposing the breasts and limbs of women ; you had indeed, Sir, a very scandalous collection, and he was never easy while they were in the house.

S C E N E VII.

VALENTINE, COLONEL, GOODALL, MONSIEUR.

Val. My father return'd ! Oh, let me throw myself at his feet ; and believe me, Sir, I am at once overjoy'd, and asham'd to see your face.

Col. I told you, Sir, he was one of the modestest young fellows in England.

Good. You may very well be asham'd ; but come, let me see the inside of my house ; let me see that both sides of my walls are standing.

Val. Sir, I have a great deal of company within, of the first fashion, and beg you wou'd not expose me before them.

Good. Oh, Sir, I am their very humble servant ;

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I am

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I am infinitely oblig'd to all the persons of fashion, that they will so generously condescend to eat a poor citizen out of his house and home.

Col. Harkye, Val, shall we toss this old fellow in a blanket?

Val. Sir, I trust in your good-nature and forgiveness; and will wait on you in.

Good. Oh, that ever I shou'd live to see this day!

Monf. Pardie voila homme extraordinaire.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII. *A dining-room.*

Lord PRIDE, Lord PUFF, &c.

L. Pride. I told you, my lord, it would never hold long; when once the chariot disappear'd I thought the master wou'd soon follow.

L. Puff. I help'd him on with a small lift, the other day, at piquet.

L. Pride. Did you do any thing considerable?

L. Puff. A mere trifle, my lord: it wou'd not have been worth mentioning, if it had been of any other; but I fancy, in his present circumstances, it cut pretty deep.

L. Pride. Damn me! there's a pleasure in ruining these little mechanical rascals, when they presume to rival the extravagant expences of us men of quality.

L. Puff. That ever such plebeian scoundrels, who are oblig'd to pay their debts, shou'd presume to engage with us men of quality, who are not!

S C E N E IX.

GOODALL, VALENTINE, CHARLOTTE,
COLONEL, MONSIEUR, *Lord PRIDE, Lord PUFF, &c.*

Val. Gentlemen and ladies, my father being just arriv'd from the Indies, desires to make one of this good company.

Good. My good lords (that I may affront none, by calling

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calling him beneath his title) I am highly sensible of the great honour you do myself and my son, by filling my poor house with your noble persons, and your noble persons with my poor wine and provisions. I dare swear you have been all highly instrumental in the extravagancies of my son; for which I am very much oblig'd to you, and humbly hope that I shall never see him, or any of your faces again.

L. Pride. Brother Puff, what does the fellow mean?

L. Puff. Curse me, if I know.

Good. I am very glad that my son hath ruin'd himself in so good a company; that when I disinherite him, he can't fail of being provided for. I promise myself, that your interest will help him to places and preferments in abundance.

L. Pride. Sir, any thing in my power, he may always command.

L. Puff. Or mine.

L. Pride. But let me whisper a word in your ear. — Your son is a very extravagant fellow.

Good. That's very true, Sir; but I hope you will consider you assisted him in it; and therefore will help his necessities with a brace of thousands.

L. Pride. I don't understand you, Sir.

Good. Why then, Sir, that you may understand me, I must tell you in plain words, that he owes his ruin to entertaining such fine gentlemen as yourself.

L. Pride. Me, Sir! Rat me! I would have you know, I think I do you too much honour in entering into your doors: but I am glad you have taught me at what distance to keep such mechanicks for the future. Come, Puff, let's to the opera: I see, if a man hath not good blood in his veins, riches won't teach him to behave like a gentleman.

L. Puff. Cannille! [*Exeunt L. Pride and L. Puff.*]

Good. S'bodikins! I am in a rage; that ever a fellow shou'd upbraid me with good blood in his veins, when, Odsheart! the best blood in his veins hath run through my bottles.

1 Lady. My Lord Pride and my Lord Puff gone! Come, my dear, the assembly is broke up; let us make haste away, or we shall be too late for any other.

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2 *Lady*. With all my heart, for I am heartily sick of this.

3 *Lady*. Come, come, come; away, away!

[*Exeunt Ladies*.]

Monf. Allons, quittons le bourgeois.

Col. Sir, you are a scrub; and if I had not a friendship for your son, I'd shew you how you ought to treat people of fashion. [*Exeunt Col. and Monsieur*.]

Charl. Poor Valentine! how tenderly I feel his misfortunes!

Good. Why don't you follow your companions, Sir?

Val. Ah! Sir, I am so sensible of what I have done, that I could fly into a desert from the apprehensions of your just wrath; nay, I will, unless you can forgive me.

Good. Who are you, Madam, that stay behind the rest of your company? There is no more mischief to be done here, so there is no more business for a fine lady.

Charl. Sir, I stay to intreat you to forgive your poor unhappy son, who will otherwise sink under the weight of your displeasure.

Good. Ah, Madam, if that be all the business you may leave this house as soon as you please; for him I am determin'd to turn directly out on't.

Charl. Then, Sir, I am determin'd to go with him. Be comforted, Valentine, I save some fortune which my aunt cannot prevent me from; and it will make us happy, for a while at least; and I prefer a year, a month, a day, with the man I love, to a whole stupid age without him.

Val. O, my dear love! and I prefer an hour with thee, to all that Heaven can give me. Oh! I am so blest, that fortune cannot make me miserable.

A I R XI. The last of Patie's mill.

Thus when the tempest high
Roars dreadful from above,
The constant turtles fly
Together to the grove:

Each

The INTRIGUING CHAMBERMAID. 249

Each spreads its tender wing,
And hovers o'er its mate;
They kiss, they cooe, and sing,
And love, in spite of fate.

A I R XII.

My tender heart me long beguil'd,
I now first my passions prov'd;
Had fortune on you ever smil'd,
I'd known not how I lov'd.
Base passions, like base metals, cold,
With true may seem the same!
But wou'd you know true love and gold,
Still try them in the flame.

S C E N E X.

GOODALL, VALENTINE, CHARLOTTE,
OLDCASTLE, *Mrs.* HIGHMAN.

Old. Here, Madam, now you may trust your own eyes, if you won't believe mine.

Mrs. High. What do I see! My niece in the very arms of her betrayer, and his father an abettor of the injustice!—Sir, give me leave to tell you, your madness is a poor excuse for this behaviour.

Good. Madam, I ask your pardon for what I said to you to-day I was impos'd upon by a vile wretch, who, I dare swear, misrepresented each of us to the other. I assure you, I am not mad, nor do I believe you so.

Mrs. High. Thou vile wretch, thou dishonour of thy family! how dost thou dare to appear before my face?

Charl. Madam, I have done nothing to be ashamed of; and I dare appear before any one's face.

Good. Is this young lady a relation of yours?

Mrs. High. She was, before your son had accomplished his base designs on her.

Charl. Madam, you injure him; his designs on me have been still honourable; nor hath he said any thing which the most virtuous ears might not have heard.

246 THE INTRIGUING CHAMBERMAID.

Val. To-morrow shall silence your suspicions on that head.

Mrs. High. What, Mr. Goodall, do you forgive your son's extravagance?

Good. Is this lady your heiress?

Mrs. High. I once intended her so.

Good. Why then, Madam, I like her generous passion for my son so much, that if you will give her a fortune equal to what I shall settle on him, I shall not prevent their happiness.

Mrs. High. Won't you? And I see she is so entirely his, in her heart, that since he hath not dared to think dishonourably of her, I shall do all in my power to make it a bargain.

Val. Eternal blessings on you both! Now, my Charlotte, I am blest indeed.

Old. And pray, Madam, what's to become of me?

Mrs. High. That, Sir, I cannot possibly tell; you know I was your friend; but my niece thought fit to dispose of herself another way.

Old. Your niece has behaved like a——Bodikins! I am in a passion; and for her sake, I'll never make love to any woman again, I am resolv'd.

[Exit in a pet.

Mrs. High. No imprudent resolution.

Good. I hope. Valentine, you will make the only return in your power to my paternal tenderness in forgiving you; and let the misery you so narrowly escaped, from your former extravagancies, be a warning to you for the future.

Val. Sir was my gratitude to your great goodness insufficient to reclaim me, I am in no danger of engaging in any vice, whereby this lady might be a sufferer.

Single, I'd suffer Fate's severest dart
Unmov'd; but who can bear the double smart,
When sorrow preys upon the fair one's heart. }

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E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

A Poet should, unless his fate be guest,
 Write for each play two epilogues at least.
 For how to empty benches can we say,
 'What means this mighty crouding here to-day?'
 Or should the pit with flattery be cram'd,
 How can we speak it, when the play is damn'd?
 Damn'd, did I say? — He surely need not fear it.
 His play is safe — when none will come to hear it.
 English is now below this learned town,
 None but Italian warblers will go down.
 Tho' courts were more polite, the English ditty
 Cou'd heretofore at least content the city:
 That, for Italian now has let us drop,
 And Dimi Cara rings thro' ev'ry shop.
 What glorious thoughts must all our neighbours nourish
 Of us, where rival operas can flourish.
 Let France win all their towns, we need not fear,
 But Italy will send her singers here;
 We cannot buy them at a price too dear. }
 Let us receive them to our peaceful shore,
 While in their own the angry cannons roar:
 Here they may sing in safety, we reward 'em.
 Here no Visconti threatens to bombard 'em.
 Orpheus drew stones with his enchanting song,
 These can do more, they draw our gold along.
 — But tho' our angry poets rail in spite,
 Ladies, I own, I think your judgments right:
 Satire, perhaps, may wound some pretty thing;
 Those soft Italian warblers have no sting.
 Tho' your soft hearts the tuneful charm may win,
 You're still secure to find no harm within.
 Wisely from those rude places you abstain,
 Where satire gives the wounded hearer pain.
 'Tis hard to pay them who our faults reveal,
 As boys are forc'd to buy the rods they feel.
 No, let 'em starve, who dare to lash the age,
 And, as you've left the pulpit, leave the stage.

DON

DON QUIXOTE

I N

E N G L A N D.

A

C O M E D Y.

As it was Acted at the

NEW-THEATRE in the Hay-Market, 1733.

———facile quis

Speret idem, fudet multùm, frustra que laboret

Aufus idem———

HOR.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

P H I L I P

EARL of CHESTERFIELD,

KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER
OF THE GARTER.

MY LORD,

HOWEVER unworthy these scenes may be of Your LORDSHIP's protection, the design with which some of them were written, cannot fail of recommending them to one who hath so gloriously distinguished himself in the cause of liberty, to which the corruption I have here endeavoured to expose may one day be a very fatal enemy.

THE freedom of the stage is, perhaps, as well worth contending for as that of the press. It is the opinion of an author well known to your LORDSHIP, that examples work quicker and stronger on the minds of men than precepts.

THIS

THIS will, I believe, my LORD, be found truer with regard to politics than to ethics: the most ridiculous exhibitions of luxury or avarice may likewise have little effect on the sensualist or the miser; but I fancy a lively representation of the calamities brought on a country by general corruption, might have a very sensible and useful effect on the spectators.

SOCRATES, who owed his destruction greatly to the contempt brought on him by the comedies of Aristophanes, is a lasting instance of the force of theatrical ridicule: here, indeed, this weapon was used to an ill purpose; but surely, what is able to bring wisdom and virtue into disrepute, will, with great facility, lay their opposites under a general contempt. There are among us who seem so sensible of the danger of wit and humour, that they are resolved to have nothing to do with them: and indeed they are in the right on't; for wit, like hunger, will be with great difficulty restrained from falling on, where there is great plenty and variety of food.

BUT while the powerful sons of dulness shed all their influence on their inferior brethren, be You, my LORD, who are the most favourite offspring of the British muses, the patron of their younger children; whom Your LORDSHIP has as much reason to love as others to fear: for you must have seen, that to be celebrated by them, and applauded by the more discerning and worthy, are the only rewards which true patriotism (a word scandalously ridiculed by some) can securely expect. And here I am pleading

DEDICATION.

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the cause of others : for the only title I have to enrol myself in the number of those I have recommended to your favour, is by being, with the most perfect admiration and respect,

MY LORD,

YOUR LORDSHIP'S most obedient,

and most humble servant.

HENRY FIELDING.

VOL. III.

Y

PRE-

P R E F A C E.

THIS Comedy was begun at Leyden in the year 1728; and after it had been sketched out into a few loose scenes, was thrown by, and for a long while no more thought of. It was originally writ for my private amusement; as it would, indeed, have been little less than Quixotism itself to hope any other fruits from attempting characters wherein the inimitable Cervantes so far excelled. The impossibility of going beyond, and the extreme difficulty of keeping peace with him, were sufficient to infuse despair into a very adventurous author.

I soon discovered too, that my too small experience in, and little knowledge of the world, had led me into an error. I soon found it infinitely more difficult than I imagined to vary the scene, and give my knight an opportunity of displaying himself in a different manner from that wherein he appears in the romance. Human nature is every where the same: and the modes and habits of particular nations do not change it enough, sufficiently to distinguish a Quixote in England from a Quixote in Spain.

In these sentiments Mr. Booth and Mr. Cibber concurred with me, who, upon seeing the aforesaid sketch, both dissuaded me from suffering it to be represented on the stage; and accordingly it was remanded back to myself, where probably it would have perished in oblivion, had not the solicitations of the distressed actors in Drury-lane prevailed on me to revise it, at the same time that it came into my head to add those scenes concerning our elections.

Being thus altered, it was often rehearsed on that theatre, and a particular day appointed for its action; but

but the giant Cajanus, of a race who were always enemies to our poor Don, deferred his appearance so long, that the intervention of the actors benefits would have put it off till the next season, had I not brought it on where now it appears.

I have troubled the reader thus long, to account for this Comedy's appearing as it now does, and that he might distinguish those parts of it which were the production of this season from those which were written in my more juvenile years, and before most of the pieces with which I have endeavoured to entertain the public.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Don QUIXOTE,	Mr. ROBERTS.
SANCHO,	Mr. MULLART.
Sir THOMAS LOVE- } LAND,	Mr. MACHEN.
Squire BADGER,	Mr. MECKLIN.
FAIRLOVE,	Mr. WARWELL.
MAYOR,	Mr. TURBUTT.
VOTER,	Mr. MACHEN.
GUZZLE,	Mr. JONES.
JOHN,	Mr. HEWSON.
BRIEF, a Lawyer,	Mr. TOPHAM.
Dr. DRENCH, a Phy- } sician,	Mr. HALLAM.
Mr. SNEAK,	Mr. HICKS.

W O M E N.

DOROTHEA,	Miss ATHERTON.
JEZEBEL,	Mrs. HIDE.
Mrs. GUZZLE,	Mrs. MARTIN.
Mrs. SNEAK,	Mrs. EGERTON.
Miss SNEAK,	Miss JONES.

Stage-Coachman and Mob.

S C E N E, *An Inn in a Country Borough.*

INTRODUCTION.

MANAGER, AUTHOR.

MANAGER.

NO prologue, Sir ! The audience will never bear it. They will not bate you any thing of their due.

Auth. I am the audience's very humble servant ; but they cannot make a man write a prologue whether he can or no.

Man. Why, Sir, there is nothing easier. I have known an author bring three or four to the house with one play, and give us our choice which we would speak.

Auth. Yes, Sir, and I have now three in my pocket, written by friends, of which I chuse none should be spoke.

Man. How so ?

Auth. Because they have been all spoke already twenty times over.

Man. Let me see them, pray.

Auth. They are written in such damn'd cramp hands, you will never be able to read them ; but I will tell you the substance of them. One of them begins with abusing the writings of all my contemporaries, lamenting the fallen state of the stage ; and lastly, assuring the audience that this play was written with a design to restore true taste, and their approving it is the best symptom they can give of their having any.

Man. Well, and a very good scheme.

Auth. May be so ; but it hath been the subject of almost every prologue for these ten years last past. The second is in a different cast : the first twelve lines inveigh against all indecency on the stage, and the last twenty lines shew you what it is.

Man. That would do better for an epilogue. But what is the third?

Auth. Why, the third has some wit in it; and would have done very well, but for a mistake.

Man. Ay! what mistake!

Auth. Why, the author never read my play; and taking it for a regular Comedy of five acts, hath fallen very severely on Farce. However, it is a pretty good one, and will do very well for the first genteel Comedy you bring on the stage.

Man. But don't you think a play, with so odd a title as yours, requires to be a little explain'd? May they not be too much surpriz'd at some things?

Auth. Not at all. The audience, I believe, are all acquainted with the character of Don Quixote and Sancho. I have brought them over into England, and introduced them at an inn in the country, where, I believe, no one will be surpriz'd that the knight finds several people as mad as himself. This I could have told them in forty dull lines, if I would; but I rather chose to let it alone: for, to tell you the truth, I can draw but one conclusion from the prologues I have ever seen, that the authors are so sensible of the demerits of their plays, that they desire to set the audience asleep before they begin. But of what real use is a bill of fare to any entertainment, where the guests are not left to their choice what part they will pick at, but are obliged to swallow the whole indifferently?

Enter a PLAYER.

Play. Sir, the audience make such a noise with their canes, that, if we don't begin immediately, they will beat the house down before the play begins; and it is not adviseable to put them out of humour: for there are two or three of the loudest cat-calls in the gallery that ever were heard.

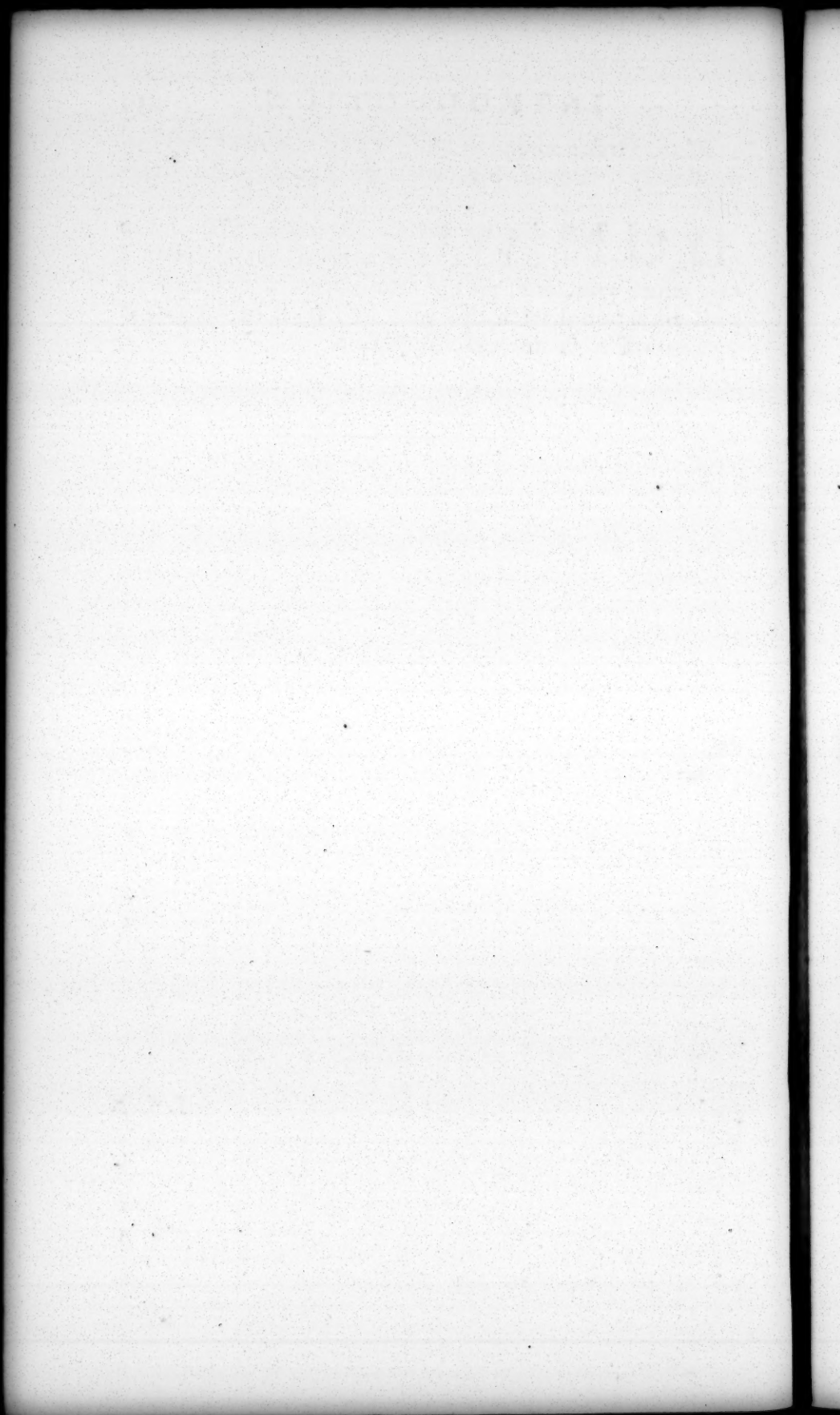
Auth. Be not frightened at that: those are only some particular friends of mine, who are to put on the face of enemies at first, and be converted at the end of the first act.

Man,

Man. Order then to play away the overture immediately. Come, Sir, what do you do with yourself?

Auth. I shall dispose myself in some part of the house, where I shall see, and not be seen. And I can assure you, Sir, if the audience are but half as well entertain'd with this play as I shall be myself, it will go off with universal applause.

DON



DON QUIXOTE

I N

E N G L A N D.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *An Inn.*

GUZZLE, SANCHO.

GUZZLE.

NEVER tell me, Sir, of Don Quixote, or Don Beelzebub: here's a man comes into my house, and eats me out on't, and then tells me he's a knight-errant; he is an arragant rogue, and if he does not pay me my bill, I'll have a warrant for him.

San. My master fears no warrant, friend; had you ever been in Spain, you would have known that men of his order are above the law.

Guz. Tell me not of Spain, Sir; I am an Englishman, where no one is above the law, and if your master does not pay me, I shall lay his Spaniardship fast in a place, which he shall find it as difficult to get out of, as your countrymen have found it to get into Gibraltar.

San. That's neither here nor there, as the old saying is; many are shut into one place, and out of another. Men bar houses to keep rogues out, and jails to keep them in. He that's hang'd for stealing a horse to-day, has no reason to buy oats for him to-morrow.

Guz.

Guz. Sirrah, your horse, nor your ass neither, shall have any more oats at my expence; never were masters and their beasts so like one another. The Don is just such another lean rams-callion as his—what d'ye call him—his Rozinante; and thou art just such another squat bag of guts as thy Dapple. Send my house and my stable once well emptied of you, and if ever I suffer a Spaniard to enter my doors again, may I have a whole company of soldiers quartered on me; for if I must be eaten up, I had rather suffer by own country rogues, than foreign ones.

[Exit.]

A I R I.

San. Rogues there are of each nation,
Except among the divines;
And vinegar, since the creation,
Hath still been made of all wines.
Against one lawyer Lurch
A county scarce can guard;
One parson does for a church,
One doctor for a churchyard.

S C E N E II.

Don QUIXOTE, SANCHE.

Quix. Sancho!

San. An't please your honour——

Quix. Come hither, Sancho, I smell an adventure.

San. And so do I, an't please your worship; the landlord of the house swears bitterly that he will have a warrant against us.

Quix. What landlord! what house! Wilt thou never be in thy senses? Are we not in a castle?

San. No marry are we not; but we are in a fair way to be in one.

Quix. What dost thou mean, oaf?

San. I mean that I shall see your honour in a gaol within these two days.

Quix. Me in a gaol! ha! caitiff!

San. Ay, Sir; we are got into a terrible country. A man's quality here can't defend him, if he breaks the laws.

Quix.

Quix. Then indeed knight-errantry were of no use ; but I tell thee, caitiff, gaols in all countries are only habitations for the poor, not for men of quality. If a poor fellow robs a man of fashion of five shillings, to gaol with him : but the man of fashion may plunder a thousand poor, and stay in his own house. But know, thou base squire of the great Don Quixote de la Mancha, that an adventure now presents itself, not only worthy me, but the united force of all the knights upon earth.

San. Ah poor Sancho ! there's an end of thee ; a leg or an arm will not suffice this bout.

Quix. There is now arrived in this castle, one of the most accursed giants that ever infested the earth. He marches at the head of his army, that howl like Turks in an engagement.

San. Oh lud ! Oh lud ! this is the country squire at the head of his pack of dogs.

Quix. What, dost thou mutter, varlet ?

San. Why, Sir, this giant that your worship talks of, is a country gentleman who is going a courting, and his army is neither more nor less than his kennel of fox-hounds.

Quix. Oh, the prodigious force of enchantment ! Sirrah, I tell thee this is the giant Toglogmoglogog, lord of the island of Gogmogog, whose belly hath been the tomb of above a thousand strong men.

San. Of above a thousand hogheads of strong beer, I believe.

Quix. This must be the inchanter Merlin, I know him by his dogs. But, thou idiot ! dost thou imagine that women are to be hunted like hares, that a man would carry his hounds with him to visit his mistress ?

San. Sir, your true English squire and his hounds are as inseparable as your Spanish and his Toledo. He eats with his hounds, drinks with his hounds, and lies with his hounds ; your true arrant English squire is but the first dog-boy in his house.

Quix. 'Tis pity then, that fortune should contradict the order of nature. It was a wise institution of Plato to educate children according to their minds,
not

not to their births; these squires should sow that corn which they ride over. Sancho, when I see a gentleman in his own coach-box, I regret the loss which some one has had of a coachman: the man who toils all day after a partridge or a pheasant, might serve his country by toiling after a plough; and when I see a low, mean, tricking lord, I lament the loss of an excellent attorney. [*Singing within.*] But, hark, some courteous lady in the castle prepares an entertainment for my ears.

A I R II. Tweed-side.

Oh! think not the maid whom you scorn,
 With riches delighted can he?
 Had I a great princess been born,
 My Billy had dear been to me.
 In grandeur and wealth we find woe,
 In love there is nothing but charms;
 On others your treasures bestow,
 Give Billy alone to these arms.

In title and wealth what is lost,
 In tenderness oft' is repaid;
 Too much a great fortune may cost;
 Well purchas'd may be the poor maid.
 Let gold's empty shew cheat the great;
 We more real pleasures will prove;
 While they in their palaces hate,
 We in our poor cottage will love.

S C E N E III.

Don QUIXOTE, GUZZLE, SANCHE.

Quix. Most illustrious and most mighty lord, how shall I sufficiently pay you for those founts with which I have been ravish'd?

Guz. Sir, I desire no other payment but of this small bill; your worship's cattle are saddled, and it is a charming day for travelling.

Quix. Nothing, my lord, shall ever tempt me to leave you, till what I have this day seen within the castle walls be utterly demolished.

Guz. So ! he has seen the sirloin of beef at the fire, I find. [*Aside.*—But if your worship intends to stay any longer, I hope you design to satisfy this small matter here : I am in great necessity, I assure you.

Quix. To what mean actions does necessity force men ! that ever a mighty lord should be obliged to borrow money !

Guz. I am ashamed to ask your worship so often for this trifle, but —

Quix. My lord, I see you are ; I see the generous confusion which spreads your face.

Guz. I am so poor, an't please your honour, that it will be quite charity in you. It is the same as if you gave it me.

Quix. My lord, I am more confus'd than you ; but do not think it a gift, since I see you so backward to receive it in that light. And since, my lord, every thing I have, saving to the charming Dulcinea del Toboso, her fixt and unalterable right, be justly yours, give me leave to call it a debt, my lord. Sancho, pay his lordship a thousand English guineas.

San. If your worship will please to tell me where I shall get them ; but there is no paying with an empty hand ; where nothing is, nothing can come on't. Twelve lawyers make not one honest man.

Quix. Cease thy impertinence, and pay the money immediately.

San. If I have seen the colour of gold this fortnight, may I never see Teresa Pancho again.

Quix. I am confounded, my lord, at the extravagance of my squire, who, out of the spoils of so many giants he hath plunder'd, should not have reserv'd enough to oblige your lordship with such a trifle ; but, if you know any one who will disburse that sum, or any other, I will sell him the reversion of the next island I conquer.

Guz. Do you make a jest of me, Sir ?

Quix. Be not incens'd ; I am sorry I am not able to give it you.

Guz. Sorry, forsooth ! a pretty way of paying debts, truly ; I fancy if I was to tell the exciseman, and my brewer, I was sorry I could not pay them,

they would send me and my sorrow to gaol together : in short, Sir, I must and I will have my money

San. You must get the philosophers stone, before you can make any money of us.

Guz. You shall neither eat nor drink any more in my house, 'till I am paid, that I'm resolv'd. [*Exit.*]

San. I wish your worship would think of changing your quarters ; if it must be a blanketing, why let it be a blanketing. I have not eat any thing these twelve hours ; and I don't find I am like to fare much better for the next twelve ; and by that time I shall be so light, you may as well toss a feather in a blanket.

Quix. Sancho, come hither ; I intend to make thee my ambassador.

San. Why truly, Sir, that's a post I should like hugely well ; your bassadours lead rare fat lives, they say ; and I should make a very good bassadour, I can assure your worship.

Quix. Thou shalt go my ambassador to the court of Dulcinea del Toboso.

San. I suppose it is equal to your worship what court you send me to ; and, to say the truth, I had rather go to some other ; for tho' my lady Dulcinea be a very good woman, yet she has got such a woundy trick of being chanted, and I fancy your bassadours fare but ill at your chanted courts.

Quix. Reptile ! reply not on thy life, but go and prepare thyself for thy journey ; then come to me and receive farther instructions, for thou shalt set out this very evening. — But, ha ! the charming voice begins again.

A I R III. Why will Florella, &c.

[*Dorothea sings within.*]

The pain which tears my throbbing breast,

What language can deplore ?

For how should language have express'd

A pain ne'er felt before ?

In other virgin wounded hearts,

Love's cruel sport we see ;

But the most cruel of his darts,

He has reserv'd for me.

Quix.

Quix. Unhappy princesses !

Dor. Thy curse, O Tantalus ! I'd prize ;
 Thy curse a bliss would prove.
 Ah ! Heaven were kind, if with my eyes
 I could enjoy my love.
 Incharmed thus, romances tell
 Their moans poor virgins make ;
 But where is found the powerful spell,
 Can this inchantment break ?

Quix. In this arm 'tis found. Look forth, most adorable, tho' most unhappy princesses ; look forth, and behold whom fate hath sent to your relief ; the most renowned knight of the Woeful Figure, the invincible Don Quixote de la Mancha, for whose victorious arm alone this adventure is reserv'd. ——— Oh cursed inchanter, dost thou keep this charming princess invisible to my eyes ? Open the castle-gates, open them this instant, whoever is on the guard, or you shall feel the force of my attack. You shall find, caitiff, that one single knight is too many for you all.

[*He attacks the walls, and breaks the windows.*]

S C E N E IV.

Don QUIXOTE, GUZZLE, and Mob.

Guz. Heyday ! What, in the Devil's name, are you doing ? what, do you intend to beat down my house ?

Quix. Thou most uncourteous lord, deliver the princesses whom thou so unjustly dost detain, or think not that all the inchanters on earth shall preserve thee from my vengeance.

Guz. Don't tell me of princesses and lords, I'm no lord, I am an honest man ; and I can tell you, you may be a gentleman, but you don't act like one, to break a poor man's windows in this manner.

Quix. Deliver the princess, caitiff.

Guz. Pay me my bill, Sir, and go out of my house, or I'll fetch a warrant for you ; I'll see whether a man is to have his victuals eat up, and drink drank

out, and windows broke, and his walls shatter'd, and his guests disturb'd for nothing.

Quix. Ungracious knight ! who so often throwest in my teeth that small entertainment, which thou art oblig'd to give men of my heroic profession.

Guz. I believe, indeed, your profession does oblige people sometimes to give, whether they will or no.

Quix. It is too plain, thou wretch, why thou wouldest have me gone ; thou knowest the delivering of this high lady thou dost detain, is reserved for me alone ; but deliver her this moment, with all her attendants, all her plate and jewels which thou hast robb'd her of.

Guz. Hear this, neighbours ; I am accus'd of stealing plates and jewels, when every body knows I have but five dozen of plates, and those I bought and paid for honestly ; and as for jewels, the devil of any jewels are there in this house, but two bobs that my wife wears in her ears, which were given her by Sir Thomas Loveland at his last election.

Quix. Cease thy equivocations, and deliver them this instant, or thou shalt find how vainly thou dost trust to all those giants at thy heels. [*The mob laugh.*] Do you mock me, caitiffs ? Now, thou most incomparable Dulcinea del Toboso, assist thy valiant knight.

[*He drives them off, and Exit.*]

SCENE V. A Chamber.

DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha ! in spite of all my misfortunes, I cannot help laughing at the pleasant adventure of the knight of the Woeful Figure.

Jez. Do you think, Madam, this is the very same Don—what d'ye call him, whom your father saw in Spain, and of whom he has told us such pure pleasant stories ?

Dor. The same ; it can be no other. Oh, Jezebel ! I wish my adventures may end as happily as those of my name-sake Dorothea's did ; I am sure they are very near as romantic : but have not I reason to blame Fairlove for suffering me to be here before him ?

DON QUIXOTE IN ENGLAND. 269

him? The lover that does not outfly his mistress's desires, is slow indeed.

Jez. And let me tell you, Madam, he must be very swift who does.

A I R IV.

Dor. Oh hasten my lover, dear Cupid,
Wing hither the youth I admire;
The wretch is too lazy and stupid,
Who leaves me but time to desire.
Let prudes, who leave lovers in anguish,
Themselves in their fonder fits stay;
But leave not the virgin to languish,
Who meets her true lover half way.

Well, I'm a mad girl: don't you think this husband of mine, that is to be, will have a delightful task to tame me?

Jez. By what I can see, he's in a pretty fair way to be tamed himself.

S C E N E VI.

SANCHO, DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

San. Pray, ladies, which of you is the chanted princess; or are you both chanted princesses?

Jez. What is it to you what we are, saucebox?

Dor. Peace, dear Jezebel—This must be the illustrious Sancho himself.—I am the princess Indoccalambria.

San. My master the knight of the Woful Figure, (and a woful figure he makes, sure enough) sends your ladyship his humble service, and hopes you will not take it amiss that he has not been able to knock all the people in the house on the head: however, he has made it pretty well up in breaking the windows; your ladyship will lie pure and cool, for the devil a whole pane is there in all your apartment: if the glazier had hir'd him, he cou'd not have done better.

Dor. Thou mighty squire of the most mighty knight upon earth, give my grateful thanks to your master.

for what he has undertaken upon my account; but tell him not to get his precious bones bruised any more, for I am sufficiently assur'd this adventure is reserv'd for some other knight.

San. Nay, nay, like enough; all men cannot do all things; one man gets an estate, by what another gets a halter. All is not fish that swims. Many a man wants a wife, but more want to get rid of one. Two cuckolds see each other's horns, when neither of them can see his own. Money is the fruit of evil, as often as the root of it. Charity seldom goes out of her own house; and ill-nature is always a rambling abroad. Every woman is a beauty, if you will believe her own glass; and few, if you will believe her neighbours.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! Pray, Mr. Sancho, might not one hope to see your illustrious master?

San. Nothing would rejoice his heart so much, Madam, unless it were to see my lady Dulcinea herself. Ah, Madam, might I hope your ladyship would speak a good word for me?

Dor. Name it, and be assur'd of any thing in my power, honest Sancho.

San. If your princess-ship could but prevail on my master, that I might not be sent home after my lady Dulcinea; for, to tell you the truth, Madam, I am so fond of the English roast beef and strong beer, that I don't intend ever to set my foot in Spain again, if I can help it: give me a slice of roast beef, before all the rarities of Camacho's wedding.

Dor. Bravely said, noble squire.

A I R V. The king's old courtier.

When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,
It enobled our hearts, and enriched our blood;
Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good.
Oh the roast beef of old England,
And old England's roast beef!

Then,

Then, Britons, from all nice dainties refrain,
Which effeminate Italy, France, and Spain;
And mighty roast beef shall command on the main.

Oh the roast beef, &c.

San. Oh the roast beef, &c.

Dor. I have been told, noble squire, that you once impos'd a certain lady for Dulcinea on your master; now what think you if this young lady here should personate that incomparable princess?

Jez. Who, I?

San. Adod! your princess-ship has hit it; for he has never seen this Dulcinea, nor has any body else, that I can hear of; and who my lady Dulcinea should be, I don't know, unless she be one of your chanted ladies: the curate of our parish, and Mr. Nicholas the barber, have often told me there was no such woman, and that my master was a madman; and sometimes I am half at a loss to guess whether he be mad or no. I'm sure, if it was not for the sake of a little island that I am to govern, I should not have follow'd his errandries so long.

Dor. Fy, do not entertain such unworthy thoughts of that most glorious knight.

San. Nay, Madam, I can't find in my heart to think him mad neither; for he will talk sometimes, 'twould do one good to hear him talk; he will talk ye three hours, and I shan't understand one word he says. Our curate was a fool to e'en; and yet he has talk'd what I could not understand neither; but that's neither here nor there; an empty purse causes a full heart; an old woman's a very bad bribe, but a very good wife; conscience often stops at a molehill, and leaps over a mountain; the law guards us from all evil but itself; what's vice to-day, is virtue to-morrow; 'tis not only plumbs that makes a pudding; phyfic makes you first sick, and then well; wine first makes you well, and then sick.

Jez. And your proverbs would make the devil sick.

Dor. Lose no time, good Sancho, but acquaint the most invincible knight that the lady Dulcinea is
in

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in the castle ; we'll manage the matter so dexterously, you shall be in no danger of a discovery.

San. Since my bringing the last Dulcinea to him, I do not fear that ; he that can swallow a goose, will hardly keck at a gander ; the bear may well dance when the ass plays on the fiddle. [*Exit Sancho.*]

S C E N E VII.

DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha ! Well, for the future, I will never disbelieve a traveller ; the knight and his squire are full as ridiculous as they were describ'd : we shall have rare diversion.

Jez. Poor Fairlove ! thou art quite forgotten.

Dor. I've rather reason to think Dorothea so : I am sure, when a lover suffers his mistress to come first to the place of appointment, he cannot blame any innocent amusement with which she would shorten his absence ; and to confess a truth to you, while I am still under apprehensions of the match my father intends for me, I have too great cause to try to divert my grief.

A I R VI. From Aberdeen to Edinburgh.

Happy the animals who stray
In freedom thro' the grove ;
No laws in love they e'er obey,
But those prescrib'd by love :
While we, confin'd to parents rules,
Unfortunate, are told,
None follows love's sweet laws but fools ;
The wise are slaves to gold. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII. *The Street.*

Mr. MAYOR, and a Voter.

May. Well, neighbour, what's your opinion of this strange man that is come to town, Don Quixote, as he calls himself ?

Vot. Think, why, that he's a madman. What shou'd I think ?

May.

May. 'Ecod ! it runs in my head that he is come to stand for parliament-man.

Vot. How can that be, neighbour ; they tell me he's a Spaniard ?

May. What's that to us ? let him look to his qualifications when we have chose him. If he can't sit in the house, that's his fault.

Vot. Nay, nay, he can't be chose if he should stand ; for, to my certain knowledge, the corporation have promis'd Sir Thomas Loveland, and Mr. Bouncer.

May. Pugh ! all promises are conditional ; and let me tell you, Mr. Retail, I begin to smoke a plot. I begin to apprehend no opposition, and then we're sold, neighbour.

Vot. No, no, neighbour ; then we shall not be sold, and that's worse : but rather than it should come to that, I would ride all over the kingdom for a candidate ; and if I thought Sir Thomas intended to steal us in this manner, he should have no vote of mine, I assure you. I shall vote for no man who holds the corporation cheap.

May. Then suppose we were to go in a body, and solicit Sir Don Quixote to stand ? As for his being mad, while he's out of Bedlam it does not signify.

Vot. But there is another objection, neighbour, which I am afraid the corporation will never get over.

May. What's that, pr'ythee ?

Vot. They say he has brought no money with him.

May. Ay, that indeed : but tho' he hath no money with him here, I am assur'd by his servant that he hath a very large estate : and so, if the other party come down handsomely with the ready, we may trust him ; for you know, at last, we have nothing to do but not to choose him, and then we may recover all he owes us.

Vot. I do not care to be sold, neighbour.

May. Nor I neither, neighbour, by any but myself. I think that is the privilege of a free Briton.

S C E N E IX.

GUZZLE, MAYOR, RETAIL.

Guz. Mr. Mayor, a good morrow to you, Sir; are you for a whet, this morning?

May. With all my heart; but what's become of the gentleman, the traveller!

Guz. He's laid down to sleep, I believe; pretty well tired with work. What the devil to do with him, I can't tell.

May. My neighbour and I have a strange thought come into our heads. You know, Mr. Guzzle, we are like to have no opposition, and that I believe you will feel the want of, as much as any man. Now, d'ye see, we have taken it into consideration, whether we should not ask this Sir Don to represent us.

Guz. With all my heart, if either of you will hang out a sign and entertain him; but he is far enough in my books already.

May. You are too cautious, Mr. Guzzle; I make no doubt but he is some very rich man, who pretends to be poor in order to get his election the cheaper; he can have no other design in staying among us. For my part, I make no doubt but that he is come to stand on the court interest.

Guz. Nay, nay, if he stands at all, it is on the court-side, no doubt; for he talks of nothing but kings, and princes, and princesses, and emperors, and empresses.

May. Ay, ay, an officer in the army too, I warrant him, if we knew but the bottom.

Guz. He seems, indeed, to be damnably fond of free-quarter.

Ret. But if you think he intends to offer himself, would it not be wiser to let him; for then you know, if he spends never so much, we shall not be oblig'd to choose him.

May. Brother alderman, I have reprov'd you already for that way of reasoning; it favours too much of bribery. I like an opposition, because otherwise a man may be oblig'd to vote against his party; therefore when we invite a gentleman to stand, we invite him

him to spend his money for the honour of his party ; and when both parties have spent as much as they are able, every honest man will vote according to his conscience.

Guz. Mr. Mayor talks like a man of sense and honour, and it does me good to hear him.

May. Ay, ay, Mr. Guzzle, I never gave a vote contrary to my conscience. I have very earnestly recommended the country-interest to all my brethren ; but before that, I recommended the town-interest, that is, the interest of this corporation ; and first of all I recommended to every particular man to take a particular care of himself. And it is with a certain way of reasoning, that he that serves me best, will serve the town best ; and he that serves the town best, will serve the country best.

Guz. See what it is to have been at Oxford ; the parson of the parish himself can't out-talk him.

May. Come, landlord, we'll have one bottle, and drink success to the corporation : these times come but seldom, therefore we ought to make the best of them. Come along. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Chamber in the Inn.*

Don QUIXOTE, SANCHO.

QUIXOTE.

THou hast, by this time, fully perceiv'd, Sancho, the extreme difficulties and dangers of knight-errantry.

San. Ay, and of 'squire-errantry too, an't please your worship.

Quix. But virtue is its own reward.

San. Your worship may have a relish for these rewards, perhaps ; but to speak truly, I am a poor plain man, and know nothing of these fine things ; and for any reward I have hitherto got, I had much rather

rather have gone without it. As for an island, I believe I could relish it as well as another; but a man may catch cold while his coat is making: and since you may provide for me in a much easier way, if I might be so bold as to speak——

Quix. Thou knowest I will deny thee nothing, which is fit for me to give, or thee to take.

San. Then if your worship wou'd be so good as to set me up in an inn, I should make a rare landlord; and it is a very thriving trade among the English.

Quix. And couldst thou descend so low, ignoble wretch?

San. Any thing to get an honest livelihood, which is more than I find we are like to do in the way we are going on: for if I durst speak it——

Quix. Speak fearlessly.—I will only impute it to thy ignorance.

San. Why then I find, Sir, that we are look'd on here to be, neither more nor less, better nor worse, than a couple of madmen.

Quix. Sancho, I am not concern'd at the evil opinion of men. Indeed, if we consider who are their favourites, we shall have no reason to be so fond of their applause. Virtue, Sancho, is too bright for their eyes, and they dare not behold her. Hypocrisy is the deity they worship. Is not the lawyer often call'd an honest man, when for a sneaking fee he pleads the villain's cause, or attempts to extort evidence to the conviction of the innocent? Does not the physician live well in his neighbourhood, while he suffers them to bribe his ignorance to their destruction? But why should I mention those whose profession 'tis to prey on others? Look through the world. What is it recommends men, but the poverty, the vice, and the misery of others? This, Sancho, they are sensible of; and therefore, instead of endeavouring to make himself better, each man endeavours to make his neighbour worse. Each man rises to admiration by treading on mankind. Riches and power accrue to the one, by the destruction of thousands. These are the general objects of the good opinion of men: nay,

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and that which is profess'd to be paid to virtue, is seldom more to any thing than a supercilious contempt of our neighbour. What is a good-natur'd man? Why, one, who seeing the want of his friend, cries he pities him. Is this real? No: if it was, he would relieve him. His pity is triumphant arrogance and insult: it arises from his pride, not from his compassion. Sancho, let them call me mad; I'm not mad enough to court their approbation.

San. Oh! good your worship, proceed: I could fast an hour longer to hear your discourse.

S C E N E II.

GUZZLE, *Don* QUIXOTE, SANCHE.

Guz. An't please your honour, the mayor of the town is come to wait on you.

Quix. Give him admittance. This is the chief magistrate of the place, who comes, I suppose, to congratulate me on my arrival; he might have come sooner; but the neglect of his duty is better than the total omission. In the mean while, Sancho, post thou away this instant to Toboso; and heaven prosper thy embassy.

San. Prosperity may travel with me without tiring itself. [*Aside.*]

S C E N E III.

MAYOR, *Don* QUIXOTE.

May. I am your honour's most humble servant.

Quix. Sir, I am glad to see you; I think you are the chief officer of the town.

May. Yes, an't please your honour, I am Mr. Mayor of this town. I should have done myself the pleasure to have waited on you sooner, but I was quite ignorant of the design with which you came hither.

Quix. Be seated, Sir; you are a worthy man, and, to your praise be it spoken, the first that has done his duty since my arrival.

May. I can't answer for the whole town; but the corporation is as well affected a corporation as any

in all England, and I believe highly sensible of the honour you intend them. No man knows his strength till he tries it; and notwithstanding what you might have heard of the knight of the Long-Purse, if you oppose him briskly, I dare answer for your success.

Quix. Is there a knight on earth I dare not oppose? Tho' he had as many hands as Briareus, as many eyes as Argus, I should not fear him.

May. This is a special stick of wood, I find.——
A benefit-ticket, adod. [*Aside.*]

Quix. I see the reason of your apprehension; you have heard of my ill success in my last adventure—— that was not my fault! [*Sighing.*]

May. I see he has been thrown out at some place already.—I don't in the least, Sir, apprehend it was your fault; but there is nothing to be done without bleeding freely on these occasions.

Quix. Ha! do you think I fear to bleed?

May. Be not so passionate, Sir; this I assure you, you will do your business with less than any other. I suppose, Sir, it may lie in your power to do some services to this town.

Quix. Be assur'd it does. I will, for your sake, preserve it for ever from any insults. No armies shall ever do you any harm.

May. I assure you, Sir, that will recommend you very much: if you can keep soldiers from quartering upon us, we shall make very little difficulty in the affair: but I hope your honour will consider that the town is very poor, Sir; a little circulation of money amongst us would——

Quix. Sir, you make me concern'd that it is not now in my power to give whatever you desire; but rest secure of this, there is not one whom you shall recommend, that shall not, within this twelvemonth, be a governor of an island.

May. This is a courtier, I find, by his promises. [*Aside.*]

Quix. But who is this knight whom I am to encounter? Is he now in the castle?

May. Yes, Sir, he is now at Loveland castle, a feat of his about ten miles off. He was here the very day

day before your honour came to town, randying for a knight of his acquaintance, with no less than six hundred freeholders at his heels.

Quix. Humph ! those are a sort of soldiers I never heard of in Spain. — How are they arm'd ?

May. Arm'd, Sir ?

Quix. Ay ; with carbines, with muskets, spears, pistols, swords, or how ? I ask, that I may choose proper weapons to encounter them.

May. Ha, ha ! your honour is pleas'd to be merry : why truly, Sir, they were pretty well arm'd when they went out of town : every man had four or five bottles in his head at least.

Quix. Base-born cowards ! who owe their courage to the spirit of their wine ! But be easy, Sir, within these two days, not one of them shall be alive.

May. Marry, Heaven forbid ! some of them are as honest gentlemen as any in the county.

Quix. Ha ! honest ! and in the train of the knight of the Long-Purse ! Do I not know him to be a deflowerer of virgins, a destroyer of orphans, a despoiler of widows, a debaucher of wives —

May. Who, Sir Thomas Loveland, Sir ? Why you don't know him. He's as good-natur'd, civil a gentleman, as a man may say —

Quix. Why then do you petition me against him ?

May. Nay, Sir, for that matter, let him be as civil as he pleases, one man's money is as good as another's. You seem to be a civil gentleman too ; and if you stand against him, I don't know which would carry it : but this, I believe, you guess already, that he who spends most, would not have the least chance.

Quix. Ha ! caitiff ! dost thou think I would condescend to be the patron of a place so mercenary ? If my services cannot procure me the election, dost thou think that my money should make me their knight ? What should I get by undertaking the protection of this city and castle, but dangers, difficulties, toils, and enchantments ? Hence from my sight ! or by the peerless Dulcinea's eyes, thy blood shall pay the affront thou hast given my honour. — Was it for this that I was chosen in full senate the patron of la Mancha ?

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Gods! to what will mankind degenerate! where not only the vile necessities of life, but even honours, which should be the reward of virtue only, are to be bought with money.

S C E N E IV. *Another chamber.*

Squire BADGER, SCUT, *his huntsman and*
GUZZLE.

Badg. That's it, honey's, Oh! that's it.—What, have you no company in the house, landlord? Could not you find out an honest lad, one that could take a hearty pot?

Guz. Faith, noble squire, I wish you had spoke a little sooner; Mr. Permit the officer is just gone out of the house; your worship wou'd have lik'd him hugely; he is rare good company.

Badg. Well, but hang it, hast thou nobody?

Guz. I have not one guest in the house, Sir, but a young lady and her maid, and a madman, and a squire, as he calls himself.

Badg. Squire! Who, pr'ythee?

Guz. Squire——It is a cursed hard name, I never can remember it. Squire Pancho Sancho——he calls himself.

Badg. Pr'ythee, what is he, a Whig or a Tory? Hey!

Guz. Sir, I don't know what he is: his master and he have been here in my house this month, and I can't tell what to make of 'em; I wish the devil had 'em before I had seen 'em, the squire and his master both.

Badg. What, has the squire a master?

Guz. I don't know which is master, nor which is man, not I; sometimes I think the one is master, and then again I think it is t'other.—I am sure I had rather be the squire, for he sleeps most, and eats most; he is as bad as a greyhound in a house; there is no laying down any thing eatable, but if you turn your back, slap, he has it up——As for the knight, as he calls himself, he has more to pay for breaking windows, than eating: wou'd I were well rid of him!

He

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He will sit you sometimes in the yard to guard the castle, as he calls it ; but I am afraid his design is to rob the house, if he could catch an opportunity. I don't understand one word in ten of what he says ; he talks of giants, and castles, and queens, and princesses, and chanters and magicians, and Dulcineas ; he has been a mighty traveller, it seems.

Badg. A comical dog, I fancy ; go, give my service to him, and tell him I should be glad of his company ; go.

Cuz. I am afraid he is not in any of the best humours, for he was most confoundedly drubb'd just now.

Badg. Well, pr'thee go and call him ; here is some of the best phylick for him. Come, Scut, sit down, and sing that song once more.

A I R VII. Mother, quoth Hodge, &c.

Scut. The doctor is feed for a dangerous draught,
Which cures half a dozen, and kills half a
score ;
Of all the best drugs the Dispensaries taught,
'Twere well could each cure one disease, and
no more.

But here's the juice,
Of sovereign use,
'Twill cure your distempers, whatever they be ;
In body, or spirit,
Wherever you bear it ;
Take of this a large dose, and it soon sets you
free.

By cunning directors, if trick'd of your pelf,
Your losses a dose of good claret can heal ;
Or if you have been a director yourself,
'Twill teach you no loss of your honour to feel :
Stocks fall or rise,
Tell truth or lies,
Your fame and your fortune here remedy find ;
If Silvia be cruel,
Take this water-gruel,
'Twill soon cure the fever that burns up your
mind.

SCENE V.

Don QUIXOTE, GUZZLE, SCUT, and BADGER.

Quix. Most illustrious and mighty knight, I'm proud to kiss your hands.

Badg. Your servant, Sir, your servant.—A devilish odd figure this. [*Aside.*]

Quix. To meet a person of your distinction, is a happiness I little expected; for I am much mistaken but you are either the knight of the Sun, or of the Black Helmet.

Badg. Or of the Black Cap, Sir, if you please.

Quix. Sir knight of the Black Cap, I rejoice in meeting you in this castle; and I wish the achievements of this glorious adventure, in which I have been, by the cursed power of enchantment, foil'd, may be reserv'd for you.

Badg. This is honest cousin Tom, faith, as mad as a March-hare. [*Aside.*]

Quix. Would you guess, Sir knight of the Black Cap, that this uncourteous person, the lord of this castle, should detain within his walls, the most beautiful princess in the universe?

Badg. The devil he does.

Quix. Enchanted; and, if I mistake not, by that inchanter Merlin; I humbly suppose, the delivery of this princess was the design with which you came to this castle.

Badg. Ay, ay, Sir, I'll deliver her, I warrant you: but come, Sir—Pray, Sir, may I crave the honour of your name?

Quix. I am known, Sir, in chivalry, by the name of the knight of the Woful Figure.

Badg. Sir knight of the Woful Figure, will you please to sit down? Come, Sir, here's to you. Landlord, draw your chair. How long, Sir knight of the Woful figure have you been in these parts?

Quix. It is not, Sir knight of the Black Cap, the business of a knight-errant to number time, like the infe-

inferior part of mankind, by the days which he lives, but by the actions he performs; perhaps you may have sojourn'd longer here than I. Are there many knights in this kingdom?

Badg. Oh, numberless!—There are your knights and baron knights, and knights of the post; and then there are your blue knights, and your red knights, and your green knights.

Quix. Well may this kingdom be said to be happy, when so many knights conspire for its safety.

Badg. Come, let us be merry; we'll have a hunting song.—Sir knight, I should be glad to see you at my country-seat. Come, Scut, sing away.

A I R VIII. There was a jovial beggar, &c.

Scut. The dusky night rides down the sky,

And ushers in the morn:

The hounds all join in glorious cry,

The huntsman winds his horn;

And a hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws

Her arms, and begs his stay;

My dear, it rains, and hails, and snows,

You will not hunt to-day.

But a hunting we will go.

A brushing fox in yonder wood,

Secure to find we seek;

For why, I carry'd, sound and good,

A cartload there last week.

And a hunting we will go.

Away he goes, he flies the rout,

Their steeds all spur and switch;

Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,

And some thrown in the ditch:

But a hunting we will go.

At length his strength to faintness worn,

Poor Renard ceases flight;

Then hungry homeward we return,

To feast away the night:

Then a drinking we will go.

Badg.

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Badg. Ha, ha, ha ! Sir knight of the Woful Figure ; this is the life, Sir, of most of our knights in England.

Quix. Hunting is a manly exercise, and therefore a proper recreation. But it is the business of a knight-errant to rid the world of other sort of animals than foxes.

Badg. Here is my dear Dorothea to you, the most beautiful woman in the world.

Quix. Ha, caitiff ! dost thou dare say that in my presence, forgetting that the peerless Dulcinea yet lives ? Confess thy fault this instant, and own her inferior to Dulcinea, or I will make thee a dreadful example to all future knights who shall dare dispute the incomparableness of that divine lady.

Badg. Throw by your spit, Sir ; throw by your spit, and I don't fear you. 'Sbud ! I'll beat your lanthorn jaws into your throat, you rascal.

[*Squire Badger offers to strike Don Quixote.*]

Guz. Oh, that this fellow were at the devil ! Dear squire let him alone.

Quix. Ha ! have I discovered thee, impostor ? Thanks, most incomparable lady, that hast not suffered thy knight to pollute his hands with the base blood of that impostor squire.

S C E N E VI.

Don QUIXOTE, SANCHE, Squire BADGER.

San. Oh, Sir, I have been seeking your honour ; I have such news to tell you !

Quix. Sancho, uncase this instant, and handle that squire as he deserves.

San. My lady Dulcinea, Sir——

Quix. Has been abus'd, has been injur'd, by the slanderous tongue of that squire.

San. But, Sir——

Quix. If thou expectest to live a moment, answer me not a word, till that caitiff hath felt thy fist.

San. Nay, Sir, with all my heart, as far as a cuff
or

er two goes.—I hate your squire-errants that carry arms about them.

Badg. I'll box you first one hand, second with both. Sirrah, I am able to beat a dozen of you—If I don't lamb thee!——

[*They both strip.*]

San. May be not, brother squire, may be not; threatned folks live long; high words break no bones; many walk into a battle, and are carry'd out on't; one ounce of heart is better than many a stone of flesh; dead men pay no surgeons; safer to dance after a fiddle than a drum, tho' not so honourable; a wise man would be a foldier in time of peace, and a parson in time of war.

S C E N E VII.

Mrs. GUZZLE, Squire BADGER, SANCHE.

Mrs. Guz. What in the devil's name is the matter with you! Get you and your master out of my house, for a couple of pickpockets as you are.—Sir, I hope your worship will not be angry with us.

Badg. Stand away, landlord, stand away.—If I don't lick him!

San. Come along out into the yard, and let me have fair play, and I don't fear you—I don't fear you.

Mrs. Guz. Get you out, you rascal, get you out, or I'll be the death of you: I'll teach you to fight with your betters, you villain, you; I'll curry you, sirrah.

S C E N E VIII.

FAIRLOVE, Squire BADGER.

Fair. I am sorry to see a gentleman insulted, Sir. What was the occasion of this fray?

Badg. I hope you are no knight-errant, Sir?

Fair. Sir!

Badg. I say, Sir, I hope you are no knight-errant, Sir?

Fair.

Fair. You are merry, Sir.

Badg. Ay, Sir, and you wou'd have been merry too, had you seen such a sight as I have. Here is a fellow in this inn, that outdoes all the shows I ever saw. He was going to knock my brains out for drinking my mistress's health.

Fair. Perhaps he is your rival, Sir.

Badg. Odd ! that's like enough, now I think on't ; who knows but this may be that son of a whore, Fairlove, whom I have been told on ?

Fair. Ha !

Badg. As sure as a gun—this is he—Odsbodlikins ! Mrs. Dorothea, you have a very strange sort of a taste, I can tell you that.

Fair. Do you travel towards London, Sir ? because I shall be glad of your company.

Badg. No, Sir ; I have not above fifteen short miles to go, and quite across the country.

Fair. Perhaps you are going to Sir Thomas Loveland's.

Badg. Do you know Sir Thomas then, Sir ?

Fair. Very intimately well, Sir.

Badg. Give me your hand, Sir.—You are an honest cock, I warrant you.—Why, Sir, I am going to fall in love with Sir Thomas's daughter.

Fair. You can't avoid that, Sir, if you see her ; for she is the most agreeable woman in the world.

Badg. And then she sings like a nightingale ! Now that is a very fine quality in a wife ; for you know, the more she sings, the less she'll talk. Some folks like women for their wit : Odsbodlikins ! it is a sign they have none of their own ; there is nothing a man of good sense dreads so much in a wife, as her having more sense than himself.

A I R IX. Lillibulero.

Like gold to a miser, the wit of a lass
More trouble than joy to her husband may
bring.

Fair. That faults in the miser, and not in the mafs;
He knows not to use fo precious a thing.

Badg. Wit teaches how
To arm your brow;
A price for that treasure some husbands have
paid.

Fair. But wit will conceal it;
And if you don't feel it,
A horn's but a pimple scarce seen on your head.

S C E N E IX.

FAIRLOVE, *Squire* BADGER, JOHN.

John. Sir, Sir!

Fair. Well, what now?

John. [*Whispers.*]

Fair. How! here?

John. I saw her, Sir, upon my honour.

Fair. I am the happiest of mankind. [*Aside.*]—
Brother traveller, farewell.

Badg. What, shan't we drink together?

Fair. Another time, Sir; I am in a little haste at
present— [*Aside.*] Harkye, John, I leave you with
my rival: I need say no more.—Dear Dorothea,
ten thousand raptures are in the dear name. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E X.

JOHN, *Squire* BADGER, DON QUIXOTE.

Badg. Harkye, mister; what is your master's name,
pray?

John. Master, Sir?

Badg. I say, your master's name.

John. What do you see in me that should make
you ask me my master's name; I suppose you would
take it very ill of me, if I were to ask you what your
master's

master's name is. Do I look so little like a gentleman as to stand in need of a master ?

Badg. Oh, Sir, I ask your pardon ; your dress, Sir, was the occasion of my mistake.

John. Probable enough ; among you country gentlemen, and really in town, gentlemen and footmen dress so very like one another, that it is somewhat difficult to know which is which.

Badg. May be, Sir, then you are only an acquaintance of this gentleman's.

John. A travelling acquaintance.

Badg. May I crave his name, Sir ?

John. Oh, Sir, his name, his name, Sir, is Sir Gregory Nebuchaddonzezzer. He is a very rich Jew, an Italian by birth, born in the city of Cork. He is a going into Cornwall to take possession of a small estate of twenty thousand pounds a year, left him the other day by a certain Dutch merchant's mistress, with whom he had an intrigue. He is a gentleman, Sir, universally esteem'd in the beau monde.

Badg. Beau monde ! Pray, what's that ?

John. Beau monde, Sir, is as much as to say, a man of figure ; when you say, he is a man of the beau monde, you mean just such another person as I am.

Badg. You will pardon the ignorance of a country gentleman.

John. Oh, Sir ! we of the beau monde are never offended at ignorance.

Quix. [*Within.*] Avaunt, caitiffs !—Think not, thou most accursed giant, ever to enter within this castle, to bring any more captive princesses hither.

Badg. Heyday ! what's the matter now ?

Coachman. [*Within.*] Open the gates, will you ? Are you mad ?

Quix. You, my lord of the castle, suffer them to be open'd at your peril.

John. One might think, by this noise, that we were at the outside of the Opera-house at a ridotto.

S C E N E XI.

Mrs. GUZZLE, JOHN, Squire BADGER.

Mrs. Guz. For Heav'n's sake, gentlemen, come and assist us; this mad Don Quixote will ruin my house: he won't suffer the stage-coach to come into the yard. Dear, good gentlemen, come and ipeak to him. — Oh! that ever I should live to see him!

John. I am too much a gentleman not to assist a lady in distress. — Come, Sir.

Badg. After you, Sir; I am not quite unbred.

John. O, dear Sir.

S C E N E XII. *A Yard.*

DON QUIXOTE, *arm'd cap-a-pee, his lance in his hand*; SANCHE, GUZZLE, Squire BADGER, JOHN, *Mrs. GUZZLE.*

Coachman. [*Within.*] If you don't open the gates this instant, I'll go to another inn.

Brief. [*Within.*] Sir, I'll have your house indicted; I'll have your sign taken down.

Guz. Gentlemen, here is a madman in the yard. — Will you let me open the gates, or no, Sir?

Quix. Open them, and I will shew thee that I want no walls to secure me. — Open them, I say. — You shall see the force of one single knight.

Mrs. Guz. Dear gentlemen, will no body knock his brains out?

John. This is the most comical dog I ever saw in my life. [*Aside.*]

Badg. If I have any thing to say to him while he has that thing in his hand, may I have it in my guts that moment.

Guz. There, the gates are open.

Quix. Now, thou peerless princess, Dulcinea.

[*Exit.*]

Coachman. Gee, gee, boys, hup!

[*Exeunt: Sancho, &c.*]

S C E N E XIII.

Mrs. GUZZLE, Mr. BRIEF, Dr. DRENCH, Mr. SNEAK, Mrs. SNEAK, Miss SNEAK; Maid with candles.

Mrs. Sneak. Don't be frightened, my dear, there is no danger now.

Mr. Sneak. That's owing to me, my dear; if we had not got out of the coach, as I advis'd, we had been in a fine condition.

Brief. Who is this fellow, woman, that has caus'd all this rout?

Mrs. Guz. Oh! dear Mr. Counsellor, I am almost frightened out of my wits; he is the devil, I think.—I can't get him out of my house.

Brief. What, have you no justice of the peace near you? You should apply to a justice of peace. The law provides a very good remedy for these sort of people; I'll take your affair into my hands. Dr. Drench, do you know no neighbouring justice?

Drench. What, do you talk of a justice? The man is mad, and physick is properer for him than law. I'll take him in hand myself, after supper.

Mrs. Sneak. I wish, Mr. Sneak, you would go into the kitchen, and see what we can have for supper.

Mr. Sneak. Yes, my dear. [Exit.]

Brief. Ay, do; the fresh air of the Downs, I protest, has got me an appetite.—Ladies how do you do after your fright? Doctor, I fancy a dram of that cordial you carry in your pocket would do the ladies no harm.

Mrs. Sneak. You are a merry man, Mr. Counsellor. Come, child.

Mrs. Guz. This way, ladies. [Exeunt women.]

S C E N E XIV.

Mr. BRIEF, Dr. DRENCH, DON QUIXOTE, SANCHE, Squire BADGER, JOHN.

Badg. Huzza! Hark! hark!——Agad, he has routed the coach and horses bravely! My landlord
and

and the coachman won't overtake them one while, I warrant.

Quix. Most illustrious and high lords, it is with great pleasure that I congratulate you on your delivery, which you owe only to the peerless Dulcinea. I desire therefore no other return, but that you both repair immediately to Toboso, and render yourselves at her feet.

Drench. Poor man ! poor man ! he must be put to bed. I shall apply some proper remedies. His frenzy is very high ; but I hope we shall be able to take it off.

Brief. His frenzy ! his roguery. The fellow's a rogue : he is no more mad than I am ; and the coachman and landlord both have very good actions at law against him.

Quix. Sancho, do you attend those princes to the richest and most beautiful apartments.—Most illustrious princes, the governor of this castle is an enchant-er : but be not alarm'd at it ; for all the powers of hell shall not hurt you. I will myself keep on the guard all this night for your safety ; and to-morrow I expect you set forward for Toboso.

Drench. Galen calls this phrenzy the phrenabracum.

Brief. My Lord Coke brings these people into the number of common cheats.

Drench. I shall order him bleeding, glistering, vomiting, purging, blistering, and cupping.

Brief. He may, besides an action of assault and battery, be indicted in the crown ; he may also have an action of damages and trespasses laid on him.—In short, if he be worth five thousand pounds, I don't question but to action him out on't.—Come, doctor, if you please, we will attend the ladies. [*Exeunt.*]

Badg. Why, Mr. Quixote, do you know who these people were you called princes ?

Quix. One of them I take to be the prince of Sarmatia, and the other of the Five Mountains.

Badg. One of them is a lawyer, and t'other a physician.

Quix. Monstrous enchantment ! what odd shapes
B b 2 this

this Merlin transforms the greatest people into ! But knight-errantry will be too hard for him at last. [*Exit.*]

John. Ha, ha, ha ! a comical dog !

Badg. If you will accept of one bottle of stout, brother traveller, it is at your service.

John. With all my heart, Sir. I'm afraid this fellow has no good champagne in his house. [*Exeunt.*]

San. Hey ! is the coast clear'd ? Where, in the devil's name, has this mad master of mine disposed himself ? for mad he is now, that's certain ; this last adventure has put it past all manner of dispute. Ah, poor Sancho, what will become of thee ? Would it not be the wisest way to look out for some new master, while thou hast any whole bones in thy skin. And yet I can't find in my heart to forsake my old one, at least till I have got this small island ; and then, perhaps, when I have it, I shall lose it again, as I did my former government.—Well, if ever I do lay my fingers on an island more, I'll act like other wise governors, fall to plundering as fast as I can ; and when I have made my fortune, why let them turn me out if they will.

A I R X. Black Joke.

The more we see of human kind,
The more deceits and tricks we find,
In every land, as well as Spain :
For wou'd he ever hope to thrive,
Upon the mountains he must live ;
For nought but rogues in vales remain.
The miser and the man will trick,
The mistress and the maid will nick.
For rich and poor
Are rogue and whore ;
There's not one honest man in a score,
Nor woman true in twenty-four.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Room.*

FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA, *Mrs. GUZZLE.*

FAIRLOVE.

Depend on it, you shall be made amends for your damage you have sustain'd from this heroic knight and his squire.

Mrs. Guz. You look like a very honourable gentleman, Sir; and I would take your word for a great deal more than he owes me.

Dor. But pray, Mrs. Guzzle, how came you by this fine dress, in which the lady Dulcinea is to be exhibited?

Mrs. Guz. About a month ago, Madam, there was a company of stage-players here, and they staid for above a fortnight acting their shows: but I don't know how it happen'd, the gentry did not give them much encouragement; so at last they all ran away, except the queen, whom I made bold to strip of her finery, which is all that I have to shew for their whole reckoning.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! poor queen! poor travelling princess!

Mrs. Guz. The devil travel with her to the world's ends, so she travel not hither. Send me any thing but stage-players and knight-errants. I'm sure fifty pounds won't make me whole again; would your ladyship think it, Madam? beside other articles, she ran in tick thirty shillings for thunder and lightning.

SCENE II.

JEZEBEL, SANCHE, FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA,
Mrs. GUZZLE.

Dor. Behold the peerless princess! Ha, ha, ha!
Oh, I shall die! Ha, ha, ha!

San. Zooks! she'll put the real Dulcinea out of
B b 3 counte-

countenance, for no such gorgeous fine lady have I seen in all Toboso.

Fair. Is the knight appris'd, Mr. Sancho, of the approach of his mistress?

San. Yes, Sir; it had like to have cost me dear, I'm sure; for when I told him of it, he gave me such a hug that I thought I shou'd never have fetch'd breath any more in this world. I believe he took me for the lady Dulcinea herself.

Dor. But why booted and spurr'd, Mr. Sancho? Are you going a journey?

San. Yes, Madam; your ladyship knows I was ordered to go for my lady Dulcinea; so what does me I, but rides into the kitchen, where I whipt and spurr'd about a sirloin of roast-beef, for a full half hour. Then slap, I return'd to my master, whom I found leaning upon his spear, with his eyes lifted up to the stars, calling out upon my Toboso lady, as if the devil were in his guts; as soon as he sees me, Sancho, says he, with a voice like a great gun, wilt thou never have sufficiently stuffed thy wallet? Wilt thou never set out for Toboso? Heaven's bless your honour's worship, and keep you in your senses, says I; I am just return'd from thence; I am sure, if you felt half the weariness in your bones that I do, you'd think you set out with a vengeance. Truly then, Sancho, thou must have travelled by chantment. I don't know whether I travelled by chantment; but this I know, that about five miles off I met my lady Dulcinea. How! says he, and gave such a spring, I thought he would have leapt over the wall. Ay, says I, sure I know her ladyship. He that has stood in the pillory, ought to know what wood it is made of; and a woman, who walks the streets, ought to know whether they are pav'd or no.

Jez. I hope he won't offer to be rude.

San. Your ladyship need not fear that. I dare swear he loves your ladyship so much, he would not take a hundred pound to come within a yard of you; he's one of your high bred sort of gentry, and knows his distance.

Jez. Shou'd he offer to touch me, I shou'd faint.

San.

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San. If your ladyship pleases, I'll convey you to a proper place where you may see my matter, and then I'll go and prepare him a little more for your arrival.

Mrs. Guz. I'll go see this show, I'm resolv'd; and, faith, I begin to doubt which of my guests is the maddest.

S C E N E III.

FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA.

Dor. Shall we follow to the window, and see the sport?

Fair. How can my Dorothea think of trifling at this time?

Dor. Had I found you at my first arrival, I should scarce have invented this design; but I cannot see any retardment 'twill be to our purpose.

Fair. Why should we not fly away this instant; who knows but you may be pursued? I shall have no easy moment till you are mine beyond any possibility of losing you.

Dor. The morning will be time enough; for I have taken such measures, I shall not be mis'd till then; besides, I think there was something so lucky in your coming hither without having received my letter, that I cannot suspect the happy success of our affair. Ah, Fairlove! would I were as sure it would be always in your will, as it will be in your power, to make me happy: But when I reflect on your former life, when I think what a rover you have been, have I not a just occasion then for fear?

Fair. Unkind Dorothea!

A I R XI. Have you heard of a frolicksome ditty, &c.

Wou'd fortune, the truth to discover,
Of him you suspect as a rover,
Bid me be to some princess a lover,
No princess wou'd Billy pursue.

Dor. Wou'd Heaven but grant me the trial,
A monarch shou'd meet my denial;
And while other lovers I'd fly all,
I'd fly, my dear Billy, to you.

Fair.

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- Fair.* Whole ages my Dolly enjoying,
Is a feast that cou'd never be cloying;
With thee while I'm kissing and toying,
Kind fortune can give me no more.
- Dor.* With thee I'm so blest beyond measure,
I laugh at all offers of treasure;
I laugh at all offers of pleasure;
Thou art all my joy and my store.
- Both.* With thee, &c.

S C E N E IV.

Servants with lights before Sir THOMAS and GUZZLE.

Sir Tho. Landlord, how fares it? You seem to drive a humming trade here.

Guz. Pretty well, considering the hardness of the times, an't please your honour.

Sir Tho. Better times are a coming, a new election is not far off.

Guz. Ay, Sir, if we had but an election once a year, a man might make a shift to pick up a livelihood.

Sir Tho. Once a year! why, thou unconscionable rogue! the kingdom would not be able to supply us with malt. But pr'ythee whom hast thou in thy house, any honest fellows? Ha!

Guz. Here's lawyer Brief, Sir, and Dr. Drench; and there's Mr. Sneak and his wife; and there's one squire Badger of Somersfethshire.

Sir Tho. Oho! give my service to him instantly; tell him I should be very glad to see him.

Guz. Yes, an't please your honour. [Exit.

Sir Tho. This fellow is not quite of a right kidney, the dog is not sound at the bottom; however, I must keep well with him till after the next election. Now for my son-in-law, that is to be, whom I long mightily to see; I'm sure his estate makes him a very advantageous match for my daughter, if she can but like his person; and if he be describ'd right to me, I don't see how she can fail of doing that.

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

Sir THOMAS, *Squire* BADGER, GUZZLE,
JOHN.

Guz. Here's the squire, an't please your honour.

Sir Tho. Mr. Badger, I am your most humble servant; you're welcome into this country; I've done myself the honour, Sir, to meet you thus far, in order to conduct you to my daughter.

Badg. I suppose, Sir, you may be Sir Thomas Loveland.

Sir Tho. At your service, Sir.

Badg. Then I wish, when you had been about it, you had brought your daughter along with you.

Sir Tho. Ha, ha! you are merry, Sir.

Badg. Ay, Sir, and you would have been merry, if you had been in such company as I have been in. My lord! 'Sbud! where's my lord? 'Sbud! Sir Thomas, my lord Siang is one of the merriest men you ever knew in your life; he has been telling me a parcel of such stories!

John. I protest, Sir, you are so extremely well-bred, you put me out of countenance; Sir Thomas, I am your most obedient humble servant.

Sir Tho. I suppose this lord can't afford to keep a footman, and so he wears his own livery.

Badg. I wish, my lord, you would tell Sir Thomas the story about you and the duchess of what d'ye call her. Odsheart! it is one of the pleasantest stories! about how she met him in the dark at a masquerade, and about how she gave him a letter; and then about how he carried her to a, to a, to a——

John. To a bagnio, to a bagnio.

Badg. Ay, to a bagnio. 'Sbud, Sir, if I was not partly engag'd in honour to court your daughter, I'd go to London along with my lord, where women are, it seems, as plenty as rabbits in a warren. Had I known as much of the world before, as I do now, I believe I shou'd scarce have thought of marrying. Who'd marry, when my lord says, here, a man may have your great fort of ladies, only for wearing a
broider'd

broider'd coat, telling half a dozen lies, and making a bow.

Sir Tho. I believe, Sir, my daughter won't force ye against your inclination.

Badg. Force me! no; I believe not Icod; I should be glad to see a woman that should force me. If you come to that, Sir, I'm not afraid of you, nor your daughter neither.

Sir Tho. This fellow's a great fool; but his estate must not be lost. [*Aside.*—You misunderstand me, Sir; I believe you will have no incivility to complain of, from either me or my daughter.

Badg. Nay, Sir, for that matter, when people are civil to me, I know how to be civil to them again; come, father-in-law of mine, that is to be, what say you to a cherishing cup; and you shall hear some of my lord's stories?

Sir Tho. As far as one bottle, squire, but you must not exceed.

Badg. Nay, nay, you may e'en sneak off when you please: my lord and I here, are very good company by ourselves. Pray, my lord, go first; I'd have you think I have got some manners. [*Exeunt.*

Sir Tho. A very hopeful spark this. But he has a great estate; and I have no notion of refusing an estate, let the man be what he will.

SCENE VI. *The yard.*

Don QUIXOTE, SANCHE.

Quix. How far do you think the advanc'd guards are yet from the castle?

San. Sir!

Quix. But perhaps she may choose to travel *incognita*, and may, for the greater expedition, have left those curs'd, useless, heavy troops, her horse-guards, to follow a month or two hence. How many coaches didst thou number?

San. Truly, Sir, they were so many, I could not number them. I dare swear there were a good round baker's dozen, at least.

Quix.

Quix. Sancho, thou wilt never leave debasing the greatest things in thy vile phrases. Wilt thou eternally put my patience to the test? Take heed, unworthy squire, when thou art talking of this incomparable and peerless princess, thou dost it not in any of thy low ribaldry; for if thou dost, by all the powers of this invincible arm——

San. Oh, spare me, spare me!——And if ever I offend your worship any more, if ever I crack a jest on my lady Dulcinea——

Quix. Proceed! What knights attend her presence?

San. They make such a glittering, Sir, 'tis impossible to know one from the other; they look for all the world at a distance, like a flock of sheep.

Quix. Ha; again!

San. Nay, Sir, if your worship won't let a man talk in his own language, he must e'en hold his tongue. Every man is not bred at a varsity; who looks for a courtier's tongue between the teeth of a clown? An ill phrase may come from a good heart. Many men, many minds; many minds, many mouths; many mouths, many tongues; many tongues, many words.

Quix. Cease thy torrent of impertinence, and tell me, is not the knight of the Black Eagle there?

San. Ay marry is he, Sir; and he of the Black Ram too. On they trot, Sir, cheek by jole, Sir, for all the world like two butter-women to market; then comes my lady Dulcinea all rampant in her coach, with half a score dozen maids of honour; 'twou'd have done your heart good to see her, she looks e'en just like——

Quix. Like a milk-white dove amongst a flight of crows.

San. To all the world, like a new half-crown piece, amongst a heap of old brass farthings.

S C E N E VII.

DRAWER *with a light*, BRIEF, *Don* QUIXOTE,
SANCHO.

Draw. This way, Sir, take care how you tread.

Quix. Ha! she approaches! the torches are already
ready

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ready arrived at the gate; the great Fulgoran is alighted. O thou most welcome of all knights, let me embrace thee.

Brief. Let me alone pr'ythee, fellow, or I shall have you laid by the heels; what do you mean to rob me, hey?

Quix. Is it possible, the mighty Fulgoran should not know me?

Brief. Know ye! 'tis not to your advantage, I believe, to be known. Let me tell you, Sirrah, you may be try'd on the black act, for going about disguis'd in this manner; and but that I shall go a better way to work with you, as good an indictment wou'd lie on that act ———

Quix. Behold, Sir, my lady Dulcinea herself.

Brief. Light on, boy, the next justice ought to be indicted for not putting the laws in execution against such fellows.

S C E N E VIII.

Don QUIXOTE, SANCHE, JEZEBEL.

Quix. O most illustrious and most mighty princess, with what looks shall I behold you? With what words shall I thank you for this infinite goodness to your unworthy knights?

Jez. Rise, Sir.

Quix. Do not overwhelm me with too much goodness; tho' to see you be inexpressible happiness, yet to see you here gives me some uneasiness: for, O most adorable princess, this castle is enchanted, giants and captive ladies inhabit only here.

Jez. Could I but be assured of your constancy, I should have no fear; but, alas! there are so many instances of perjur'd men.

A I R XII. Cold and raw, &c.

A virgin once was walking along,
In the sweet month of July,
Blooming, beautiful and young,
She met with a swain unruly;

Within his arms the nymph he caught,
And swore he'd love her truly ;
The maid remember'd, the man forgot,
What past in the month of July.

Quix. Eternal curses light on all such perjur'd wretches!

Jez. But tho' you may be constant at first, when we have been married a great while, and have had several children, you may leave me, and then I should break my heart.

Quix. Rather may the universal frame of nature be dissolv'd ; perish first, all honesty, honour, virtue, nay, knight-errantry itself, that quintessence of all.

Jez. Cou'd I always remain young as I am now, but alack a-day I shall grow old, and then you will forsake me for some younger maiden ; I know it is the way of all you men, you all love young flesh. You all sing.

A I R XIII. Giminiani's minuet.

Sweet's the little maid,
That has not learnt her trade,
Fears, yet languishes to be taught ;
Tho' she's shy and coy,
Still she'll give you joy,
When she's once to compliance brought.
Women full of skill
Sooner grant your will ;
But often purchas'd are good for nought.
Sweet's the little maid, &c.

Quix. Oh most divine princess ! whose voice is infinitely sweeter than the nightingale : Oh, charm my ears no more with such transporting melody, lest I find my joy too exquisite for sense to bear.



S C E N E IX.

Don QUIXOTE, SANCHE, FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

Der. Pity, illustrious knight; oh, pity an unhappy princess, who has no hopes of safety, but from your victorious arm. This instant I am pursued by a mighty giant.

Quix. Oh, most adorable Dulcinea! unless some affair of your own forbid, permit your knight to undertake this adventure.

Jez. You can't oblige me more.

San. Nor me less; Oh! the devil take all giant adventures; now shall I have my bones broke; I'd give an arm or two to secure the rest, with all my heart; I'll e'en sneak off if I can, and preserve the whole.

Quix. Sancho, come here! Stand thou in the front, and receive the first onset of the enemy, that so I may wait a proper opportunity, while the giant is aiming at thy head, to strike off his.

San. Ah, Sir, I have been a squire-errant to some purpose truly, if I don't know better than to stand before my master. Besides, Sir, every man in his way. I am the worst man in the world at the beginning of the battle, but a very devil at the end of it.

S C E N E X.

JOHN, FAIRLOVE, *Don* QUIXOTE, DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

John. Oh Sir, undone, ruin'd! Sir Thomas himself is in the inn; you are discover'd, and here he comes with a hundred and fifty people, to fetch away Madam Dorothea.

Fair. We know it, we know it.

Quix. And were he to bring as many thousands—I'll shew him one single knight may be too many for them all.

Fair. Ten thousand thanks, great knight; by Heavens! I'll die by your side, before I'll lose her.

Quix.

Quix. Now, thou most adorable princess Dulcinea del Toboso, now shine with all thy influence upon me.

Sir Tho. [Within.] Where is my daughter, villain? where is my daughter?

Quix. Oh, thou cursed giant Tergilicombo, too well I know thy voice; have at thee, caitiff

Dor. Dear Jezebel, I am frighten'd out of my wits; my father or Mr. Fairlove will be destroy'd.—I am resolv'd I'll rush into the middle of them, and with my own danger put an end to the fray.

Jez. Do so; and in the mean time I'll into the closet, and put an end to a small bottle I have there; I protest I am horribly frighten'd myself.

S C E N E XI.

SANCHO *solus.*

There they are at it pell-mell; who will be knock'd on the head I know not; I think I'm pretty sure it won't be Sancho. I have made a shift to escape this bout, but I shall never get out of this fighting country again as safe as I came into it. I shall leave some pounds of poor Sancho behind me; if this be the effect of English beef and pudding, would I were in Spain again. I begin to think this house or castle is charmed; nay, I fancy the devil lives in it, for we have had nothing but battles since we have been here. My bones are not the bones they were a fortnight ago, nor are they in the same places. As to my skin, the rainbow is a fool to it for colours; it is like—what is it like? Ecod 'tis like nothing but my master's. Well, master of mine, if you do get the day you deserve it, I'll say that for you; and if you are well drubb'd, why, you deserve that too. What had we to do with the princess and be hang'd to her? Besides, I verily believe she's no more a princess than I am. No good ever comes of minding other men's matters. I seldom see any meat got by winding up another man's jack. I'll e'en take this opportunity, and while all the rest are knocking one another in the head, I'll into the pantry, and stuff both guts and wallet as long as they'll hold.

S C E N E XII.

Sir THOMAS, DOROTHEA.

Sir Tho. See, ungracious girl, see what your cursed inclinations have occasion'd !

Dor. I'm sure they are the cause of my misery ; if Fairlove be destroy'd, I never shall enjoy a moment's quiet more.

Sir Tho. Perhaps it were better for him if he were ; I shall handle him in such a manner, that the rest of his life shall not be much worth wishing for.

Dor. Thus on my knees, Sir, I intreat you, by all the tenderness you ever profess'd to me ! by all the joy you have so often said I gave you ! by all the pain I now endure ! do not attempt to injure Fairlove. You can inflict no punishment upon him, but I must feel much more than half. Is it not enough to pull me, tear me bleeding from his heart ? Is it not enough to rob my eyes of what they love more than light or than themselves ? to hinder me from all those scenes of bliss I'd painted to myself ? Oh, hear me, Sir, or kill me, and do not make this life you gave a curse.

Sir Tho. Away, you're no child of mine.

Dor. Wou'd you keep me from him, try to make him happy ; that thought would be some comfort in his absence.—I might perhaps bear to be no partaker of his happiness, but not so of his sufferings ; were he in a palace, you might keep me wretched alone ; but were he in a prison, not all the powers on earth should keep me from him.

S C E N E XIII.

GUZZLE, *Mrs.* GUZZLE, *Sir* THOMAS, CON-STABLE, *Don* QUIXOTE, FAIRLOVE, JOHN.

Guz. We have made a shift, an't please your worship, to secure this mad fellow at last ; but he has done us more mischief than ever it will be in his power to make us reparation for.

Mrs. Guz. Our house is ruin'd for ever : there is not one whole window in it ; the stage-coachman swears

swears he'll never bring a company to it again. There's Miss Sneak above in fits; and Mr. Sneak, poor man, is crying; and Madam Sneak, she's a swearing and stamping like a dragoon.

Sir Tho. Mr. Fairlove, you shall answer for this. —As for that poor fellow there, I suppose you have hired him. Hark'e, fellow, what did this gentleman give you to do all this mischief?

Quix. It is your time now, and you may use it. I perceive this adventure is not reserv'd for me, therefore I must submit to the enchantment.

Sir Tho. Do you banter me, you rascal?

Quix. Poor wretch! I scorn to retort thy injurious words.

Sir Tho. I'll make you know who I am presently, I will so.

Quix. Dost thou then think I know thee not to be the giant Tergilicombo! —Yet think not because I submit to my fortune, that I fear thee; no, the time will come, when I shall see thee the prey of some more happy knight.

Sir Tho. I'll knight you, you dog, I will.

Mrs. Guz. Do you hear, husband? I suppose you won't doubt whether he be mad any longer or no; he makes no more of his worship, than if he were talking to a fiddler.

Guz. I wish your worship would send him to gaol, he seems to look most curiously mischievous. I shall never think myself safe till he is under lock and key.

Fair. Sir Thomas, I do not deserve this usage at your hands; and tho' my love to your daughter hath made me hitherto passive, do not carry the thing too far; for be assur'd if you do, you shall answer for it.

Sir Tho. Ay, ay, Sir, we are not afraid of that.

S C E N E XIV.

Squire BADGER, Sir THOMAS, DOROTHEA, FAIRLOVE, Don QUIXOTE, Mrs. GUZZLE.

Badg. Oons! what's the matter with you all? Is the devil in the inn that you won't let a man sleep? I was as fast on the table as if I had been in a sea-

ther-bed — 'Sbud, what's the matter? Where's my lord Slang?

Sir Tho. Dear squire, let me entreat you would go to bed; you are a little heated with wine.

Badg. Oons, Sir! do you say that I am drunk? I say, Sir, that I am as sober as a judge; and if any man says that I am drunk, Sir, he's a liar, and a son of a whore. My dear, an't I — sober now?

Dor. O nauseous, filthy wretch!

Badg. 'Fore George, a good pretty wench; I'll have a kifs; I'll warrant she's twice as handsome as my wife, that is to be.

Sir Tho. Hold, dear Sir, this is my daughter.

Badg. Sir, I don't care whose daughter she is.

Dor. For heaven's sake, somebody defend me from him.

Fair. Let me go, dogs! Villain! thou hadst better eat thy fingers, than lay 'em rudely on that lady.

Sir Tho. Dear Mr Badger, this is my daughter, the young lady to whom you intended your addressee.

Badg. Well, Sir, and an't I making addressee to her, Sir, hey?

Sir Tho. Let me beseech you, Sir, to attack her in no rude manner.

Badg. Pr'ythee, dost thou know who I am? I fancy if thou didst know who I was, thou wouldst not talk to me so: if thou dost any more, I shall lend thee a knock. Come, Madam, since I have promis'd to marry you, since I can't be off with honour, as they say, why, the sooner it's done the better; let us send for a parson and be married, now I'm in the humour. 'Sbodlikins! I find there's nothing in making love, when a man's but once got well into't. I never made a word of love before in my life; and yet it is as natural, seemingly, as if I had been bound prentice to it.

Quix. Sir, one word with you if you please: I suppose you look upon yourself as a reasonable sort of person.

Sir Tho. What?

Quix. That you are capable of managing your affairs; that you don't stand in need of a governor.

Sir,

Sir Tho. Hey!

Quix. And if this be true of you, is it possible you can prefer that wretch, who is a scandal to his very species, to this gentleman, whose person and parts would be an honour to the greatest of it?

Sir Tho. Has he made you his advocate? Tell him, I can prefer three thousand to one.

Quix. The usual madness of mankind! Do you marry your daughter for her sake or your own? If for her's, sure 'tis something whimsical, to make her miserable in order to make her happy. Money is a thing well worth considering in these affairs; but parents always regard it too much, and lovers too little. No match can be happy, which love and fortune do not conspire to make so. The greatest addition of either illy supplies the intire abience of the other; nor would millions a year make that beast, in your daughter's eye, preferable to this youth with a thousand.

Sir Tho. What have we here? A philosophical pimp! I can't help saying but the fellow has some truth on his side.

Dor. You are my eternal aversion.

Badg. Lookye, Madam, I can take a joke, or so; but if you are in earnest ———

Dor. Indeed I am; I hate and despise you in the most serious earnest.

Badg. Do you? Then you may kiss——'Sbud, I can hate as well as you. Your daughter has affronted me here. Sir, what's your name, and I'll have satisfaction.

Quix. Oh, that I were disenchanted for thy sake!

Badg. Sir, I'll have satisfaction.

Sir Tho. My daughter, Sir——

Badg. Sir, your daughter, Sir, is a son of a whore, Sir. 'Sbud, I'll go find my lord Slang. A fig for you and your daughter too; I'll have satisfaction.

[Exit.

Quix. A Turk would scarce marry a Christian slave to such a husband.

Sir Tho. How this man was misrepresented to me! Fellows, let go your prisoner. Mr. Fairlove, can

can you forgive me? Can I make you any reparation for the injustice I have shewn you on this wretch's account?

Fair. }
Dor. } Ha!

Sir Tho. If the immediate executing all my former promises to you can make you forget my having broken them; and, if, as I have no reason to doubt, your love for my daughter will continue, you have my consent to consummate as soon as you please; her's, I believe, you have already.

Fair. Oh transport! Oh blest moment!

Dor. No consent of mine can ever be wanting to make him happy.

A I R XIV.

Fair. Thus the merchant, who with pleasure,
 Long adventur'd on the main,
 Hugging fast his darling treasure,
 Gaily smiles
 On past toils,
 Well repaid for all his pain.

Dor. Thus the nymph whom death affrighting,
 With her lover's death alarms,
 Wakes with transports all delighting;
 Madly blest,
 When carett
 In his warm entwining arms.

Mrs. Guz. Lard blefs 'em! Who cou'd have parted them that hadn't a heart of oak!

Quix. Here are the fruits of knight-errantry for you. This is an instance of what admirable service we are to mankind.—I find some adventures are reserv'd for Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Sir Tho. Don Quixote de la Mancha! Is it possible that you can be the real Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Quix. Truly, Sir, I have had so much ado with enchanters, that I dare not affirm whether I am really myself or no.

Sir

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Sir Tho. Sir, I honour you much. I have heard of your great achievements in Spain. What brought you to England, noble Don?

Quix. A search of adventures, Sir: no place abounds more with them. I was told there was a plenteous stock of monsters; nor have I found one less than I expected.

S C E N E XV.

Don QUIXOTE, Sir THOMAS, FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA, GUZZLE, Mrs. GUZZLE, BRIEF, Dr. DRENCH.

Brief. I'll have satisfaction; I won't be us'd after this manner for nothing, while there is either law, or judge, or justice, or jury, or crown-office, or actions of damages, or on the case, or trespasses, or assaults, and batteries.

Sir Tho. What's the matter, Mr. Counsellor?

Brief. Oh, Sir Thomas! I am abus'd, beaten, hurt, maimed, disfigured, defaced, dismember'd, kill'd, massacred, and murder'd, by this rogue, robber, rascal, villain. I shan't be able to appear at Westminster-hall the whole term. It will be as good a three hundred pounds out of my pocket as ever was taken.

Drench. If this madman be not blooded, cupped, sweated, blister'd, vomited, purg'd, this instant, he will be incurable. I am well acquainted with this sort of phrenzy; his next paroxysm will be six times as strong as the former.

Brief. Pshaw! the man is no more mad than I am.—I should be finely off if he could be prov'd non compos mentis; 'tis an easy thing for a man to pretend madness ex post facto.

Drench. Pretend madness! Give me leave to tell you, Mr. Brief, I am not to be pretended with; I judge by symptoms, Sir.

Brief. Symptoms! Gad, here are symptoms for you, if you come to that.

Drench. Very plain symptoms of madness, I think.

Brief. Very fine, indeed! very fine doctrine! very fine, indeed! a man's beating another is a proof of madness.

madness. So that if a man be indicted, he has nothing to do but to plead non compos mentis, and he's acquitted of course: so there's an end of all actions of assaults and battery at once.

S C E N E *The last.*

Sir THOMAS, COOK, Don QUIXOTE, SANCHE, FAIRLOVE, Dr. DRENCH, Servants hauling in SANCHE.

Sir Tho. Heyday! what's the matter now?

Cook. Bring him along, bring him along. Ah, master, no wonder you have complain'd so long of missing your victuals; for all the time we were out in the yard, this rogue has been stuffing his guts in the pantry. Nay, he has not only done that, but every thing he cou'd not eat he has cram'd into that great sack there, which he calls a wallet.

Quix. Thou scandal to the name of squire! wilt thou eternally bring shame on thy master by these little pilfering tricks?

San. Nay, nay, you have no reason to talk, good master of mine; the receiver's as bad as the thief: and you have been glad, let me tell you, after some of your adventures, to see the inside of the wallet, as well as I. What a pox, are these your errantry tricks, to leave your friends in the lurch?

Quix. Slave! caitiff!

Sir Tho. Dear knight, be not angry with the trusty Sancho: you know, by the laws of knight-errantry, stuffing the wallet has still been the privilege of the squire.

San. If this gentleman be a knight-errant, I wish he would make me his squire.

Quix. I'm pacified.

Fair. Landlord, be easy; whatever you may have suffer'd by Mr. Sancho, or his illustrious master, I'll see you paid.

Sir Tho. If you will honour my house, noble knight, and be present at my daughter's wedding with this gentleman, we will do the best in our power for your entertainment.

Quix.

Quix. Sir, I accept your offer; and unless any immediate adventure of moment should intervene, will attend you.

San. Oh rare Sancho! this is brave news i'faith! Give me your wedding-adventures, the devil take all the rest.

Drench. Sure, Sir Thomas, you will not take a madman home with you to your house.

Quix. I have heard thee, thou ignorant wretch, throw that word in my face, with patience. For alas! cou'd it be prov'd, what were it more than almost all mankind in some degrees deserve? Who would doubt the noisy boist'rous squire, who was here just now, to be mad? Must not this noble knight here have been mad, to think of marrying his daughter to such a wretch? You, doctor, are mad too, tho' not so mad as your patients. The lawyer here is mad, or he wou'd not have gone into a scuffle, when it is the business of men of his profession to set other men by the ears, and keep clear themselves.

Sir Tho. Ha, ha, ha! I don't know whether this knight, by and by, may not prove us all to be more mad than himself.

Fair. Perhaps, Sir Thomas, that is no such difficult point.

A I R XV. Country Bumpkin.

All mankind are mad, 'tis plain;
 Some for places,
 Some embraces;
 Some are mad to keep up gain,
 And others mad to spend it.
 Courtiers we may madmen rate,
 Poor believers
 In deceivers;
 Some are mad to hurt the state,
 And others mad to mend it.

Der.

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Dor. Lawyers are for bedlam fit,
 Or they never
 Could endeavour
 Half the rogueries to commit
 Which we're so mad to let 'em.
 Poets madmen are no doubt,
 With projectors,
 And directors;
Fair. Women all are mad throughout,
 And we more mad to get 'em.

 Since your madness is so plain,
 Each spectator
 Of good-nature,
 With applause will entertain
 His brother of La Mancha :
 With applausè will entertain
 Don Quixote and squire Sancho.

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A N

Old Man taught Wisdom :

OR, THE

VIRGIN UNMASK'D.

A F A R C E.

As it was Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL by his MAJESTY's Servants,
in the Year 1734.

Vol. III.

D d

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

GOODWILL,	Mr. SHEPARD.
LUCY, his daughter,	Mrs. CLIVE.
BLISTER, an apothecary,	Mr. HARPER.
COUPEE, a dancing-master,	Mr. LAGUERRE.
Q AVER, a singing-master,	Mr. SALWAY.
WORMWOOD, a lawyer,	Mr. MACKLIN.
Mr. THOMAS, a footman,	Mr. ESTE.

S C E N E, *A hall in Goodwill's house in the country.*

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7 O press me not, Sir, to be wife.	326
8 Dearest charmer.	329
9 Excuse me, Sir; zounds, what d'ye mean.	330
10 Did mortal e'er see two such fools.	ibid.
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12 Had your daughter been physick'd, &c.	336

A N

Old Man taught Wisdom.

SCENE, *A hall in Mr. GOODWILL's house.*

GOODWILL *solus.*

WELL ! it is to me surprising, that out of the multitudes who feel a pleasure in getting an estate, few or none thou'd taste a satisfaction in bestowing it. Doubtless, a good man must have vast delight in rewarding merit, nor will I believe it so difficult to be found. I am at present, I thank Heaven, and my own industry, worth a good 10,000 l. and an only daughter, both which I have determin'd to give to the most worthy of my poor relations. The transport I feel from the hope of making some honest man happy, makes me amends for the many weary days and sleepless nights my riches have cost me. I have sent to summon them. The girl I have bred up under my own eye ; she has seen nothing, knows nothing, and has consequently no will but mine. I have no reason to doubt her consent to whatever choice I shall make. — How happily must my old age slide away, between the affection of an innocent and dutiful child, and the grateful return I may expect from a so much obliged son-in-law ! I am certainly the happiest man on earth. Here she comes.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Did you send for me, papa ?

Good. Yes, come hither, child. I have sent for
D d 2 you

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you to mention an affair to you, which you, I believe, have not yet thought of.

Lucy. I hope it is not to send me to a boarding-school, papa.

Good. I hope my indulgence to you has been such, that you have reason to regard me as the best of fathers. I am sure I have never deny'd you any thing, but for your own good: indeed I have consulted nothing else. It is that for which I have been toiling these many years; for which I have deny'd myself every comfort in life; and from which I have, from renting a farm of 500 a year, amassed the sum of 10,000 l.

Lucy. I am afraid you are angry with me, papa.

Good. Be not frighten'd, my dear child, you have done nothing to offend me. But answer me one question—What does my little dear think of a husband?

Lucy. A husband, papa! O la!

Good. Come, it is a question a girl in her sixteenth year may answer. Shou'd you like to have a husband, Lucy?

Lucy. And am I to have a coach?

Good. No, no: what has that to do with a husband?

Lucy. Why you know, papa, Sir John Wealthy's daughter was carry'd away in a coach by her husband; and I have been told by several of our neighbours, that I was to have a coach when I was marry'd. Indeed I have dreamt of it a hundred times. I never dreamt of a husband in my whole life, that I did not dream of a coach. I have rid about in one all night in my sleep, and methought it was the purest thing!—

Good. Lock up a girl as you will, I find you cannot keep her from evil counsellors. [*Aside.*]—I tell you, child, you must have no coach with a husband.

Lucy. Then let me have a coach without a husband.

Good. What, had you rather have a coach than a husband?

Lucy. Hum—I don't know that.—But, if you'll get me a coach, let me alone, I'll warrant I'll get me a husband.

A I R I. Thomas, I cannot.

Do you, papa, but find a coach,
 And leave the other to me, Sir ;
 For that will make the lover approach,
 And I warrant we shan't disagree, Sir.
 No sparks will talk
 To girls that walk,
 I've heard it, and I confide in't :
 Do you then fix
 My coach and fix
 I warrant I get one to ride in't, to ride in't,
 I warrant, &c.

Good. The girl is out of her wits, sure. Huffy !
 who put these thoughts into your head ? You shall
 have a good sober husband, that will teach you better
 things.

Lucy. Ay, but I won't tho' if I can help it ; for
 Miss Jenny Flantit says, a sober husband is the worst
 sort of husband in the world.

Good. I have a mind to sound the girl's inclina-
 tions. Come hither, Lucy ; tell me now, of all the
 men you ever saw, whom shou'd you like best for a
 husband ?

Lucy. O fy, papa, I must not tell.

Good. Yes, you may your father.

Lucy. No, Miss Jenny says I must not tell my mind
 to any man whatever. She never tells a word of
 truth to her father.

Good. Miss Jenny is a wicked girl, and you must
 not regard her. Come, tell me the truth, or I shall
 be angry.

Lucy. Why then, of all the men I ever saw in my
 whole life-time, I like Mr. Thomas, my lord Pounce's
 footman, the best, a hundred thousand times.

Good. Oh, fy upon you ! like a footman ?

Lucy. A footman ! he looks a thousand times more
 like a gentleman than either squire Foxchase or squire
 Tankard, and talks more like one, ay, and smells
 more like one too. His head is so prettily drest,
 done all down upon the top with sugar, like a frost-

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ed cake, with three little curls on each side, that you may see his ears as plain ! and then his hair is done up behind just like a fine lady's, with a little little hat and a pair of charming white stockings, as neat and as fine as any white-legg'd fowl ; and he always carries a great swinging stick in his hand, as big as himself that he wou'd knock any dog down with, who was to offer to bite me. A footman indeed ! why Miss Jenny likes him as well as I do ; and she says, all the fine young gentlemen that the ladies in London are so fond of, are just such persons as he is. — Icod, I shou'd have had him before now, but that folks told me, I should have a man with a coach, and that methinks I had rather have, a great deal.

Good. I am amaz'd ! but I abhor the mercenary temper in the girl, worse than all. — What, child, wou'd you have any one with a coach ! wou'd you have Mr. Achum ?

Lucy. Yes indeed, wou'd I, for a coach.

Good. Why, he is a cripple, and can scarce walk across the room.

Lucy. What signifies that ?

A I R II. Wully Honey.

When he in a coach can be carry'd,
What need has a man to go ?
That women for coaches are marry'd,
I'm not such a child but I know.
But if the poor crippled elf
In coach be not able to roam,
Why then I may go by myself,
And he may e'en stay at home.

Enter BLISTER.

Blis. Mr. Goodwill, your humble servant. I have rid twelve long miles in little more than an hour. I am glad to see you so well ; I was afraid by your message —

Good. That I had wanted your advice, I suppose ; truly, coz, I sent for you on a better account —
Lucy, this is a relation of yours, you have not seen a great while, my cousin Blister, the apothecary.

Lucy.

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Lucy. O la! I hope that great huge man is not to be my husband.

Blift. My cousin is well grown, and looks healthy. What apothecary do you employ? He deals in good drugs, I warrant him.

Good. Plain wholesome food and exercise are what she deals in.

Blift. Plain wholesome food is very proper at some time of the year, with gentle physick between whiles.

Good. Leave us a little, my dear Lucy, I must talk with your cousin.

Lucy. Yes, papa, with all my heart.—I hope I shall never see that great thing again. [*Exit.*]

Good. I believe you begin to wonder at my message, and will, perhaps, more, when you know the occasion of it. In short, without more preface, I begin to find myself going out of the world, and my daughter very eager to come into it. I have therefore resolv'd to see her settled without farther delay. I am far from thinking vast wealth necessary to happiness: wherefore, as I can give her a sufficient competency, I have determined to marry her to one of my own relations. It will please me, that the fruits of my labour should not go out of the family. I have sent to several of my kinsmen, of whom she shall take her choice; and as you are the first here, if you like my proposal, you shall make the first application

Blift. With all my heart, cousin; and I am very much oblig'd to you. Your daughter seems an agreeable young woman, and I have no aversion to marriage. But pray, why do you think yourself going out of the world? Proper care might continue you in it a considerable while. Let me feel your pulse.

Good. To oblige you; though I am in very good health.

Blift. A little feverish.—I would advise you to lose a little blood, and take an emulsion, with a gentle emetick and cathartick.

Good. No, no, I will send my daughter to you; but pray keep your physick to yourself, dear cousin. [*Exit.*]

Blift.

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Bliss. This man is near seventy, and I have heard, never took any physick in his life; and yet he looks as well as if he had been under the doctor's hands all his life-time 'Tis strange; but if I marry his daughter, the sooner he dies, the better. It is an odd whim of his to marry her in this manner; but he is very rich, and so, so much the better.—What a strange dowdy 'tis! No matter, her fortune is never the worse.

A I R III. Round, round the mill.

In women we beauty or wit may admire;

Sing Trol, lerol:

But sure as we have them, as surely they'll tire;

Oh ho, will they so?

Abroad for these dainties the wife therefore roam,

Sing Trol lerol:

And frugally keep but a plain dish at home;

Oh ho, do they so?

Who marries a beauty, must hate her when old;

Sing Trol lerol:

But the older it grows, the more precious the gold.

Oh ho, is it so?

Enter LUCY.

Oh, here comes my mistress: what a pox shall I say to her? I never made love in my life.

Lucy. Papa has sent me hither; but if it was not for fear of a boarding-school, I am sure I would not have come: but they say I shall be whipt there, and a husband can't whip me, let me do what I will; that's one good thing.

Bliss. Won't you please to sit down, cousin?

Lucy. Yes, thank you, Sir.—Since I must stay with you, I may as well sit down as not. [*Aside.*]

Bliss. Pray, cousin, how do you find yourself?

Lucy. Find myself?

Bliss. Yes, how do you do? Let me feel your pulse. How do you sleep o' nights?

Lucy. How? why upon my back, generally.

Bliss.

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Bliss. But I mean, do you sleep without interruption? Are you not restless?

Lucy. I tumble and toss a good deal sometimes.

Bliss. Hum! Pray how long do you usually sleep?

Lucy. About ten or eleven hours.

Bliss. Is your stomach good? Do you eat with an appetite? How often do you find in a day any inclination to eat?

Lucy. Why, a good many times; but I don't eat a great deal, unless it be at breakfast, dinner, and supper, and afternoon's nunchion.

Bliss. Hum! I find you have at present no absolute need of an apothecary.

Lucy. I am glad to hear that; I wish he was gone with all my heart.

Bliss. I suppose, cousin, your father has mentioned to you the affair I come upon; may I hope you will comply with him, in making me the happiest man upon earth?

Lucy. You need not ask me; you know I must do what he bids me.

Bliss. May I then hope you will make me your husband?

Lucy. I must do what he'll have me.

Bliss. What makes you cry, Miss? Pray tell me what is the matter.

Lucy. No, you will be angry with me, if I tell you.

Bliss. I angry! it is not in my power, I can't be angry with you; I am to be afraid of your anger, not you of mine; I must not be angry with you, whatever you do.

Lucy. What, must not you be angry, let me do what I will?

Bliss. No, my dear.

Lucy. Why then, by Godes! I will tell you—I hate you, and I can't abide you.

Bliss. What have I done to deserve your hate?

Lucy. You have done nothing; but you are such a great ugly thing, I can't bear to look at you; and if my papa was to lock me up for a twelvemonth, I should hate you still.

Bliss.

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Bliss. Did not you tell me just now, you wou'd make me your husband?

Lucy. Yes, so I will for all that.

A I R IV. Now ponder well, &c.

Ah, be not angry, good dear Sir,
Nor do not tell papa;
For tho' I can't abide you, Sir,
I'll marry you ——— O la!

Bliss. Well, my dear, if you can't abide me I can't help that, nor you can't help it; and if you will not tell your father, I assure you I will not; besides, my dear, as for liking me, do not give yourself any trouble about that, it is the very best reason for marrying me; no lady now marries any one but whom she hates; hating one another is the chief end of matrimony. It is what most couples do before they are marry'd, and all after it. I fancy you have not a right notion of a marry'd life. I suppose you imagine we are to be fond, and kiss, and hug one another as long as we live.

Lucy. Why, an't we?

Bliss. Ha, ha, ha! an't we! no! How ignorant it is? [*Aside*] Marrying is nothing but living in the same house together, and going by the same name; while I am following my business, you will be following your pleasure; so that we shall rarely meet but at meals, and then we are to sit at opposite ends of the table, and make faces at each other.

Lucy. I shall like that prodigioussly. — Ah, but there is one thing tho' — an't we to lie together?

Bliss. A fortnight, no longer.

Lucy. A fortnight! that's a long time: but it will be over.

Bliss. Ay, and then you may have any one else?

Lucy. May I? then I'll have Mr. Thomas, by Coles! why this is pure; la! they told me other stories. I thought when I had been marry'd, I must never have liked any one but my husband, and that if I shou'd he wou'd kill me; but I thought one thing tho' with myself, that I cou'd like another man without letting him know it, and then — a fig for him.

Bliss.

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Bliss. Ay, ay, they tell children strange stories; I warrant they have told you, you must be govern'd by your husband.

Lucy. My papa tells me so.

Bliss. But all the married women in England will tell you another story.

Lucy. So they have already, for they say I must not be govern'd by a husband; and they say another thing too, that you will tell me one story before marriage, and another afterwards, for that marriage alters a man prodigiously.

Bliss. No, child, I shall be just the same creature I am now, unless in one circumstance; I shall have a huge pair of horns upon my head.

Lucy. Shall you! that's pure, ha, ha, what a comical figure you will make! but how will you make 'em grow?

Bliss. It is you that will make 'em grow.

Lucy. Shall I? by Godes! then I'll do't as soon as ever I can; for I long to see 'em! do, tell me how I shall do it.

Bliss. Every other man you kifs, I shall have a pair of horns grow.

Lucy. By Godes, then, you shall have horns enough; but I fancy you are joking now.

A I R V. Buff-coat.

Ah, Sir! I guess
You are a fibbing creature.

Bliss. Because, dear Miss,
You know not human nature.

Lucy. Marry'd men, I'll be sworn,
I have seen without horn.

Bliss. Ah child! you want art to unlock it:
The secret here lies,
Men now are so wise,
To carry their horns in their pocket.

Lucy. But you shall wear yours on your head, for I shall like 'em better than any other thing about you.

Bliss. Well then, Miss, I may depend upon you.

Lucy. And may I depend upon you?

Bliss.

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Bliss. Yes, my dear.

Lucy. Ah, but don't call me so; I hate you should call me so.

Bliss. Oh child, all marry'd people call one another My Dear, let 'em hate one another as much as they will.

Lucy. Do they? Well then, my dear—Hum, I think there is not any great matter in the word, neither.

Bliss. Why, amongst your fine gentry, there is scarce any meaning in any thing they say, Well, I'll go to your papa, and tell him we have agreed upon matters, and have the wedding instantly.

Lucy. The sooner the better.

Bliss. Your servant, my pretty dear. [Exit.

Lucy. Your servant, my dear. Nasty, greasy, ugly fellow. Well, marriage is a charming thing tho', I long to be married more than ever I did for any thing in my life; since I am to govern, I'll warrant I'll do it purely. By Godes, I'll make him know who is at home.—Let me see, I'll practise a little. Suppose that chair was my husband; and ecod! by all I can find, a chair is as proper for a husband as any thing else; now says my husband to me, "How do you do, my dear?" Lard! my dear, I don't know how I do! not the better for you. "Pray, my dear, let us dine early to day." Indeed, my dear, I can't.—"Do you intend to go abroad to-day?" No, my dear! "Then you will stay at home:" No, my dear! "Shall we ride out?" No, my dear. "Shall we go a visiting!" No, my dear.—I will never do any thing I am bid, that I am resolv'd; and then Mr. Thomas, O good! I am out of my wits.

A I R VI. *Bessy Bell.*

La! what swinging lyes some people will tell!

I thought when another I'd wedded,
I must have bid poor Mr. Thomas farewell,
And none but my husband have bedded.

But I find I'm deceiv'd, for as Michaelmas day
Is still the fore-runner of Lammas,
So wedding another is but the right way
To come at my dear-Mr. Thomas.

Enter COUPEE.

Heyday ! what fine gentleman is this ?

Coup. Cousin, your most obedient and devoted humble servant.

Lucy. I find this is one of your fine gentry, by his not having any meaning in his words.

Coup. I have not the honour to be known to you, cousin ; but your father has been so kind to give me admission to your fair hands.

Lucy. O Gemini Cancer ! what a fine charming man this is ?

Coup. My name, Madam, is Coupee, and I have the honour to be a dancing-master.

Lucy. And are you come to teach me to dance ?

Coup. Yes, my dear, I am come to teach you a very pretty dance ; did you never learn to dance ?

Lucy. No, Sir, not I ; only Mr. Thomas taught me one, two, three.

Coup. That is a very great fault in your education, and it will be a greater happiness for you to amend it, by having a dancing-master for your husband.

Lucy. Yes, Sir, but I am not to have a dancing-master ; my papa says, I am to have a nasty stinking apothecary.

Coup. Your papa says ! What signifies what your papa says ?

Lucy. What, must I not mind what my papa says ?

Coup. No, no, you are to follow your own inclination.—I think if she has any eyes, I may venture to trust 'em. [*Aside.*] Your father is a very comical queer old fellow, a very odd kind of a silly fellow, and you ought to laugh at him. I ask pardon tho' for my freedom.

Lucy. You need not ask my pardon, for I am not at all angry ; for between you and I, I think him as odd, queer a fellow, as you can do for your life. I hope you won't tell him what I say.

Coup. I tell him ! I hate him for his barbarous usage of you ; to lock up a young lady of beauty, wit and spirit, without ever suffering her to learn to dance ! Why, Madam, not learning to dance, is ab-

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solute ruin to a young lady. I suppose he took care enough you shou'd learn to read.

Lucy. Yes, I can read very well, and spell too.

Coup. Ay, there it is; why now, that's more than I can do. All parents take care to instruct their children in low mechanical things, while the genteel sciences are neglected. Forgive me, Madam, at least, if I throw myself at your feet, and vow never to rise till lifted up with the elevating fire of your smiles.

Lucy. Lard, Sir! I don't know what to say to these fine things. — He's a pure man. [*Aside.*]

Coup. Might I hope to obtain the least spark of your love, the least spark, Madam, would blow up a flame in me, that nothing ever cou'd quench. O hide those lovely eyes, nor dart their fiery rays upon me, lest I am consumed — Shall I hope you will think of me?

Lucy. I shall think of you more than I will let you know. [*Aside.*]

Coup. Will you not answer me?

Lucy. La! you make me blush so, I know not what to say.

Coup. Ay, that is from not having learnt to dance; a dancing-master wou'd have cur'd her of that. Let me teach you what to say, that I may hope you will condescend to make me your husband.

Lucy. No, I won't say that; but —

A I R VII. Tweed-side.

O press me not, Sir, to be wife
To a man whom I never can hate;
So sweet a fine gentleman's life,
Shou'd never be sour'd with that fate.

But soon as I marry'd have been,
Ungrateful I will not be nam'd;
Oh stay but a fortnight, and then,
And then you shall — Oh, I'm ashamed.

Coup. A fortnight! bid me live to the age of —
of — Mr. What's-his-name, the oldest man that ever
liv'd; live a fortnight after you are marry'd! No,
unless

unless you resolve to have me, I will resolve to put an end to myself.

Lucy. O do not that. But indeed I can never hate you; and the apothecary says no woman marries any man she does not hate.

Coup. Ha, ha, ha! Such mean fellows as those every fine lady must hate; but when they marry fine gentlemen, they love them as long as they live.

Lucy. O but I would not have you think I love you. I assure you, I don't love you: I have been told I must not tell any man I love him. I don't love you; indeed, I don't.

Coup. But may I not hope you will?

Lucy. Lard, Sir, I can't help what you hope; it is equal to me what you hope. Miss Jenny says I must always give myself airs to a man I like. [*Aside.*]

Coup. Hope, Madam, at least, you may allow me; the cruellest of your sex, the greatest tyrants deny not hope.

Lucy. No, I won't give you the least crumb of hope.—Hope, indeed! what do you take me for? I'll assure you! No, I would not give you the least bit of hope, tho' I was to see you die before my face.—It is a pure thing to give one's self airs. [*Aside.*]

Coup. Since nothing but my death will content you, you shall be satisfy'd, even at that price. [*Pulls out his kitt.*] Ha! cursed fate! I have no other instrument of death about me than a sword, which won't draw. But I have thought of a way: within the orchard there is an apple-tree; there, there, Madam! you shall see me hanging by the neck.

There shall you see your dancing-master die;

As Bateman hang'd for love—e'en so will I.

Lucy. O stay!—La, Sir! you're so hasty.—Must I tell you the first time I see you? Miss Jenny Flantit has been courted these two years by half a dozen men, and no body knows which she'll have yet: and must not I be courted at all? I will be courted, indeed so I will.

Coup. And so you shall; I will court you after we are marry'd.

Lucy. But will you, indeed?

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Coup. Yes, indeed; but if I should not, there are others enough that wou'd.

Lucy. But I did not think marry'd women had ever been courted, tho'.

Coup. That's all owing to your not learning to dance! Why there are abundance of women who marry for no other reason; as there are several men who never court any but marry'd women.

Lucy. Well, then, I don't much care if I do marry you. But hold; there is one thing, but that does not much signify.

Coup. What is it, my dear?

Lucy. Only I promis'd the apothecary just now; that's all.

Coup. Well, shall I fly then, and put every thing in readiness.

Lucy. Ay, do; I'm ready.

Coup. One kiss before I go, my dearest angel! And now one, two, three, and away. [Exit.

Lucy. Oh, dear sweet man! He's as handsome as an angel, and as fine as a lord. He is handsomer than Mr. Thomas, and i'cod, almost as well drest. I see now why my father wou'd never let me learn to dance. For, by Godes! if all dancing-masters be such fine men as this, I wonder every woman does not dance away with one. O la! now I think on't he pull'd out his fiddling thing, and I did not ask him to play a tune upon't — But when we are marry'd, I'll make him play upon't; i'cod, he shall teach me to dance too — He shall play, and I'll dance; that will be pure. O la! what's here? Another beau?

Enter QUAYER.

Quav. Madam, your servant. I suppose my cousin Goodwill has told you of the happiness he designs me.

Lucy. No, Sir, my papa has not told me any thing about you. Who are you, pray?

Quav. I have the honour of being a distant relation of yours, and I hope to be a nearer one. My name is Quaver, Madam: I have the honour to teach some of the first quality to sing.

Lucy.

Lucy. And are you come to teach me to sing?

Quav. I like her desire to learn to sing; it is a proof of an excellent understanding. [*Aside.*

Yes, Madam, I will be proud to teach you any thing in my power; and do believe I shall not yield to any one in the science of singing.

Lucy. Well, and I shall be glad to learn; for I have been told I have a tolerable voice, only I don't know the notes.

Quav. That, Madam may be acquired; a voice cannot. A voice must be the gift of nature; and it is the greatest gift nature can bestow. All other perfections, without a voice, are nothing at all. Music is allowed by all wise men to be the noblest of the sciences: whoever knows music, knows every thing.

Lucy. Come then, begin to teach me; for I long to learn.

Quav. Hereafter I shall have time enough. But at present I have something of a different nature to say to you.

Lucy. What have you to say?

A I R VIII. Dimi Caro.

Dearest charmer!

Will you then bid me tell

What you discern so well,

By my expiring sighs,

My doating eyes,

My doating eyes?

Look thro' th' instructive grove,

Each object prompts to love;

See how the turtles play;

Each object prompts to love:

All nature tells you what I'd say.

Lucy. O charming! delightful!

Quav. May I hope you'll grant —

Lucy. Another song, and I'll do any thing.

Quav. Dearest creature,

Pride of nature!

All your glances

Give me trances.

Dearest, &c.

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Lucy. Oh, I melt, I faint, I swoon, I die !

Quav. May I hope you'll be mine ?

Lucy. Will you charm me so every day ?

Quav. And every night too, my angel.

Enter COUPEE.

Coup. Heyday ! what do I see ? my mistress in another man's arms ? Sir, will you do me the favour to tell me what business you have with that lady ?

Quav. Pray, Sir, be so good as tell me what business you have to ask.

Coup. Sir !

Quav. Sir !

Coup. Sir, this lady is my mistress.

Quav. I beg to be excus'd for that, Sir.

Coup. Sir !

Quav. Sir !

A I R IX. Of all the simple, &c.

Coup. Excuse me, Sir; zounds, what d'ye mean ?
I hope you don't give me the lie.

Quav. Sir, you mistake me quite and clean ;
Indeed, good Sir, not I.

Coup. Zounds, Sir, if you had, I'd been mad ;
But I'm very glad that you don't.

Quav. Do you challenge me, Sir ?

Coup. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Quav. Indeed, Sir, I'm very glad on't.

Lucy. Pray, gentlemen, what's the matter ? I beseech you, speak to me, one of you.

Coup. Have I not reason ? Did I not find you in his arms ?

Quav. And have I not reason ? Did he not say you was his mistress, to my face ?

A I R X. Molly Mog.

Lucy. Did mortal e'er see two such fools ?
For nothing they're going to fight ;
I begin to find men are but tools,
And both with a whisper I'll bite.

With

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With you I am ready to go. Sir;
I'll give t'other fool a rebuff.

[To Coupee.

Stay you but a fortnight, or so, Sir,
I warrant I'll grant you enough.

[To Quaver !

Quav. Damnation !

Coup. Hell and confusion !

[*They draw ; Lucy runs out.*

Enter BLISTER.

Blift. For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, what's the matter ? I profess I am afraid you are both disorder'd. Pray, Sir, give me leave to feel your pulse : I wish you are not light-headed !

Coup. What is it to you, Sir, what I am ?

Quav. How dare you interfere between gentlemen, sirrah ?

Coup. I have a great mind to break my sword about your head, you dog !

Quav. I have a great mind to run you thro' the body, you rascal !

Coup. Do you know who we are ?

Quav. Ay, ay, do you know whom you have to do with ?

Blift. Dear gentlemen ; pray, gentlemen.——I wish I had nothing to do with you : I meant no harm.

Coup. So much the worse, sirrah ; so much the worse.

Quav. Do you know what it is to anger gentlemen ?

Enter GOODWILL.

Good. Heyday ! what are you fencing here, gentlemen ?

Blift. Fencing, quotha ? They have almost fenced me out of my senses, I am sure.

Coup. I shall take another time.

Quav. And so shall I.

Good. I hope there is no anger between you ! You are nearer relations than you imagine to each other.
—Mr. Quaver, you was sent out of England young ;
and

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and you Mr. Coupee, have liv'd all your lifetime in London; but I assure you, you are cousin-germans. Let me introduce you to each other.

Coup. Dear cousin Quaver.

Quav. Dear cousin Coupee.

Blift. It's but a blow and a kiss with these sparks, I find.

Coup. I thought there was something about him I cou'd not hurt.

Good. Here is another relation too, whom you do not know. This is Mr. Blister, son to your uncle Blister the apothecary.

Coup. I hope you will excuse our ignorance.

Blift. Yes, cousin, with all my heart, since there is no harm come on't; but if you will take my advice, you shall both immediately lose some blood, and I will order each of you a gentle purge.

Enter WORMWOOD.

Worm. Your servant, cousin Goodwill. How do you do, Master Coupee? How do you do, Master Blister? The roads are very dirty; but I obey your summons, you see.

Good. Mr. Quaver, this is your cousin Wormwood, the attorney.

Worm. I am very glad to see you, Sir. I suppose by so many of our relations being assembled, this is a family law-suit I am come upon. I shall be glad to have my instructions as soon as possible; for I must carry away some of your neighbours goods with executions by and by.

Good. I sent for you on the account of no law-suit this time. In short, I have resolv'd to dispose of my daughter to one of my relations; if you like her, cousin Wormwood, with 10,000 l. and you should happen to be her choice —

Blift. That's impossible; for she has promis'd me already.

Coup. And me.

Quav. And me.

Worm. How! has she promis'd three of you?
Why

Why then the two that miss her will have very good actions against him that has her

Good. Her own choice must determine; and if that fall on you, Mr. Blister, I must insist on your leaving off your trade, and living here with me.

Blift. No, Sir, I cannot consent to leave off my trade.

Good. Pray, gentlemen, is not the request reasonable?

All. Oh, certainly, certainly.

Coup. Ten thousand pounds to an apothecary, indeed!

Quav. Not leave off his trade?

Coup. If I had been an apothecary, I believe I shou'd not have made many words.

Good. I dare swear you will not, cousin, if she shou'd make choice of you.

Coup. There is some difference tho' between us: mine is a genteel profession, and I shall not leave it off on any account.

Good. I'll be judg'd by Mr Quaver here, who has been abroad and seen the world.

Quav. Very reasonable, very reasonable—This man, I see, has excellent sense, and can distinguish between arts and sciences.

Good. I am confident it would not be easy to prevail on you to continue the ridiculous art of teaching people to sing.

Quav. Ridiculous art of teaching to sing! Do you call musick an art, which is the noblest of all sciences? I thought you a man of sense, but I find——

Coup. And I find too.

Blift. And so do I.

Worm. Well, it is surprising that men should be such fools, that they shou'd hesitate at leaving off their professions for 10,000 l.

Good. Cousin Wormwood, you will leave off your practice, I am sure.

Worm. Indeed, Sir, but I will not. I hope you don't put me upon a footing with fiddlers and dancing-masters. No man need be ashamed of marrying his daughter to a practitioner of the law. What wou'd you

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you do without lawyers? Who'd know his own property?

Bliss. Or without physicians, who'd know when he was well?

Coup. If it was not for dancing-masters, men might as well walk upon their heads as their heels.

Quav. And if it was not for singing-masters, they might as well have been all born dumb.

Good. Ha! confusion! what do I see! my daughter in the hands of that fellow!

Enter LUCY and Mr. THOMAS.

Lucy. Pray, papa, give me your blessing; I hope you won't be angry with me, but I am marry'd to Mr. Thomas.

Good. Oh Lucy, Lucy! is this the return you make to my fatherly fondness?

Lucy. Dear papa, forgive me, I won't do so any more.—Indeed I should have been perjured if I had not had him.—And I had not had him neither, but that he met me when I was frighten'd, and did not know what I did.

Good. To marry a footman?

Tho. Why, look ye, Sir, I am a footman, 'tis true, but I have a good acquaintance in life. I have kept very good company at the hazard-table; and when I have other cloaths on, and money in my pocket, they will be very glad to see me again.

Worm. Harkye, Mr. Goodwill, your daughter is an heiress. I'll put you in a way to prosecute this fellow.

Bliss. Did not you promise me, Madam?

Coup. Ay, did not you promise me, Madam?

Quav. And me too?

Lucy. You have none of you any reason to complain; if I did promise you all, I promis'd him first.

Worm. Look ye, gentlemen, if any of you will employ me, I'll undertake we shall recover part of her fortune.

Quav. If you had given your daughter a good education, and let her learnt musick, it wou'd have put softer things into her head.

Bliss.

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Eliz. This comes of your contempt of physick. If she had been kept in a diet, with a little gentle bleeding, and purging, and vomiting, and blistering, this had never happen'd.

Worm. You shou'd have sent her to town a term or two, and taken lodgings for her near the Temple, that he might have conversed with the young gentlemen of the law, and seen the world.

A I R XI. Bush of Boon.

Lucy. Oh dear papa ! don't look so grum;
 Forgive me, and be good :
 For tho' he's not so great as some,
 He still is flesh and blood.
 What tho' he's not so fine as beaus,
 In gold and silver gay ;
 Yet he, perhaps, without their cloaths,
 May have more charms than they.

Tho. Your daughter has marry'd a man of some learning, and one who has seen a little of the world, and who by his love to her, and obedience to you, will try to deserve your favours. As for my having worn a livery, let not that grieve you ; as I have liv'd in a great family, I have seen that no one is respected for what he is, but for what he has ; the world pays no regard at present to any thing but money ; and if my own industry shou'd add to your fortune, so as to entitle any of my posterity to grandeur, it will be no reason against making my son, or grandson, a lord, that his father, or grandfather was a footman.

Good. Ha ! thou talk'st like a pretty sensible fellow, and I don't know whether my daughter has not made a better choice, than she cou'd have done among her booby relations. I shall suspend my judgement at present, and pass it hereafter, according to your behaviour.

Tho. I will try to deserve it shou'd be in my favour.

Worm. I hope, cousin, you don't expect I shou'd lose my time. I expect six and eight pence for my journey.

Good. Thy profession, I see, has made a knave of whom nature meant a fool. Well, I am now convinc'd,

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vinc'd, 'tis less difficult to raise a fortune, than to find one worthy to inherit it.

A I R XII. The Yorkshire ballad.

BLISTER.

Had your daughter been physic'd well, Sir, as she ought,
With bleeding and blist'ring, and vomit and draught,
This footman had never been once in her thought,
With his Down, down, &c.

COUPEE.

Had pretty Miss been at a dancing-school bred,
Had her feet but been taught the right manner to tread,
Gad's curse! 'twould have put better things in her head,
Than his Down, down, &c.

QUAVER.

Had she learnt, like fine ladies, instead of her prayers,
To languish and die at Italian soft airs,
A footman had never thus tickled her ears,
With his Down, down, &c.

LUCY.

You may physic, and music, and dancing enhance,
In one I have got them all three by good chance,
My doctor he'll be, and he'll teach me to dance,
With his Down, down, &c.

And though soft Italians the ladies controul,
He swears he can charm a fine lady, by Gole!
More than an Italian can do for his soul,
With a Down, down, &c.

My fate then, spectators, hangs on your decree;
I have brought kind papa here, at last to agree;
If you'll pardon the poet, he will pardon me,
With my Down, down, &c.

Let not a poor farce then nice criticks pursue,
But like honest-hearted good-natur'd men do,
And clap to please us, who have sweat to please you,
With our Down, down, &c.

CHORUS.

Let not a poor farce then, &c.



END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

